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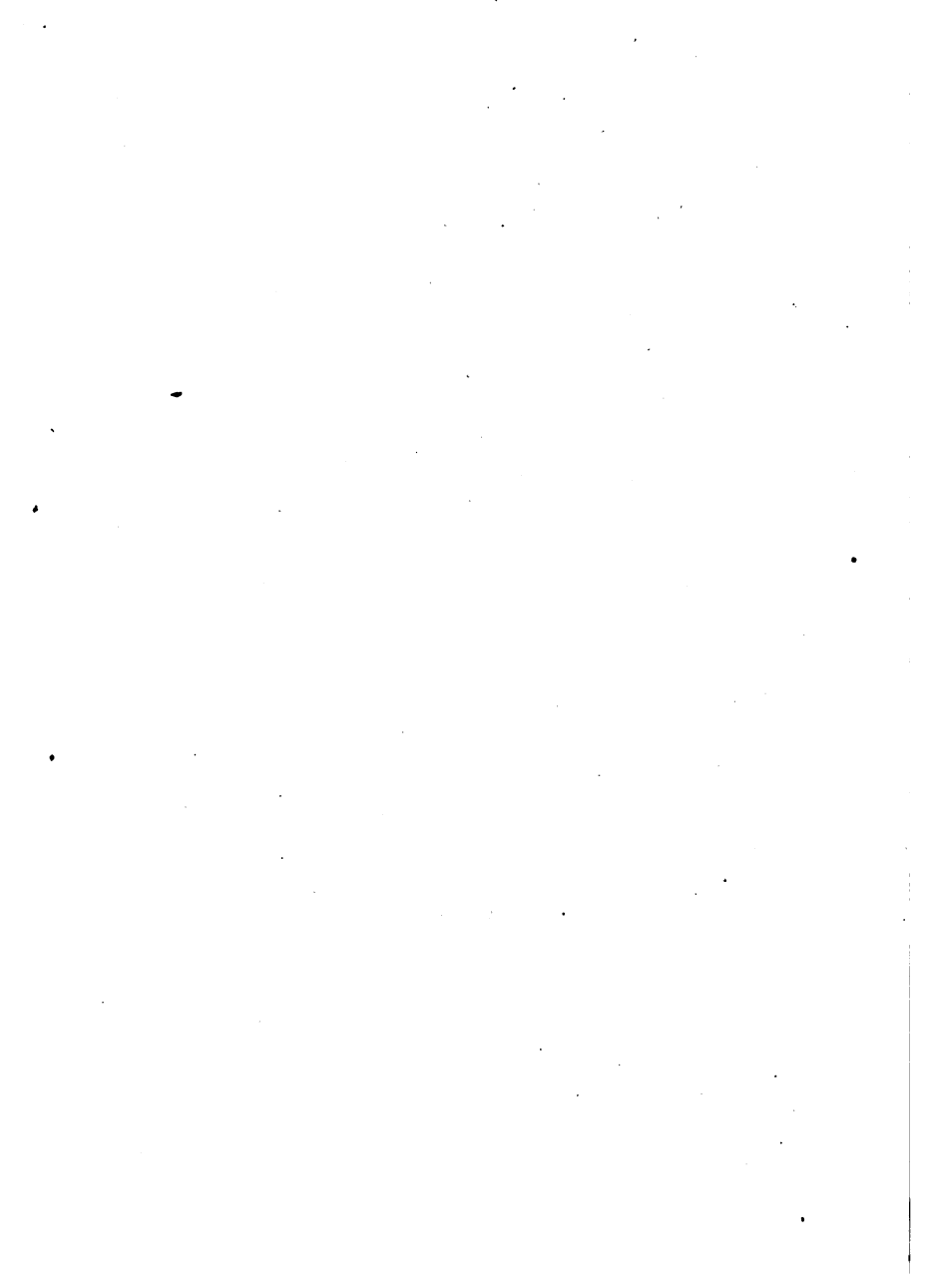
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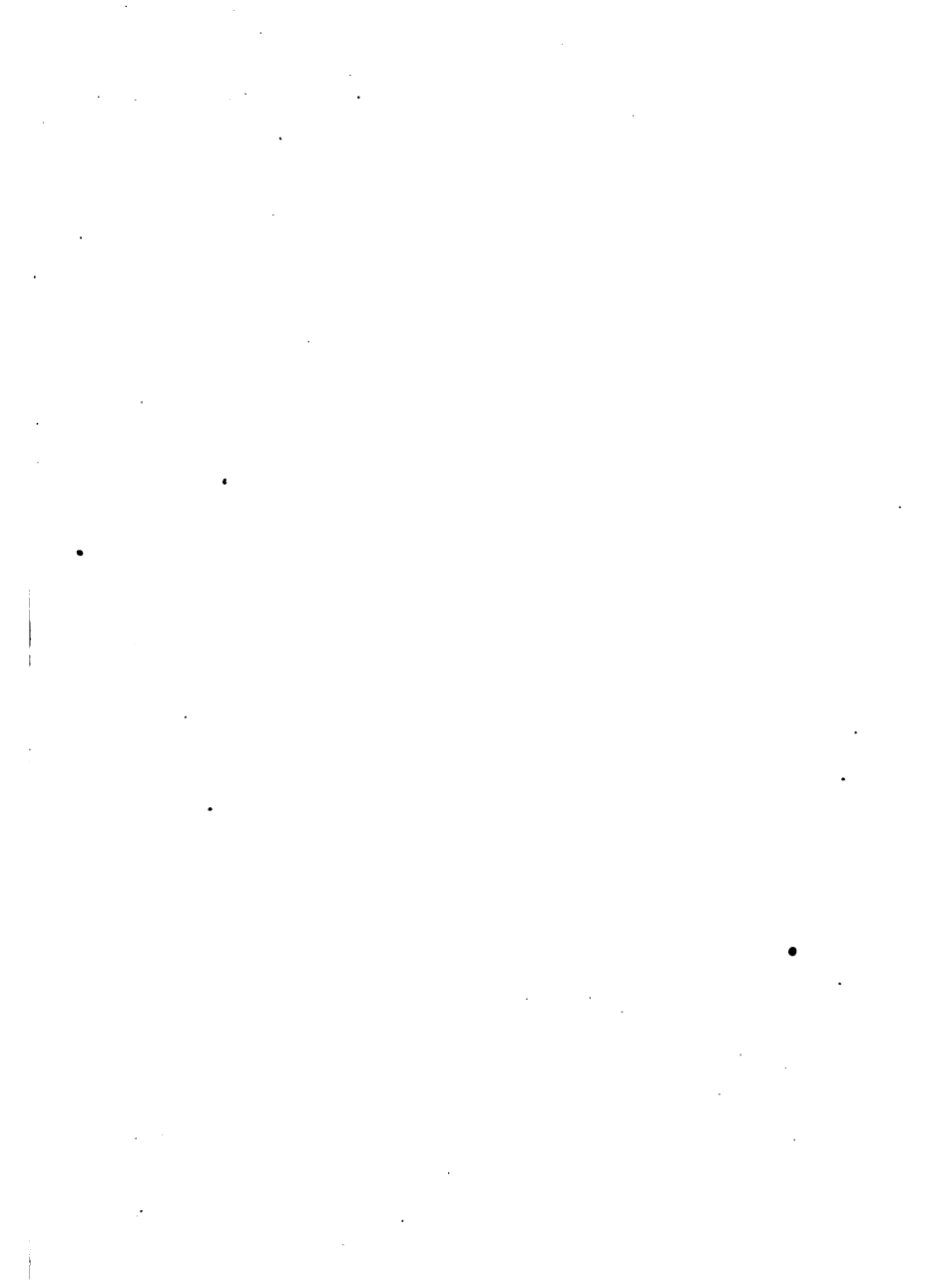
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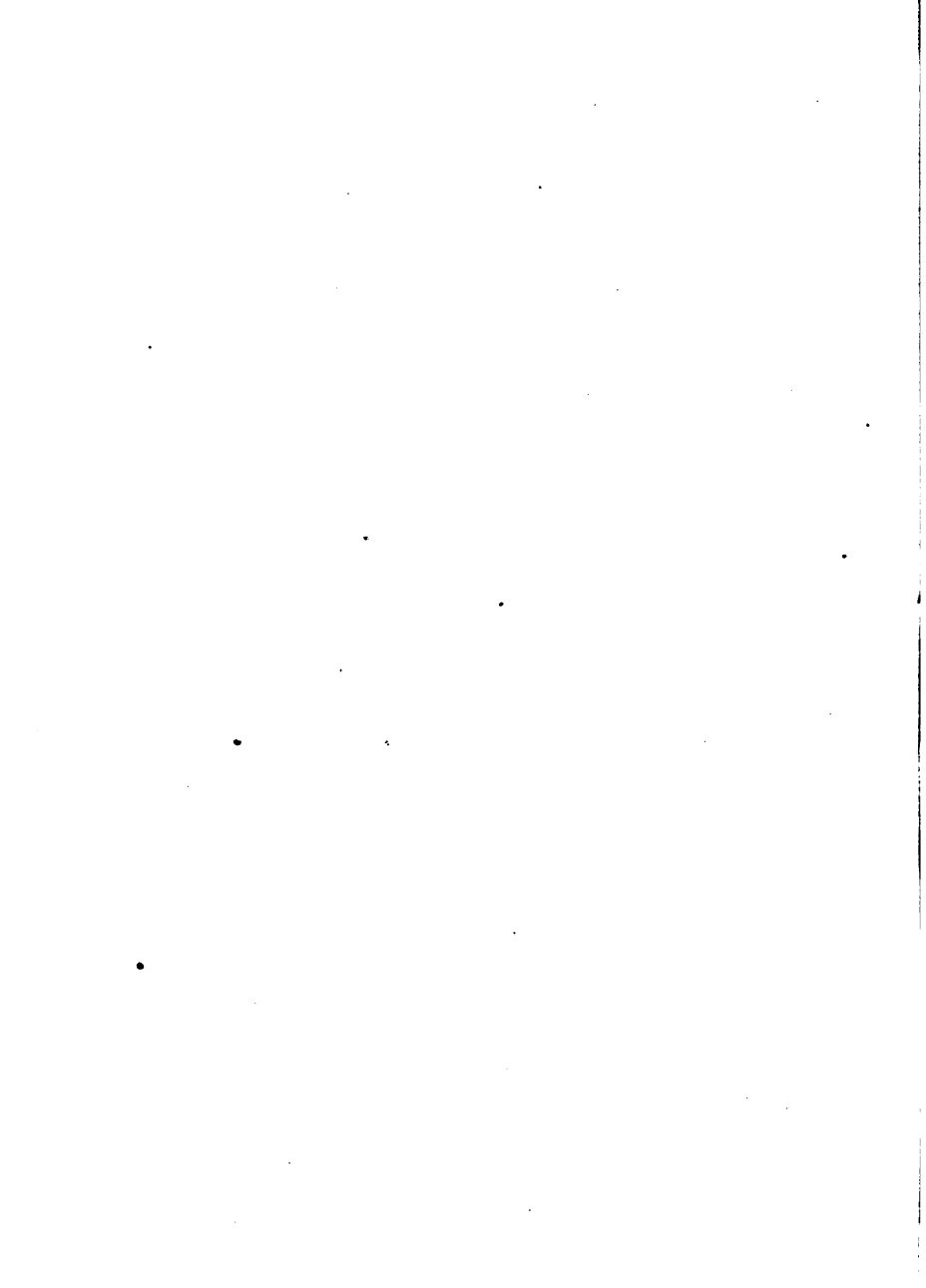
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A PALACE-PRISON:

OR, THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

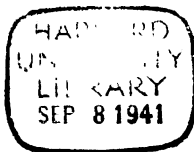
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PREFACE.

IN these days, when fact is so often wrought into fiction, it may be no recommendation of a story to say that it is a true one. Nevertheless, such is the prefatory statement to be made concerning "A Palace-Prison." If any reader's sympathy is attracted to the lovely girl whose misadventures are here related, it certainly will not be lessened by the fact that she did, and does, exist. If incredulity is aroused by any of the seemingly incredible incidents of the narrative, the answer must be that they are facts, within the author's personal knowledge: the names and the groupings of incident being the sole imaginative portion.

Our American life wears and weakens too many men and women, not to make the management of cases of nervous prostration and the beginning of unsoundness in brain a theme of intense interest to thousands. When we send our loved ones,—usually, too, those of tenderest and most sensitive susceptibility,—to one or another of the splendid great "retreats" or "asylums," hoping that a few weeks or months of rest will restore them to themselves and to us, what is the general result? Are they ever dismissed as "cured,"—*unless by the direct order of those who pay for keeping them there?*

As for the frequent imprisonment of the sane in these herding-places, by unjust processes and for ulterior purposes, our newspapers tell that tale often enough: it is not the outside, but the inside of the palace-prisons with which

this story has to do, and in which the public at large are—or ought to be—interested.

A prominent physician read this book in manuscript. He is one of the trustees of a large asylum, and is not satisfied with its conduct. Yet he declined to commend the book, because, "Its publication will have a tendency to depopulate asylums, and reduce their maintenance fund. How then," he asked, "can we support the institutions?"

Is, then, the "institution" of more worth than the unhappy living souls and suffering bodies for whose care it was created? May God grant that his fears be realized,—at least so far as to compel public interest in a new "prison-reform," for the more humane treatment of those who should receive the tenderest Christian care!

THE AUTHOR.

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A PALACE-PRISON:

CHAPTER I.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

Our story must begin with a simple picture of village life.

Twenty-seven years ago, on one of the most beautiful mornings of sweet-scented June, Marion Page stood in her pleasant chamber. The room was fragrant with the perfume of flowers, as was every place over which she presided. Flowers seemed a part of Marion's existence. She brought them from the woods, gathered them by the wayside, and plucked them in the garden. Violets and rosebuds nestled in her hair; lilies served as ornaments to her summer robes; the furniture of her room was overhung with flowery festoons; while bouquets stood in every niche and corner of the rambling old house.

Marion was herself a maidenly flower, a blossom of the spiritual type, with purity of soul shining out from every feature. Tall, slender, and graceful, she was like a pliant reed when it sways gently in the wind; but in her suppleness there were entrenched sinews of strength which betokened great powers of endurance and probable long life. Her face, slightly thin in proportion to its length, was grave and delicate, and her features were

sharply defined; but every lineament beamed with intelligence, while the whole effect of her presence was one of loveliness.

"She is absolutely beautiful," thought her brother, Dr. Herman Page, as he stood near her this June morning.

This was Marion's day of graduation at the village academy, and she was now robed in the prescribed class-dress of white muslin, which floated in light folds about her, while her mother and sisters were busily adding the finishing graces to her toilet, and Herman quietly watched their deft fingers place and replace the various adornments. At length the mother's eye was satisfied; she declared her daughter's appearance perfect.

"If your father could but see you," the mother whispered, with quivering lips.

"Does he not see me from Heaven?" was Marion's reply. "You have often told me so, mother."

"Yes, child, yes," was the mother's eager response; and then she paused, while a sad expression settled on her countenance, and she appeared to be striving to realize the actual presence of the departed one.

If Marion's beauty was celestial in its character, her brother Herman's was equally terrestrial. He bore the impress of an earnest, practical man, who was troubled with few thoughts of the invisible. Tall, broad-shouldered, and firmly knit, he seemed formed to resist the casualties and inroads of time. He was five years older than Marion, and during the last few years, he had been away from home preparing for the medical profession. When he first left the parental roof, Marion was a young schoolgirl; he had returned now to find her at the head of the village academy, the admiration of her acquaintances, the pet of her teachers, the delight of her home, and a sister before whom he involuntarily bowed in adoration. In her, he realized his ideal of true woman-

hood, and, day by day, he studied her as an apparition of transcendent qualities, whose inner nature he could not comprehend. As he stood now beside her, and her pure white drapery floated around her slender form, she appeared to him as a spiritual presence descended from the ether above.

"Marion," he said, "you are positively beautiful!"

"Fine feathers make fine birds," she answered, glancing down at her apparel.

"Not always!" he returned, emphatically. "Beauty does not always owe existence to its environments. I admit, however, that your dress is lovely."

"It ought to be," was her simple answer. "It has cost much money and time."

"Do not mar my impressions of the beauty by suggestions of the cost!" he said. "Turn, please, and let me see the opposite side."

As she turned, the rays of the morning sun fell upon her lightly flowing robe and glistening hair, and the young man, involuntarily stepping back, slowly repeated,—

"Mag-nif-i-cent!"

"Ex-trav-a-gant!" was her smiling response.

"Extravagant?" he echoed, interrogatively. "No! It is simply superb! That sash of white satin falling carelessly to the edge of the ruffled hem is like a line of light across a vapory cloud. Ah, we poor fellows cannot adorn ourselves with such art!"

Marion's sister now drew near with a spray of green vine which she laid across Marion's hair, remarking,—

"This completes your toilet, my dear."

As Marion turned to the mirror and raising her hand slightly moved the spray, Herman asked,—

"Why is it that you wear no flowers to-day?"

"By mutual agreement of the class we wear only green," was her response. Then turning from the mirror, she added,—

"I am ready."

There was a scarcely perceptible tremor in her voice. She was conscious that the ordeal was now close upon her, and although she had no real fear of failing in her public examination, yet an undefined dread thrilled her nervous system. How could she tell what unforeseen casualty might occur? As Herman offered her his arm and she placed one gloved hand lightly within it, with the other hand she beckoned to her mother, and pleaded,—

"Kiss me, mother, before I go."

The mother bent forward and kissed the delicate cheek, while a tear dropped from her eye and fell where the kiss rested.

"Why do you weep, mother?" asked the girl.

"Because—" returned the mother—and then she was silent. What mother can tell why she weeps amid scenes of joy? Why is it? Does motherly prescience perceive in the future, realities that are hidden from her children's view? Does she, in the yearnings of her mother-love, reach out beyond the present into the chilling shadows and vicissitudes of coming time? Who can describe the great love that wells up perennially from the deep fountains of a mother's heart?

As Herman and Marion reached the outer front door, they met a jovial, frank young man, who was waiting there to receive them. This was William Edson, the husband of Henrietta, Marion's elder sister. As the brother and sister approached the door, Mr. Edson removed his hat in mock obeisance, and, with a merry twinkle shining in his eyes, he kept them there, laughing at his nonsense, till Henrietta, just appearing on the stairs, called out,—

"William, please let the child pass in peace;" and Edson, looking up with a comical glance at Herman, whose tall form towered above his own, said,—

"Go, dear children, go."

They went out, passing beneath the arching elms that lined the path across the common, to the academy. It was Herman's fancy, this morning, to walk bare-headed beneath the widespreading branches. We said it was his fancy; we should say it was his pride. In the joy of her rich, loving nature, Marion might often act from impulse or fancy; but Herman's ruling passion was pride. At this time he was proud of Marion, and he was not less proud of himself. When he tossed the thick clusters of hair from his forehead, he well knew that he displayed a fine and noble brow. He walked now with his eyes upraised to the extending branches above him, and as he came near the academy building, his attention was apparently fixed on its windows and worn clapboards. Nevertheless, he saw, from the corner of his eye, every movement among the people, and heard, with quick ear, every smothered word.

"Isn't she lovely?" "Ain't she beautiful?" were words that spontaneously passed through the crowd. As Herman heard them, his pulses throbbed, and his ears were quickened to catch every muttered compliment. He even heard the exclamation of a farmer who chanced to be passing through the village with a load of corn for market. Herman saw the old man stop his horse, and heard him exclaim to the youth by his side,—

"Gosh-a-mighty, Bill!"

To which the boy replied,—

"Ain't she a stunner, dad?"

Marion saw none of these things. Modestly, and even humbly, she walked, with her white robe floating in the breeze, while the green spray quivered on her hair, and her hand trembled as it rested on Herman's arm.

"I am troubled," she remarked, falteringly. "What if my memory should prove treacherous to-day, or what if my ideas should be confused?"

"Do not think of it," Herman returned, soothingly. "Your courage will rise with the demands of the

occasion, and you will not only go through the exercises creditably, but you will enjoy them; and as to your memory—why, I know every word of your valedictory, and could readily prompt you should you need it. But you will not forget. You will not fail.”

“I hope not, but I have many parts assigned me. The teachers have taxed me heavily.”

“You see, my sister, that is the penalty you pay for possessing talent and amiability. But you will have no trouble. I recollect how we fellows looked forward to the closing exercise at college, and how we dreaded the examinations, essays, and orations, but when the time came, we went through well enough. Strength comes with necessity.”

She was comforted by these remarks. She thought Herman understood and sympathized with her feelings. In this she was mistaken. Herman Page never understood humility. His intellectual powers and innate common sense enabled him to disguise the pride which might otherwise have rendered him disagreeable to his acquaintances. He was generally regarded as a “smart young fellow,” and his lofty manner was conceded to be his inalienable right.

Marion loved Herman with all possible sisterly affection, and whenever she was teased with regard to any gentleman, she was accustomed to say,—“I will never have a lover until I find one equal to Herman.” He, in turn, often observed,—“When I have a wife she must be the counterpart of Marion.”

Their devotion to each other had become well known in the village, and as they arrived at the academy steps on this graduation morning, the people instinctively fell back, making an open space for their passage. Herman, with stately steps, ascended the broad stairs, but Marion bowed her head in modest acknowledgment of the people’s civilities.

Thus the two passed through the vestibule, and en-

tered the large room where Marion had spent years of study, until the very atmosphere of the place seemed a part of herself. She noticed, this morning, that the air was purer than its wont, and she was grateful. Sometimes the air of that room had seemed dead and weakening, and she remembered many days of languor and headache as a result of the bad schoolroom air.

Notwithstanding these debilitating days, she had been a faithful pupil, passing up through each grade until now she was the unchallenged superior of every scholar whose name was on the academy rolls. By the untiring diligence of years, she had earned this position, and it was cheerfully conceded to her by her companions. Her schoolmates could not envy her who never boasted, nor could they dislike one whose gentleness and modesty were equaled only by her kindness and universal love. Often she had left her own studies to assist the feebler pupils, solving their difficult problems, explaining their grammatical troubles, and refreshing their memories, until from the lips of many struggling youths, benisons fell upon her.

This morning, as she entered the Academy room, her schoolmates simultaneously arose and clapped their hands. At this outburst of applause, she trembled, and but for Herman, she would have been unable to respond. He clasped her hand and whispered encouraging words by which she was enabled to respond in courteous acknowledgment.

To Herman, this salute to Marion was most gratifying. He bowed to the school and escorted her to her seat. Then as he looked about for a seat suitable for himself, the preceptor came forward and invited him to a chair on the platform. Herman gracefully accepted this invitation, and as he sat there, prominent in youthful beauty and manliness, Marion, too, was proud. Her emotion was not for herself, but for her "noble brother;" and his most exacting self-love could have required no greater homage than she gave him in that hour.

The room was now rapidly filling. Friends and neighbors, young and old, the brightest and best of the town assembled there. Marion saw her mother enter, and welcomed her with a tender smile. The fun-loving brother-in-law winked slyly to the beautiful girl, and made great efforts to startle her into laughter, which feat he very nearly accomplished; Henrietta shook her head reprovingly at him, and even pinched his arm in protest, but he insisted that he was only laboring for Marion's benefit. If he did have that excellent motive, he must have been gratified at the result, for in her effort to maintain sobriety under Edson's comical glances, Marion entirely forgot her tremulous fears of the coming ordeal and became once more merely a schoolgirl sure of correct recitations. She did not once fail during the day. As Herman had predicted, her strength and memory proved equal to every requirement, and her friends listened with increasing satisfaction.

Near the close of the exercises the preceptor invited Herman to address the school, and as with an acquiescent bow he arose to speak, his handsome form, young, intelligent face, and elegant presence, made a strong and pleasing contrast to the weary, less fastidious preceptor, and a murmur of satisfaction ran through the room. Marion's eyes glistened with pleasure, while the tender old mother felt warm tears uprising.

All people occupy places of some kind in God's natural world, but all do not have "position," as it is termed in Mrs. Grundy's circles. Dr. Herman Page had the coveted position which admitted him at once into the strictest and most conventional circles of his native town. He had not only inherited this position from his honored father, but he had sustained it by his own abilities, his unswerving integrity, and his freedom from lowering vices. During his boyhood and youth he had never sullied his name by any mean or disgraceful acts. Hav-

ing never sown "wild oats," he had now no bad harvest to reap. Having never lost a good moral standing, he was not compelled to seek a return to honorable reputation. Before he went from home to college he was called "a nice boy," and now that he had returned with collegiate honors supplemented by a profession and a character still unsullied, he was regarded with profound respect, and was importuned to remain as a medical practitioner in his native village. The earnest solicitations of the citizens were seconded by his mother and sisters, and when at length he decided to yield to their wishes, they were filled with delight. His mother put her arms about his neck and kissed his bearded face as lovingly as if he was yet her little smooth-faced boy. Marion did not speak, but her eyes grew luminous with tender light, and he read in them her genuine happiness. Henrietta's husband drily observed:—"It will be handy to have a doctor in the family. Cures will be gratis, and we can afford to be sick all the time."

CHAPTER II.

TWO COURSES.

LIKE his sister, Herman had a natural fondness for study, and had been a diligent student; yet he was neither worn nor weary. As his mental labors had increased, his physical strength had also waxed stronger, because he had intuitively cultivated the physical powers on which mental endurance rested. When he had studied hardest, he had rested most. In his masculine way, availing himself of the liberties of exercise which are accorded to young men, he had strengthened the texture of his nerves and brain by strengthening his muscles and feeding his body with well aerated blood. He balanced mental labor by bodily recuperations. He had practised brisk walks in the open air, had taken invigorating baths, had trained himself in athletic sports, and by these means had retained a keen, healthy appetite, and thus had fitted himself to endure severe mental application without injury to his physical system. Added to these health-giving habits, he was careful to take an abundance of sleep. No late hours for retiring were ever indulged in his room. His classmates were all sent away when the clock struck the bedtime hour, his light was extinguished, and he gave himself up to "nature's sweet restorer" with a healthy vigor—if one can be said to sleep with vigor.

"A healthy mind requires a healthy body," was the young student's adage, and on this he acted, being most careful of his physical health while engaged in the most arduous mental efforts. No tobacco in any form, or

wine, or spirituous liquors, ever passed his lips, but good, nourishing food he ate regularly and freely. With the political aspects of the day, and with the leading scientific progressions, he was familiar, yet never entered the arena of political trickery, nor accepted the delusive, undemonstrated hypotheses of scientific empirics. Men called him "a level-headed young fellow," "a square man," "a young man who had no nonsense in him," and "a right up-and-down sort of a good fellow."

If Herman had a failing, or a weakness, it consisted in his own realization of his own good qualities. He would not have admitted that he was proud of himself. Indeed, he was too proud to know that he was proud. He lived in the glow of youthful health, free from anxieties, elastic with muscular strength, and vigorous with well-developed manhood which was under perfect control. He smiled at Marion's weakness, thought her "womanish," which, in his mind was synonymous with hysteria and general debility—an integral part of a woman's nature. Not even his medical studies had removed from his masculine ideas the early-imbibed view, that a girl was naturally inferior to a boy, and should, therefore, keep in her place, which place was the kitchen, if she was poor; but if she had wealth, she might be an ornament in the parlor, or be useful as a supervisor over the shirt-buttons of a man, lest these useful articles disappear in the washroom, and the man suffer, in consequence, from a ruffled temper! These were the general opinions of the day; and whenever Marion's intellectual, sensitive nature revolted from this marked path for women, Herman, in common with others, thought her eccentric and strove to convince her that her aspirations were "unladylike." Her passion for outdoor life was "too masculine," her love of the fields was but the exuberance of a "romp," her wishes those of a "tomboy." So that all through her most important formative years, when her physique should have been acquiring elasticity and strength of

fiber, it had been starved for fresh air and recreation. And as young maidenhood merged into young ladyhood the restrictions were increased, and she had come to the end of her school days in a state of exhaustion and weariness.

Marion was naturally a brain-worker, a mind-laborer. Her weariness was not of over-tasked muscles, but of nerves corroded by the fine activities of the soul. Her muscles needed rousing, needed to be exercised in freedom, required absolute reaction from their nervous weight of thought. True rest is the result of co-ordinate forces in balance. Dr. Herman Page resorted to such physical relaxation and enjoyment of the open air as his instincts craved; but he denied the same recuperating agencies to Marion. If she wanted exercise, she might "help mother." To allow her a twenty minutes' run or romp in the open air before retiring, was to make her "unladylike," and Herman revolted at the thought of an "unladylike lady."

To Marion this denial of free out-of-door relaxation was a serious privation. No man or boy ever loved the fresh air more intensely than she, or reveled with greater delight in the wild exuberance of nature. Her childhood's passion had been to roam in pastures and woods among ferns and mosses, many of which she had carefully brought from their solitary dells and planted in her home garden among her flowers. Some incidents of her child-roving were still remembered by the villagers.

Once, when she was but a little girl, she forgot the bonds of maternal restraint, and broke forth in obedience to her own wild longings. This was in the season of opening spring. Rootlets and buds were bursting into new life, even the air seemed to sing with gladness, and sweet odors floated by in invisible particles. Above, in the blue expanse, the sun rode gloriously, shaded occasionally by fleecy clouds. Marion, strolling childlike about the grassy yard of her home, talked to the breezes

and the swelling buds. She seemed to hear them answer.

Presently her quick eye saw some boys coming across the Common. They bore in their hands large bunches of the trailing arbutus, covered with sweet-scented blossoms.

Marion rushed out at the gateway, and sped towards the boys.

"Tell me," she exclaimed, "where did you get those beautiful flowers?"

"Out in Simon Smith's pastur'."

"Where is that?"

"Oh, 'way out on the turnpike road, a couple of miles."

Then nature triumphed in the little girl. Her soul's desires centered in those flowers,

"Have some?" queried the boys, seeing her eager gaze.

"Not yours!" she answered. "I'll have some of my own! Are there lots of them, there?"

"Oh, lots and lots—bushels and bushels!" was the reply.

Maternal commands, proprieties and conventionalities all vanished from the mind of the child. She must have those lovely, fragrant flowers.

"Out on the turnpike road;"—"Simon Smith's pastur'";—"a couple of miles;"—"bushels and bushels of flowers."

These were the phrases revolving in her mind,—

"I can find the place," she cried, as she began to run.

"It's awful wet out there!" called the boys. "You'll get into the water."

"No matter—see my stout boots," was her reply as she fled along.

Every child in the village knew the old turnpike, and with her heart full of burning desires for the sweet arbutus blossoms, the little Marion sped along the old

highway. She passed the ancient dwelling where once the toll-gatherer had his stand, not even pausing to look at the two relics of posts on which the tollgate had once hung, and which were now the marvelous shrine at which the romantic village children laid their offerings of antiquarian devotion. Becoming warm with the continued running, she drew off her cape-bonnet, and swinging it from her hand by one string, she let the wind toy with her floating hair while she kept on in unabating speed. Once she thought of her mother's probable disapproval, but quickly checked this disturbing idea.

"I'll get back before she misses me," was the quieting murmur of her conscience. "I'll give her lots and lots of flowers. We'll drape the rooms all over with them."

Just then, she saw a farmer in his lumber-wagon, driving towards her.

"Please, sir," she said, pausing suddenly and looking up at the man, "where is Simon Smith's pasture?"

"Simon Smith's pastur'!" exclaimed the man, looking down upon the glowing cheeks and disheveled, flying hair of the child. "Why, child, it is more than a mile from here! What do you want of Simon Smith's pastur'?"

"I want the flowers, sir—the sweet, darling flowers."

"But, little girl, you cannot get them! There are fences to climb, there are rocks in the way, and there are running brooks made by the melting snow. You'll wet your feet, and——"

"Oh, sir, just see my thick boots! I don't mind the water."

"But you are only a little girl, and—ugh—I saw a snake there one day!"

"But, sir, I must have the flowers!" and on she ran, regardless of the farmer's appeals, heedless of serpents, or brooks, or distance.

The farmer looked after her. "I should think," he mused, "that was Widow Page's youngest darter; but

it can't be! Mrs. Page would never let her child be out here in that tramping fashion!"

On and on went the child until she saw a large farmhouse, near which she met a young man.

"Please, sir, I want to find Simon Smith's pasture!" she said, pausing before the young farmer.

"Where on earth did *you* come from?" was his wondering response. "Are you a gypsy?"

"No, I'm Marion. I want the flowers in Simon Smith's pasture."

The young farmer pointed to a lane.

"Go down that lane, go through the bars, across the ledge, over a wall, down among the knolls, and you'll find the flowers. But you'll get wet. *Down, Major! Come here, sir!*"

The latter exclamations were to a large shepherd dog that came sniffing about the child. The dog turned away. "You'd better not go down there, little girl. I don't know as it is quite safe for you."

"The flowers, sir—I must have the flowers," and without further words she rushed into the lane, nor paused until she reached the hillocks where the blossoming vines met her eager gaze.

"Oh, you darling, sweet, lovely flowers!" she cried, throwing herself on the ground among the blossoms. The air was full of sweet aroma, a snow-made rivulet babbled near, and wild nature seemed speaking to the child, and inviting her to fill her hands "without money, and without price."

It was nearly sunset when Farmer Smith, himself, found her toiling up the lane, on her return to the road. She was fairly bending under the weight of the fragrant load that covered her from her head to her feet. She looked like a moving pedestal of flowering vines, while beneath them her garments hung damp and limp.

"Oh, sir," she cried as she saw the farmer standing and looking at her, "I didn't get all the flowers! There's

lots of them left for you. Do you care if I carry these home?"

The farmer burst into a laugh.

"Care, child? Why should I care for that rubbish? But who are you? Where did you come from, and where are you going?"

"I am Marion Page, and I am going home with these flowers. Aren't they sweet?"

"You don't say you are Widow Page's darter!" queried the astonished farmer.

"My mother is Mrs. Page," was her simple reply.

"Do you live in the village, child?"

"Yes, sir."

"By the Common, under the elms?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did you get here?"

"I walked; or I ran, most of the way."

"And how are you going back?"

"I shall walk, sir, for I don't think I can run with all these flowers on me."

"No. Well, I thought Mrs. Page was a woman of good sense. I shouldn't 'a' thought she'd let you come off on such a tramp!"

"She didn't know it, sir."

"Ah! You ran away, did you?"

"I wanted the flowers, sir. Is it wrong to love such sweet flowers as these?"

The piteous entreaty in her eyes as she asked this question, again brought a laugh from the man, and catching her in his arms, he bore her aloft towards the house, while the blossoming vines fell over them both, enclosing them in one fragrant bower,

"What are you going to do with me?" asked the child.

"I am going to take you in and give you some bread and milk. Do you like bread and milk?"

"Yes, sir; but I must not stop. I must be going home."

"Oh, don't fear! I'll harness my horse and give you a ride home."

"Will you? That would be very nice, and I know my mother will be glad."

Twilight was deepening into darkness as the farmer and his embowered companion entered the village and drove around the Common. The village was in a state of great excitement. The Common was dotted with groups of people in earnest conversation. As kind Mr. Smith with his young companion became discernible, the cry went out, "She is found! Marion has come!"

"The Lord be praised!" devoutly exclaimed a white-haired man.

The mother heard that cry, and hastened to meet the returning wanderer.

"Marion, my darling child, where *have* you been?" were the mother's first words.

Henrietta, hastily coming up, exclaimed; "Madcap girl, where *have* you been? We have searched the village through for you! You deserve a severe punishment."

"I'm afraid she has taken her death-a-cold," said the farmer. "You'd better take her in and change her clothes as quick as possible."

"My flowers!" cried the child as they began lifting her from the wagon. "Don't hurt my flowers!"

Carefully the farmer let the mass of vines once more fall about her, and then placing her on the ground, he re-entered his wagon amid a profusion of thanks from the mother, and questions from the villagers to whom he related the story of her excursion, while the child was led into her home.

"You have endangered your life by this wild trip!" said the mother, sternly. "Henrietta, take these damp vines away and her wet clothes with them."

"No, no! Don't take away my flowers!" cried the child.

"Flowers!" echoed the mother. "What are flowers compared with your life? See your shoes! How wet they are! And your clothes—how soiled and drenched! There must be some pepper-tea made immediately, and your feet must go into hot mustard-water, and then you must be wrapped in blankets and put into bed!"

Marion uttered not a word. She saw that her mother would enforce obedience. She saw the supper table standing in the adjoining room, and smelled the aroma of the good things, but all that her mother gave to her was a bit of dry toast, and a cup of hot cayenne. Then they immersed her feet in the mustard-water, chafed her small body, rolled her in blankets, carried her to her chamber, and after carefully tucking the bed-coverings around her, bade her go to sleep, and left her alone to muse on her mishaps. She heard their retiring footsteps, and afterwards heard the ring of the cups as the family sat at tea. A feeling of loneliness began to oppress her, and she yearned for her flowers.

"My sweet flowers!" she thought. "Where are they? Why did they take my flowers away from me?"

Slipping softly out of bed, with agile steps she passed through the passages leading to the back stairs, and hastily ran down. Instinct directed her to the laundry, and there she found her treasures lying in a heap beside her damp clothes.

Later in the evening, when the mother and sisters went up to see her, they found her asleep with the vines and flowers spread promiscuously over her. Her lips were parted with a smile as though the angels of childhood were hovering there, and the mother, kissing her, left her to sleep beneath the flowers that she loved.

As Marion grew older she retained this passion for flowers. At an early age she began the study of botany, and as often as possible roamed the fields for flowers, gathering, analyzing, and preserving specimens with

much discretion. These rambles, often stealthily taken, were the only health-giving exercises she enjoyed during the years when childhood was passing into womanhood, while she was poring over text-books at the academy. They saved the girl from sooner entering into a state of weakness and chronic debility, a condition into which thousands of our schoolgirls pass before they attain graduating honors, and out of which many of them emerge into the silent avenues to the tomb.

This nature Marion still retained, although she was now a young lady, "graduated," and supposed to be ready for her entree into society. Her passion for nature was no whim, but a God-implanted gift by which her soul communed with the unseen, caring not for what the body should eat, nor wherewithal it should be clothed, but only for the soul and mental food, which winged her for her upward course.

Fortunately, these recent years are opening the minds of parents to the necessity of more rational treatment for girls; and even in that day many survived and went through their appointed ways in life—though often feebly and lamely. But now, as then, the finest natures are those that suffer most, and the "forcing processes" of our schools are preparing the most terrible consequences for the very pupils who respond most brilliantly to the educational hothouse atmosphere.

CHAPTER III.

VISIONS OF NIGHT.

Thus Marion had grown and survived the impediments to her health and strength, until she had arrived at the day of her graduation, and had become the idol of her home, and the object of village pride. Now, the great day was passed, she had received her diploma, had spent the evening in the midst of friends who had called with congratulations, and as the last steps of these friends echoed on the paved pathways to the gate, the village clock struck eleven. Marion sank into a cushioned chair, and said, "Mother, I am tired."

While friends and neighbors had filled the room, she had manifested no signs of exhaustion ; but now, the stimulus of their presence being removed, her system relaxed like a fine-toned instrument whose strings have been too tightly drawn.

"I tremble, mother," she added, after a moment.

"You must go upstairs as quickly as possible," observed Henrietta.

Marion did not reply, but remaining quietly in the easy chair, leaned her head languidly against the cushioned back. The outer door was standing ajar ; and through the passage thus afforded to the night-breeze, a cooling current entered and toyed with the hair of the wearied girl, while it cooled her heated brow and refreshed her like a tonic of nature. The mother hastened to close the door, thus shutting the only avenue through which invigoration could reach her daughter.

"Please do not shut the door !" said Marion. "The

cool air is refreshing. I wish you would let me have a good run out of doors."

"You would take cold, my dear."

"Would I?"

"Certainly you would," interposed Henrietta. "Besides, what if somebody should see you? How would it sound to hear that the queen of the Academy, the head scholar, was out at play at midnight? I wonder if you never are to overcome your childish ways! You are worn with the day's exertions, and the sooner you are in bed, the better for you."

Again Marion thought of the cool night breeze outside, and longed for its refreshing as a thirsty child longs for cold water; but the habit of yielding to maternal commands was firmly fixed within her, and as the mother repeated, "Come, Marion," the girl arose and with slow, uncertain steps, went up the stairs. Herman bade her a cheerful "good-night," and as she disappeared at the upper landing, he thought, "She is indeed very weary, and I do not wonder—I am myself quite tired."

Then he opened the front door and looked out. A flood of moonlight illumined him, and a bracing breeze inspired him with a desire to inhale more of the pure oxygen. There was a silvery, shadowy softness in the air, and a weird enchantment in the quiet perspective. The leaves on the trees rippled like pebbly cascades, and the atmosphere, moving gently, was redolent of the perfumes of roses and other exhaling blossoms.

"This is delicious!" soliloquized the young man, and stepping out he drew a long, full breath. It was an elixir of life, a draught from God's own fountain, a Jordan for the cleansing of the leprosy of exhausted nervous vitality. Dr. Herman was conscious of a healthful activity, transfusing itself through his system. He walked out beneath the trees, and, expanding his chest, drew in, again and again, the cool, aromatic air. His emotional nature and all his physical organism was

tranquilized and strengthened by the absorption of these pure elements. A hallowed restfulness began already to predicate the virtues of sleep, and it seemed to him that the Spirit of the Lord had come very near to earth in that delicious night air. The excitements of the day were allayed, thought entered holier channels, and he saw how those who follow the laws of spiritual and material nature can "run and not be weary, can walk and not faint."

Meantime, Marion was disrobing in her close chamber. The tender mother and careful sister had excluded every tiny current of fresh air from the room, and with their own loving hands assisted in removing her garments. Seven full, starched skirts they took from her, one by one, and at each removal she drew a sigh of relief. Seven or eight skirts were then the prescribed rule. All day these skirts had pressed upon her like cumbrous weights. She had realized the burden, but how could she refuse to submit to the womanly style of the times? How should she know their injurious tendency? She had never received one hour of instruction as to her physical necessities. Mental philosophy and moral laws had mingled in her mind with historical dates, astronomical calculations, geology, and a thousand or less of other requirements, but her own earthly tabernacle, in which all her mental and moral actions must occur, was never a subject of her investigations.

She had, indeed, heard remarks concerning evils of corset-lacing, but she never applied those remarks to herself, because she did not consider herself as guilty of wearing tight corsets.

- "Why!" was her exclamation, "I can always put my finger between my corset and my body!"

This was the conventional test, and this was all the rule for health that this cultured young lady had ever received. Even in wearing corsets she had her mother's sanction, and on this day of her graduation she had worn

a corset that had been made entirely by that mother's hands, and was embroidered with an elaborate skill which was the envy of all the village girls. How could that mother, herself ignorant of physiology, know that while she stitched the stiff bones into her daughter's corset, she stitched vitality and strength out of the lovely wearer? And where was the skill and knowledge of the young and learned physician of the family? Was he as ignorant as those who had not studied anatomy? If physicians have no skill, how shall others know the laws of life?

While Dr. Page was breathing oxygen beneath the trees this moonlit night, his sister was divested of her elegant whalebone corset, and the first full breath she had that day drawn, came as an inspiration of relief.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I feel better! Henrietta, please open the window."

"No," replied Henrietta, "you must not have the night air blowing upon you. Why do you persist in seeking the chills from the out-of-door air?"

"Oh, it is fresh and invigorating! I feel better when I can get full breaths of air. I should like to go out on a hilltop, and stand in the wind."

"Don't talk foolishly," returned the mother. "Remember you are no longer a child, but are now just ready to enjoy society, where you will be an ornament, and a useful member, I hope. Let sleep come to you now, my darling. Make haste and lie down. You need rest."

Without further remonstrance, Marion obeyed her mother, and soon she was lying on her bed, with the windows closed, and all openings for the admission of air carefully guarded. Then the mother and sister bade her good-night, and left her to rest. But rest was far away from her. She was weary, but could find no antidote. She lay on a downy couch, but had no repose. Her system was full of burnings and quiverings, and

while her body remained as she forced it to lie, her thoughts went outside where the night winds were sighing, and the foliage of the green-clad earth was shimmering beneath the moon.

"I cannot sleep!" she sighed, at length. "If only mother would let me go out into the yard. I should so love to breathe out there! Could I take cold, I wonder?"

Again and again she tried to repress her restlessness, supposing it was a mere fancy, but her exhausted nerves had no power to restrain her wild imaginings, and she tossed and turned as if the delirium of fever was raging in her system.

Meantime, Dr. Herman came in from his night ramble. He was cool and quite refreshed, and he felt like a new man. Entering the parlor, he asked,—

"How is Marion?"

"Sleeping," the mother replied.

"That is well," he returned, and passed up to his own room, where he opened the window, and suffered the wind to come in as it listed. According to the custom which he had from childhood retained, he knelt in simple prayer, and then, disrobing, sought his bed. His window still was open, and as he had borne no weight of skirts, nor endured the pressure of corsets, in a few moments he was asleep, with renewal of life coursing through his frame.

In all this hygienic regime for himself, he did not once think of prescribing the same course for Marion. Was she not a girl? The place for girls and women was in the house. How could their delicate systems bear men's methods for securing health? We could not expect women to be strong and well. They were always full of hypochondria and hysterical delusions, and although Marion was a highly gifted young lady, still, she was but a woman and must be expected to share the infirmities of her sex.

Therefore, while the young physician, satisfied with himself, and physically refreshed, slept undisturbed by dreams or nervous lassitude, Marion, in her close chamber, turned and tumbled from side to side, unable to lose consciousness for a moment, yet chiding herself for being awake. She tried to think, but had not power to keep her attention fixed on anything. Electric currents of heat flashed through her; rapid vibrations and sensations, like myriads of fine needle points pricking all over her, made her feel half wild, and her self-control seemed passing away from her own grasp. Memories thronged into vivid distinctness, all her past life came up for scrutiny, and she passed sentence of approval or condemnation upon each act. It seemed to her that she had often been remiss, that she had misimproved many golden opportunities, and that, instead of her education being finished, she had really hardly begun to learn. She thought of her preceptor, of his unfailing kindness, and of his closing address to his school this day.

"Yes," she soliloquized, "he told us we must go on studying, that we must keep up our intellectual standard by reading, not idle stories, but such reading as will give us solid attainments and enlarge our mental capacities. I will follow his advice. I will ask him to mark out a course of reading, and I will follow it."

"Yes," she continued, still tossing in the close, heated air, "I will go on studying—I will be learned—my friends shall be proud of me—Herman will be gratified, and I, myself, will be happy when I dwell in the midst of the scientific and the wise. And I will be there—yes, in the very midst!"

Flashes of intense heat passing over her, interrupted these musings.

"How warm this night is!" she exclaimed to herself. "Or is it because I am excited from the events of the day? If I could only fly, I would soar away to the Arctic regions. No—no—I would not go there—I would soar

away to God. There, all is light and knowledge. There I should not need to study, for in God's Spirit I could see all things. Dear me! how hot I am. I am nearly suffocating! How intense the heat is! And yet I hear cool breezes sighing out of doors. I have half a mind to get up and rush out. I wonder whether mother would hear me go. It would distress her if I should do that. She would think me crazy. I must lie still, of course, and I must sleep."

Once more she smoothed her pillow, turned it for coolness, raised the sheet and fanned herself with its fall, then settling again, tried again to compose herself. It seemed to her that she was turning wholly to life, that she was all soul, all thought, and that she could never again sleep, or rest, or ever die! She thought she was like the wicked for whom there is no death, no peace, nothing but burnings.

"I see, now, how it is that the wicked burn," she said within herself. "They burn within themselves! Yes, I see it all—the Book of Life—what is it? Why, it is I, and everybody, just as we are on earth, right here! God reads us, just as we read the rocks and trees. I wonder why I never thought of this before! I am a part of God's book. I have not realized my openness before his omniscient eye, and now my punishment is begun."

One!—The old clock in the hall below sounded,—*Two!*—it had struck another hour. Still the minutes passed. *Three!*—No rest yet, no peace. She threw her fevered arms above her head. Burning commotion inflamed all her nerves. The very atoms of her organism seemed disintegrating.

"O, God!" she cried. "What have I done that I should be put into this torment?"

Outside her room, all was peaceful. The cool winds whispered softly over Herman's bed. The mother occupied her own square chamber whose open door gave air from still another room. In the garden the rustling

leaves, responsive, spoke of coolness and new life. In the stable the neighing horses gave tokens of comfort from the breezes passing through the windows carefully left open by the thoughtful hostler. All, save Marion, were resting according to nature's laws. She, alone, was shut in from the refreshing air; and yet she, more than all the others, needed that night the atmosphere's revivifying power.

Four o'clock! Still no sleep! How her head whirled! Her eyeballs—how they burned! What was that straining at the top of her head? How the cords seemed pulling there, like fibers stretched and waiting the touch of some musician's wand! It came, the wand of the unseen player touched the strained nerves, the tune began, grew louder, faster, more rapid yet, then lost the measure, and flew wildly as if a demon handled the bow. O God! how the girl suffered! A thousand demons gathered around her; she saw their faces, saw and shivered with cold chills. Now she was no longer burning; icy freezings congested all the fluids of her young, susceptible organization. A new twitch at her head seemed tearing her in shreds—another gird—a snap! What was it?—Again—snap!

She screamed. She threw up her hands in agony. Instantly the pain passed away. Suddenly as it came, it went. It was an electric shock from the battery of overstrained nature. After it, she was quiet. An unnatural calmness fell upon her. She was illumined with inward light. Her whole system was permeated by new brightness, and she felt herself lifted up from the environments of human life. She made no effort, yet she felt herself rising, while her soul expanded in ethereal essence. She saw only beauty above and about her, while enraptured, she passed into beatitude. Higher and higher still she soared, all the dissolving shades of light enveloped her; she saw golden gleams shoot athwart lines of crimson, while amber and sapphire glowed and

fringes of purple bordered clouds of snowy whiteness. On these white clouds, piling height on height above her, standing in bold relief against the azure dome, she saw figures of venerable men clad in long, flowing robes, while their silvery locks streamed out against the sky. The men's faces were placid, full of love and wisdom, and Marion saw their eyes looking down at her while they extended their hands and beckoned her to ascend to them. Wherever she looked at the glorious dome above she saw these men, and they were all entreating her to come up to them. She heard no words, but understood their gestures, and on the clouds was written in emblazoned colors the one word, "KNOWLEDGE."

She responded to the silent call, and floated upward until she saw that all these figures carried lances of light, and on the end of each lance was a crook like a shepherds. As the men ascended they planted these crooks in the clouds, while their robes of transparent light floated against the sky, and from invisible sources above, crowns of gold fell upon each venerable head.

Suddenly Marion felt a thrill of inspiration, and seizing a lance, she arose after the men. Higher and higher she went and, still ascending, she saw the white clouds of knowledge beneath her; she stood upon them and the glory of God was all about her, filling the vast space with a light that dimmed any light of the sun, a light that gave no shadow, and in which there was no darkness at all, while angels with their harps were making melody in the vast space, and one like the Son of God cried, "Hosannah! Allelujah to Him who is Forever and Forever!" Then she saw the Saviour ascend, while the angels sounded trumpets until the arches of Heaven reverberated with songs of glorious praise, and beauty filled the spheres above with glory of sight and sound. The excited girl tried to follow in the angels' train, but the cloud beneath her broke, and she fell!

Down, down through the airy clouds, through the

mist, through the denser atmosphere—down, still down until the earth appeared and she struck the ground. The blow caused her to quiver in every nerve. She was chilled. She tried to rise, but something was pelting her, striking her on the right and on the left, and she saw that these missiles were books. They came swiftly, piling about her in heaps, and pressing her down by their great weight. Then she saw that her preceptor was throwing these books at her, while he called, "Marion! Marion! read! Grow great and learned, until you ascend to the clouds with those men whose faces shine, and who walk the sky with lances of light in their hands! Read—Marion—read!"

Snatching up the volumes she saw that they were written in foreign languages, and on subjects abstruse. Their letters danced and glittered before her eyes, her head grew giddy, and again she heard a voice call—"Marion—Marion!"

Then she opened her eyes, consciousness returned, she saw that daylight had come, and that her mother was bending over her, and gently touching her shoulder, while calling her by name. It was morning now, and all the sleep that Marion had known, was during the last brief hour, in which her over-drawn nerves had suffered from their break, and she had passed through this unnatural vision.

"Breakfast is ready, darling, and I came to call you," said the tender mother.

Marion raised her head from her pillow.

"I will come down soon, mother, but I have scarcely rested all night." Nervelessly raising her hand, she passed it over her brow. "I am tired all over mother."

"Come down and have some coffee, dear. That will refresh you."

"Yes, mother."

She arose, dressed, and slowly descended the stairs. The great vision of the morning seemed to enshroud her.

It had not to her the aspect of a dream. It was palpable. She had touched the clouds—she had carried the lance—she had seen the figures of the men. She had felt the books strike her, and had heard the preceptor say, “Read, Marion, read!”

Languidly and dreamily she came to the table. With a cheery smile, and a hearty, resonant voice, Herman greeted her.

“Good morning, Marion.”

She answered abstractedly.

“Yes, it is morning. Do not pelt me any more. I am tired, but I will read until I come up where the old men are.”

Dr. Herman looked wonderingly at his sister.

“What are you talking about, Marion?”

“Herman, I have seen Heaven! I have been in the midst of the glories on high!”

“You have been dreaming, I suppose.”

“No, no. It was no dream. I passed out of this world. I went up where knowledge lies in glorious clouds, and the learned and good are there—and God is there, for I saw His marvelous light! But it was hard to come back, for it is dark down here, and I am chilled even to my bones.”

The young physician’s diploma hung framed in his room, and he thought himself qualified to treat human diseases; but of the delicate texture of the soul, of the intricate connections between mind and the physical fibers through which it acts in the human body, he had no conception.

He believed that Marion had dreamed. Any other supposition would have been, in his mind, a hallucination, an illusion of the senses.

But Marion had not dreamed, nor was her vision an illusion. It was simply an over-tension of the delicate nerves in which the divine soul dwells. These nerves are physical, and should be preserved in strength by

physical means. Marion was denied these means, forbidden the vitality of the air, shut in from the happy, childish exercise which she, scarcely emerged from childhood, required. And kept all night in her stifled room, with no possible means for her system to throw off its excitement, her nerve-centres had given way, and her soul had reveled for a moment in a sphere of light, only to fall back into a darkness that was destined never again to be removed.

Say not that this incident is introduced too early in this story. It has been put where nature put it, into the first link of the chain which was forging for Marion's life, —those fetters that have never yet been sundered.

CHAPTER IV.

TONICS AND SOOTHING POWDERS.

MARION ate very little that morning. Her whole existence seemed sunk in lassitude. She had not sufficient energy to think coherently. The "snap" which she had experienced in the night had not been a fancy, nor an unreal break in her delicate, overwrought system. Her nervous tissue had been denied its natural food of air, exercise, and suitable recreation, until it could no longer endure the strain of soul which it must sustain. Her nerves had become physically impoverished.

"Women are not strong enough to endure study and abstruse thought," say those wise men, who look only on one aspect of woman's condition.

Give to women all the privileges for physical growth that are given to men, and then we can more correctly judge whether they can endure mental culture. Marion's intellectual expansion had been forced as in a hot-house. Her opportunities for increasing her muscular and nervous powers, had been dwarfed by fashion's requirements, because she was a girl, destined to be a woman! Her present need was tonics—not quinine, or wine—but tonics of absolute freedom in the open air, and a change from the tedious drill of text-books to a spontaneous, happy reading of the "open book of nature." Herman had studied theories of diseases, with unpronounceable names, and a therapeutical pharmacopœia of imposing dimensions, with remedial concoctions whose origin and qualities were hidden in obscurity; but he had no theories of *preventives* to disease, nor any simple, natural methods of cure. And yet, nature is its

own best restorer. Give nature opportunity, and it is found to be full of healing. Dr. Herman Page wrote prescriptions in most approved Latin, but he had no simple *prescription of nature*, for his sister in this, her hour of need. How could he know what to prescribe in a case not mentioned in his books? For Marion was suffering from one of those new forms of nervous disease which had not yet attracted the notice of medical writers. It might be called a species of "American nervousness," or an evolution of nervous condition resulting from long-continued cerebral excitement with little recuperative rest.

Not even yet do our physicians, generally, know the symptoms of this peculiar disease. When they meet these strange phenomena, and hear these unwonted sensations of blows, snaps, and explosions described by patients, they are too apt to call it insanity. And indeed the symptoms are of wildness, and violence, sometimes leading to shrieks and inexpressible agony. But the disease is simply the result of a protracted distension of the cerebral vessels; the snap, or explosion, is the result of an effort on the part of the nerves supplying and controlling the cerebral vessels to rid themselves of a burden which they long have borne, but which they are unfitted further to carry. The startling symptoms of the explosions are usually manifested when the patients are, or are about to be, asleep, for sleep inclines the brain to anæmic conditions. The victims of this disease are more intelligent, and possessed of more sensitive and "highly-strung" nerves than the average.

Dr. Page had never heard of this disease. How, then, could he know that the distended, weakened cerebral vessels needed strengthening remedies? How could he know that to cause sleep in these circumstances but increased the patient's danger? Let him not be censured, for he was struggling in the vale of medical ignorance.

Seeing Marion's exhausted condition this morning, he

prepared a powder by the most approved rules, administering it with his own hands, and left her to sleep.

"She needs rest and sleep," he said to his mother, and then he drove away into the clear air of the country. He did not see that in this air there were properties adapted by nature to give his sister the invigoration that would of itself have brought healthful, refreshing sleep. As he went over the green hills, he thought of Marion, of her wonderful fondness for study, of her grace, her loveliness, and her superiority to other women, and he sincerely hoped that she would soon be "rested."

"Who can be a better nurse for her than our own dear mother?" was his mental query. "No hands can be so gentle as mother's—no heart so full of love as hers."

It did not occur to him that a seat by his side at that moment, a contact with the fresh breeze, a tanning in the sun's rays, and an exhilarating laugh would be the tonic that would bring back her strength, and restore buoyancy to her steps. Such a therapeutical agency, for a woman, formed no part of his theory. He was a doctor of the past, although a young man. While he was thus driving through the rural, pleasant scenes of the country, Marion was drooping in the close air of home. The powder had failed to give her sleep. On the contrary, she was never more thoroughly awake. Reclining on a sofa in the family sitting-room, she restlessly noticed every line and mark on the ceiling, every flower and vine on the papered walls, every fold in the flowing curtains, and every leaf of her house-plants blossoming in luxuriant beauty. Outside the window, a tree of white roses grew, and clusters of roses in full bloom rested against the window-sill, while the sunlight irradiated them with halos of brightness. Marion longed to take one of these sweet flowers in her hand, but was too languid to raise and extend her arm. She seemed literally, "so near, and yet so far" from the objects of her heart's passion,

In all the floral world no lovely creation equaled, in her estimation, a perfect white rose. And here were clusters of them beside her and she could not reach them! Why was this? It was like a calamity fallen upon her suddenly.

"Am I dead?" she asked herself. "Surely, I am not dying?"

No. She was not dying. This strange paralysis was but the result of the powders administered to her by her brother in accordance with the most approved rules of medical practice. Her active intellect had not succumbed to its soporific power, but her exhausted muscles were benumbed. She was alive, yet dead, intensely alive in mind,—in body, paralyzed. She fell into a reverie of horror. What had come over her?

From this suspension of muscular function she was aroused by a shadow and a touch upon her shoulder. She started wildly, and gasped.

"Ah, Marion, my child! Are you frightened at me? Have you, then, so soon forgotten me?"

It was the voice of her preceptor, and as she recognized him, her face flushed with pleasure.

"O no, sir, I could not forget you! Will you come in? I feel strangely to-day, much as if I was dead and yet alive to know all about it."

"Yesterday was too exciting for you, I fear. But how nobly you acquitted yourself! Such pupils as you almost put an old teacher like me into Elysian fields."

Then the preceptor came into the room, and she roused from her dazed condition.

"I have been asking myself," she remarked, "how can I best follow your advice in regard to continuance of study by reading? How shall I systematize my reading? With what shall I begin? It is very beautiful up there where the old men stand on the white clouds into which they plunge their lances of light. I plunged in my lance and gushes of glory came out, and the Saviour is there,

and God fills all the high arches—but to fall—O to fall is terrible! I fell, you know, and then you pelted me with books. Why did you throw the books so hard? They hurt me.”

Bewildered by her strange remarks, the preceptor fastened the gaze from his gray eyes upon her earnest face.

“What do you mean, my child? I have thrown no books at you!”

“Have you forgotten?” she asked, with a smile.

The vision had been to her a reality.

“You have been asleep, here, and dreaming,” was his reply. “I awoke you as I came to the window. I understand you, and now, since you have been dreaming about books, let us talk about them. I have been pulling down some of my old musty tomes, and I should feel young again if I could talk them over and renew my acquaintance with them, and how can I do it better than by giving them to you to read, and then we can discuss them together.”

“That would be delightful!” she responded, while a glow overspread her face. “You will be my teacher, still?”

“Unless you become mine, my child, which I have sometimes thought you would, so eagerly you devour knowledge,”

“Knowledge was the name of the white clouds,” she said.

Again the preceptor scrutinized her face. What did she mean?

“You must have been reading some allegory,” he observed, “and its fancies have deeply impressed you. But never mind. Let us talk now of the books I have marked for you to read this summer. Ah! I see I am to have a delightful vacation!”

Then he explained her course, filling every week and day with abstruse reading that would require earnest, deep thought. But where was his arrangement for her

physical health? Where were his suggestions for boating, for ball-playing, for gymnastics, for riding, or even for travelling? Did he suppose the young girl had nerves of iron or sinews of steel that could never wear out? Or did he imagine that girls have no nerves at all? or that nerves have no real existence, but are the creations of imagination? Did he forget, or had he never learned, that the human mind is dependent for its operative powers upon the fine, microscopic atoms and tissues that must be fed from nature's wonderful laboratories? Philosopher as he was, he was yet ignorant of the fundamental philosophy of human life. He went home and returned with a ponderous tome, and that very morning, notwithstanding her feebleness, Marion began her summer's task. She read the long preface of the book, then the heavy, introductory remarks, and then began the solid chapters. To occurrences about her she gave no heed. The door-bell rang and people inquired for "the doctor," but she heard them not. Nothing disturbed the intense attention which she gave to the author's half-obscure and often complex sentences. No one came and said, "Marion, come out and play!" No one called, "Come out, Marion—let us have a jolly time!—It will do you good!"

Instead, her mother looked in and remarked—"Ah—reading? That is right. I feared you had gone out."

"I would like to go out, mother, but I thought you would disapprove it."

"Certainly, I should. You must stay in until you are quite rested."

When, in this way, would she feel that vigor which she would realize as rest?

As the village bell rang the hour of noon, Herman's horse came trotting over the graveled driveway, and the young physician sprang blithely from the carriage. He was fresh and vigorous, and seeing Marion bending over her book, he called loudly,—

"Marion!"

She did not look up. He called again.

"Marion! Have you no greeting for me?"

With a smile she raised her book and pointed to the title.

"Ah!" was his response. "The preceptor has been here, I suppose, and now you are happy. Have you rested?"

Had she been a young man, a college chum, he would have said, "Jump in here, and let us ride out where the free winds blow."

But she was not a college chum. She was only a girl. True, she was a sister beloved, but *only a girl*. For her he could prescribe medicinal powders, or a tonic of iron, or quinine. Fresh air was only for men. Only masculine women would want to be seen out unconventionally,—and a masculine woman—Ugh! What a monstrosity!

At the noon meal, Dr. Herman was buoyant, glowing in healthy color, and eating with hearty relish. Marion ate sparingly and with apparent disrelish.

"Marion is dainty," remarked Elizabeth, the younger sister, in a teasing, girlish tone.

"Hush!" returned the mother. "Your sister is not well."

And yet, even the mother thought Marion too fastidious in regard to food. She could not understand this daughter.

"What can I get that you can eat, Marion?" she presently inquired in an anxious tone.

"Not anything, mother. I do not feel at all hungry."

"I can atone for her deficiencies," responded the doctor.

"I am like a hungry boy to-day. I can eat for both her and myself."

"Country air creates an appetite," is a common saying, but thousands of country women drag on a close, house existence without ever enjoying the fresh, pure air of the fields and woods, and especially was this true of the

women in the period of Marion's girlhood. The girl or woman who was frequently seen out "spinning street yarn," was marked by men as an unprofitable member of the family, while women said, "She must be tough!" And the physicians of that day, no wiser than others, served but as blind guides leading the blind.

"What can I do for you, Marion?" asked Dr. Herman, when he had finished dining. "Have you bidden farewell to your heart as well as your school? Or did your triumphs yesterday leave but the ghost of yourself for today? You should not grow pale while your laurels are yet green."

"Herman," she answered, "did you ever see the beautiful heights of knowledge? Do you know in what majestic grandeur they pile one upon another against the sky until they reach the zenith where the great I AM dwells?"

"If you mean air-castles," answered Herman with an amused smile, "I was never much troubled by those unsubstantial buildings. I prefer being on *terra firma*. Air-castles are apt to fall, and great is the disappointment of their architects."

"Yes, yes! they do fall," quickly answered Marion. "I came down with a terrible shock, and I can never go up there again except by long and patient labor. Yet, Herman, many people have gone up there. Old men are transfigured there, and their faces shine with divine brightness. I must read. The preceptor will guide me. I must climb to those glorious heights."

"You dear, youthful enthusiast!" exclaimed Herman. "You surpass my comprehension!—Tell me, please, did the powder give you a good sleep this forenoon?"

"I did not sleep at all; I could not. But I felt strangely."

The doctor looked at her with his wisest professional gaze, and during the afternoon he thought frequently of her case.

"Did not sleep at all, but felt strangely," he repeated to himself. "What do the books say? Ah—I recollect! In such a case I must *double the dose*."

Marion received many calls and congratulations and none of her friends were surprised that she should look weary after the exhausting labors of graduation. But, now, she looked wistfully at her strong, ruddy brother, and longed to drive about with him, or to ramble off by herself in woods or fields, careless of everything except the sweet nature about her. But her proper mother grew now more proper than ever; and the young doctor did not wish his delicate, ladylike sister to be tramping about the country.

Alas for Marion! Checked in these healthful impulses, she withdrew into the quiet of her home, and reveled in the books with which the professor, during the summer succeeding her graduation, supplied, as he supposed, her needs. She read and studied through the long days of that summer, and, as Herman drove out and in the pleasant yard, he saw her sitting at the woodbined window, and her smile greeted him lovingly, although sometimes wearily. A rose, or some other flower, and a book, were always in her hands.

They sat at the tea-table one lovely evening, looking at the glorious colors of the sunset, as, through the open windows, they saw the lines of red, gold, and purple lying in splendor beyond the trees.

"What can be more magnificent?" asked Herman. "Why, even the darkness of night seems illumined after such a sunset! The impression of it goes with one even into the land of dreams, and one's imaginings are glorified by the remembered radiance."

"Yes," answered Marion, "if one could only get into the land of dreams. But one must sleep before one can dream, and I—— Can you sleep, Herman?"

The suddenness of her question aroused her brother from his musings. His eyes turned from the glories of the sky, and rested on her face.

"Sleep?" he responded, "Yes; like a woodsman. Sleep, my sister, is the great restorer of creation. No therapeutic equals it."

"I wish I could sleep," she answered, simply. "It is dreadful to lie awake all night, with one's lessons, or what one has read, chasing through one's mind."

"But you should not allow yourself to lie awake," said the brother. "You should let slumber come like a ministering angel and give you rest from thought."

"I cannot rest from thought. My lessons, and my readings are more vivid in the night than during the day. At the very moment when I think I will fall asleep, I find myself solving problems; and recitations that I have found difficult when I was awake, are clear and vivid as I lie on my bed at night."

"You see, Marion," returned Herman, assuming a practical tone, "you allow your studies to control your mind. You should have strength of mind to control your pursuits, and not allow your pursuits to control you. When you want to sleep, you must throw your studies to the winds. They will come back in the morning. Try the counting method. After you are settled on your pillow, begin, and in measured time, count one hundred. Before you have reached fifty, you will be asleep."

This was the best prescription this talented young physician could give his equally talented sister! When he arose from the table, he took his hat and went out, remarking—"Be sure, Marion, and try the counting method."

He passed into the village street, and walked briskly away into the suburbs. The glorious colors were fading, the sombre night shaded the distant hills, but here and there the lights from farmhouse windows vied with the stars in studding the scene with golden dots of beauty. Herman removed his hat and inhaled the wood-scented air as it floated past him in a gentle current. These air-

baths were his tonics for himself. They had not been prescribed for him by his books, therefore he never prescribed them for others. For his own health guidance, he followed the spontaneity of his own impulses. For his patients he referred to his books ; musty tomes whose ideas were the debris of the past, when man was but emerging into reason, and science was dim. For his patients, Herman prescribed quinine, wine, iron, morphine, and various other drugs whose learned names deceived the understandings of both learned and unlearned, both classical and ignorant, who, like the leper, demanded some great prescription, instead of the simple waters of Jordan.

Marion retired early to her chamber, to try the counting method. But the room seemed close, and her whole system was full of uneasiness. She opened her window and sat down by it to inhale the breeze. The watchful mother entered the room, and closed the window.

"My child," said the mother, "why will you persist in sitting with the evening air blowing in upon you? It is these habits of exposure that are wearing your strength away. Let me help you in undressing, my dear. You know you are the 'apple of my eye,' and I must watch over you. The night air must not blow on you. If I hear you open your window in the night, I shall certainly come in and close it."

The obedient daughter was soon in bed, the mother's kiss was imprinted on her cheek, and she was left in her downy nest, but not as the birds in their nests on the trees, with the sweet breath of heaven over them. Would they live if a close roof covered their bed-chamber while plastered walls environed them?

Marion tried the counting method. The occupation was novel and amusing, and, for one night, proved effectual. The next morning the brother physician, inquiring as to the result of his prescription, was informed

that it was "quite a charm, and produced wonderful effects." The doctor was delighted. Had he possessed a money-making talent he might have procured a patent for his great anodyne; but he was no quack, and stooped to no methods disturbing to the ethics of the medical profession.

He thought no more of Marion's sleeplessness, which had been, in his view, a mere girlish fancy. His practice was increasing, confidence in his skill was becoming every day firmer among his townsmen, he was often called away in the night, and he sometimes forgot to be a physician at home! Home was his place for recuperation, for rest, and for enjoyment. If Marion would play him some rare air on the piano, or read to him, or amuse him with conversation, he felt that her sphere was properly filled, and it was pleasant for a man to have a gifted sister who would devote herself to his amusement. What could a woman ask more than was bestowed upon Marion; she need never labor, she had no duties save to dress, to receive calls, to read, or sing, or bask among her flowers.

Dr. Herman Page felt that his sister's position was peculiarly pleasant. I repeat, he *felt* this. He did not reason upon it. Had he reasoned, he might have seen that a mind like hers needed its own peculiar mental food, and that, in order to give it suitable mental nourishment, its fine, delicate, physical organs must have such sustenance as nature required. In Herman's view, Marion's weariness was a vague abstraction. How could she, who had nothing to do, be weary? What could she ask more than she had.

Sukey Brainerd, the nurse of the village, and everybody's "aunt," said, "Tired? Yes, the child is tired!"

"I should like to know what tires her!" tartly responded a village matron. "She's nothin' on earth to do, except to read, and water her flowers, and play the piano. La! If she was a poor girl, and had to work in

somebody's kitchen, she might talk of bein' tired! If I had her, I'd put her into the housework."

"'Taint that she needs," returned Aunt Sukey, as she pushed her glasses up her forehead and looked at the woman opposite. "'Taint that kind of exercise she needs! I don't object to girls doin' housework, if they do it properly. By that, I mean if they do moderate quantities, and have fresh air in their kitchens, and bathe often, so's to wash the perspiration off their bodies, and allow themselves time to eat, so's to not swallow their food in chunks; and, besides, take a little time to read and not become wholly ignoramuses."

"Dear me!" interposed the matron. "'T seems to me, Sukey Brainerd, that you do grow foolish! If girls are goin' to think of all them things, when 'll their work get done?"

"Why, you see," replied Aunt Sukey, pulling down her glasses and taking up her sewing, "they'd be stronger and healthier and would accomplish more. And, then, I'd take the corsets off of every woman and girl."

"Would you?" responded the woman. "A baggy, slouchy lot of women you'd see around, then; I'd be ashamed of 'em."

"Then you'd be ashamed of nature! God never made women with their ribs drawn together till they look like wasps. The fashion is as horrid as the pagan Chinese fashion of lacing the poor little girl babies' feet! I tell you what!" continued Aunt Sukey, growing emphatic. "Between corsets and close house air for women, and tobacco and rum for men, it's a wonder to me that the people don't all die out"

"Well," answered the matron, "I s'pose Marion does wear tight corsets. She couldn't 'a' got that slender form without 'em."

"But 'taint all in the corsets that makes her tired," added Aunt Sukey. "If they'd only let her run in the fields, and woods, and smell the sweet air, she'd have

roses in her cheeks. Don't you remember how she loved the brook, and the woods and the wild flowers, when she was a mere child?"

"I remember she was full of notions, but she was bright and smart, and quick to learn, and now that she's woman-grown, she ought to steady down and stay in the house like other women."

"And it's *my* 'pinion," returned Aunt Sukey, jerking her thread until it snapped, "that all our women stay indoors too much! When I was young I used to run in the fields with only my cape-bonnet on, and I'd come in with such an appetite that everything tasted good. Nowadays a woman or girl won't be seen out of doors unless she's all fixed up and has her gloves on, and looks elegant, and walks as prim as a school-marm. The fresh air can't do much for such a woman. The air can't hardly get at her. Well, such ways o'doin' keep the doctors at work, and keep me at work, too."

"Then you and the doctors ought to be glad," said the matron.

"Ought to be glad!" cried Aunt Sukey. "What do yer take me to be? Glad when folks suffer? Sometimes I do think the doctors are glad, 'cause, if they ain't, why don't they talk more to folks to try to have 'em live right? I talk, but you all say I'm a crazy old fool! Now, if Dr. Herman Page would talk to you, mebbe you'd believe him. But he's too polite, I s'pose. Well, there's one thing true. The Lord has kept life on the 'airth till now, and I s'pose things will go on somehow."

With Marion, things did go on somehow. She continued to "grow tired," as she called her condition.

"I am so tired, mother," was her oft repeated assertion.

"Lie down, dear," was the mother's usual reply.

"Lying down doesn't rest me," said the girl. "I want to go off somewhere. I want to run! I could go to Mr. Smith's pasture!"

"Dear me!" answered the mother. "I am sure I cannot understand you, Marion! you say you are tired, and, yet, you could walk two miles!"

"Or run," suggested Marion, with a smile, "I think I could run two miles. I am a fleet runner."

"Marion, my child, you make me ashamed of you! Should a young lady boast of running, as if she was a boy!"

"No, mother, not a boy, but a child! Why cannot I be a child still?"

"Because time will not let you stand still, my dear."

"Then, why cannot I be allowed the happiness of a child? Why cannot I be allowed to run when I feel like it."

"Propriety forbids it, my dear! There—don't worry about it. Lie down and rest. The Lord made you, and he knows what is good for you."

"And the Lord made the big, sweet out-of-doors, too." musingly repeated Marion as she obeyed her mother, and placed herself in a recumbent position on the sofa. "It is men who have made houses and shut us all up in them!"

CHAPTER V.

THE SPECIALIST.

MRS. PAGE, the mother of Herman and Marion, was a strict lady of the old school of ideas and manners. Her children had been trained by the most rigid rules of her views of propriety. She was a just woman, and of unyielding principles. She never bowed to a superior, for she acknowledged no superior; yet she never held herself loftily, or above the lowly, for in her mind these were of God's creation, and, therefore, entitled to respect. She received the aged with a deference that won their hearts. To children she spoke in a language of refinement and tenderness, that inspired them with respect for her and for themselves.

Educated by such a mother, the Page children were distinguished by courtesy of demeanor, even among themselves. Politeness was an innate principle of the household. Each child was taught to respect the others. Sarcasm, cutting jests, intrusion upon the equal rights of all, were held firmly in abeyance, and their home was ever a haven of rest and happiness, not only for themselves, but for others who, in trouble, fled to the protection of Mrs. Page, as a tempest-tossed mariner flees to a quiet harbor. Therefore, the young Dr. Herman Page had begun the practice of medicine under circumstances of peculiar advantage. He was not required to work many years before being accepted as an authority by his townsmen, but was at once admitted as physician in the "first families," and the old village doctor was chagrined at finding himself suddenly superseded by this young practitioner.

The strongest and most intellectual minds often have

a hobby. Dr. Page's regret was that he had not a hobby. He often wished he had one, and, moreover, he wished that his hobby was the "pathology of mind." This, he believed, was the most important branch of medical science. Indeed, it appeared to him that, as mind was the last and crowning development of the human race, the study of its phases in disease must be the highest, most sublime, and most desirable of medical specialities. He had been led to this view by an intimacy formed at his medical college with several students, who had since given their attention particularly to nervous and mental researches. When he met them now, the high-sounding technicalities which they used in conversing on their favorite themes, caused him to feel quite inferior and like a man trudging on a level plain; while his friends were ascending to a lofty pinnacle whence they could look down upon a world lying at their feet. They talked metaphysically and psychologically, of ethereal essences and German lore, of mind in a normal state, and of mind aberrated. His own department of knowledge seemed subordinate, and he mentally queried,—

"Is not mind predominant over matter? Are not our spirits rulers over our bodies? Is it not by soul that we are connected with the Divine Invisible? Surely, I have chosen the lower department of medical science. Mind is the higher."

Was he not mistaken in this conclusion? Are not higher and lower relative terms, that, in soul and body, correlate in functions of equal importance? Particle by particle, atom by atom, invisible nerve-centre by invisible nerve-centre, the human body in all its organism correlates and acts with its living soul, and there can be no proper treatment of diseased manifestations of mind without a correct comprehension of the bodily mechanism. Dr. Herman Page, as a general practitioner, understanding the various physical ailments of his differ-

ent patients, had the best foundation for treating, also, their correlating mental distresses. What a pity that he should suppose mental maladies were separate from other maladies! If he could but have seen that human mind, being utterly unable to manifest itself except through physical organs, is entirely dependent upon the conformation, strength, and other qualities of those organs, he would have seen how important is attention to the health and normal conditions of the body, in order that the spirit may be enabled to manifest itself in healthful ways.

But Dr. Page was not the only physician who separated mind from its body, and gave the torn, bleeding spirit to the care of some specialist who vivisected it and utterly destroyed it in his attempt to treat it without its tene-ment, the body which God had made for it.

Among Herman's friends and medical acquaintances, no one held a higher place in his estimation than Dr. Lamarette, who had recently been appointed superintendent of one of the large State asylums for the insane. Herman first met this gentleman at a select gathering of physicians, where Lamarette read a finely prepared essay on "Nervous diseases and their Treatment," illustrating his theories by frequent allusions to the beneficial modes of management in his own institution. Lamarette was a man of distinguished and brilliant appearance, possessing powers of influencing others by the modulated charms of his voice and the grace of his manner. Men of intellect superior to his own were often led captive by his fascinations; and Dr. Herman Page was but another added to the list of Lamarette's admirers. In a letter to Lamarette, Dr. Page wrote as follows,—

"I must confess that I lack the ability to confine myself to one specialty in the medical profession. Whenever I endeavor to single out one department of human construction, I find analogies, and ever recurring connections with other portions, and I am constantly run-

ning off one track to search the windings of another, with which the first seems intimately connected. Both in health and illness the human system appears to me like an instrument of myriad chords, no one of which can be touched without vibrations that reach to every other."

Dr. Page was not aware that these broad capabilities of comparing and generalizing, rendered him vastly superior, as a practitioner, to the men whose narrow minds could run forever in one little groove from which they never saw the outlets, and, therefore sounded the praises of their one path until they caused the people to believe there was no road but theirs.

An eminent English physician says, "Specialty in a doctor makes him weak, even in the special department he professes to understand; because, by neglecting the proper study of other portions of the human mechanism, he ceases to realize their bearings in his own specialty, and thus he acquires erroneous views of his own chosen department."

This view of specialists had not been adopted by the school of medicine in which Drs. Page and Lamarette were included. In this school, to be a specialist was the acme of medical aspirations. He who practised in the general field, walked on a lower plane, and with this belief predominating and influencing his conduct, Dr. Page accorded to Lamarette a superiority to which he was in no way entitled. Dr. Page visited Lamarette's Institution, and walked with Lamarette through the best wards, and through the ornamental portion of the grounds. It was all magnificent. The legislature of the State had been munificent in bestowal of the people's money for the ostentatious display of this great palace. As to the patients, Dr. Page saw but those who were kept for exhibition. It was easy to seclude the halls which were unfit to be seen by outside eyes. When Dr. Page left this asylum, he was firmly convinced that it

was a paradise for broken minds, and that Lamarette's methods of treatment could not be excelled. He talked of it at home.

"Naow," said Aunt Sukey, lifting her glasses and looking Herman full in the face, "don't you go to believin' that all that glitters is pure gold!"

"But, auntie, you have not seen the Institution."

"Nor I don't want ter. I see one once, and that'll do for me. I never want to see another. Them doctors and nusses don't care no more for the crazy critters under their care, than I care for a sick cat; no, nor half so much!"

"O Aunt Sukey! how can you be so uncharitable?"

"Herman Page, I'm older'n you. I remember when you come into the world, and I combed your black hair the fust time ever a comb went among its thick clusters, and if you have larned to be a doctor, while I am only an old woman, I know human natur', and I know nobody cares for crazy people, either inside these big asylums. or outside, either! The poor things get trodden upon by all of us."

"But, Aunt Sukey, my friend Lamarette is a humane gentleman. He permits no wrongs in his institution."

"Just as though 'twas possible for him to know all that's goin' on in all them long wings and alleys and secret rooms," said Aunt Sukey. "Didn't Molly Williams tell me all about it? Herman Page, you are too good a man. You think everybody is good and noble like yourself."

"And are you so bad, auntie, that you can see the bad qualities in others?"

"No, Herman, but I've seen a good many people, and I know that when hundreds of sufferers are locked into one great buildin', and one man in there rules the whole, and no person is allowed to look in without first givin' notice of the visit, it stands to reason that diabolical doin's will be goin' on, and don't you be oiled over by that smooth-tongued Lamarette."

CHAPTER VI.

MEN AND WOMEN.

DAY after day Marion read the preceptor's books, sometimes with a rose in her hand, or a wreath of violets around her head, or a spray of fragrant mignonette by her side, but these were never suffered to distract her attention from the author's words. The flowers were her companions, not the special objects of mental attention, except when some rare blossom tempted her to analyze it and place it in her herbarium. Often she drew her stand of exotics near the window, and sitting beneath the branches of a palm with azaleas and fuchsias on one side, and orange blossoms and flowering vines on the other, she sat with her book before her, looking like a goddess framed in living wreaths. Her brother was tempted to fall before her in reverent adoration when he saw her thus, for she seemed to him more like a celestial being than like a woman of earth.

And yet, Marion was essentially an earthly girl. All the undeveloped nature of a true woman was coiled up closely within her, and she needed but the right touch of a master hand to unlock the treasures of her inner being. The women of the village came often to see her. Her schoolmates came, and she welcomed them with unsophisticated pleasure. Sometimes she was invited to a village gathering, but her mother discouraged such invitations.

"Marion is not well this summer," she said. "When the autumn comes I hope she will improve."

The young men stood aloof from her. To them she seemed a dazzling ice-statue, a being to admire in the dis-

tance, but chilling to approach. To her their conversation was insipid, their adulation frivolous, and their compliments weak. She preferred the preceptor, with his Plato and Sanscrit, and she infinitely preferred the company of her brother. When she could have Herman for a companion, even her books and her flowers were put aside. Sometimes, when she saw him drive out for a suburban ride to some farmer's house, her longings to go with him were almost unbearable, and were only crushed by that filial obedience which said within her, "Mother does not think it best for me to be out in the wind and sun."

She did not want to array herself in all the paraphernalia necessary for a village call, and then, booted and gloved, walk primly through the streets. There was no freedom of action, no freshness of thought in these formal promenades. She would have liked to discard corsets, and to take a wild run through the pastures, to bathe her face in a babbling brook, or pick berries from their native stems, or to mount a horse and gallop over hill and dale. The most glorious views of nature, in her estimation, were to be had in the early dawn before the sun showed his disc above the distant horizon, while the gray of the east still lingered with subduing effect among the glowing tints of the coming sunrise. Then the dew rested like crystal beads on the grass, the flowers exhaled perfumes, and the cool atmosphere brought health in its breezes. At this early hour she loved to rise and softly descend the stairs, and then, passing out into the garden or the fields, to wander by herself and listen to the tender notes of the early birds. At such times she seemed to draw near to the Author of all things, and the ground seemed holy beneath her feet, as if her "shoes should be removed," because God was near.

At length these morning wanderings were discovered by the careful mother.

"Marion, my daughter, you must not go out while the

dew is on the ground. You will ruin your clothes, and spoil your shoes. Besides, you fatigue yourself too early in the morning, and you will take cold and bring rheumatism and fevers upon yourself. You do not see other people out at that hour."

"I am not like other people, mother. I have ways of my own. And I do love the early morning. I drink health from the pure morning air."

"You are mistaken my dear, and it is not ladylike to be running out in the wet grass at these early hours. What will people think of you!"

"I do not know how they can see me, mother, for no one is up then. The houses are all closed, the window curtains are closely drawn, and not a person is visible. I wonder how they can endure to be shut up so when all nature is awaking! I do believe old Mr. Smith was right when he said that if he wanted to rob a man's pork barrel in this village, he would try it at dawn, for the whole village was sound asleep at that hour. Now, mother dear, do not deprive me of my morning rambles."

"My child, I do not mean it as a deprivation, but I cannot allow you to be a wild girl. If you must go out, I will ask Herman to take you to the next town with him. He has a patient there."

That was a happy day for her. A drive with Herman of nearly ten miles! Her spirits were exuberant, and Herman declared she was a merry companion. Afterwards she did have several drives, but the mother was very careful that the weather should be perfect on these occasions. Sometimes the careful mother said, "It is too dusty to-day," or "The sun is too hot," or "It looks like rain, and you had better not go."

"I wish I was a man!" impatiently exclaimed Marion. "Men have privileges. They do what they please."

Useless and foolish wish! Why not wish that a woman may have natural privileges accorded her? This is a wish that could be gratified if men were willing.

Marion had never heard of "woman's rights," in the present significance of that term, but her instinct and reason both told her that she was deprived of the use of an inherent principle of self-right, merely because she was a woman, and, like many other women, instead of demanding the power to exercise her independence, she committed the folly of wishing herself a man.

Herman was now full of occupation. He could hardly spare time to attend to Marion. Besides, he did not want she should become "a gadding woman." He liked to see her in the parlor, or with a book, or sitting amid her flowers. A lady should "keep in her place." Marion's place was in the dear home. There, she was an ornament. There, he was proud of her. If she would be contented there, he would have but one anxiety regarding her, and that was for her health. She was too languid, too spiritless, and spoke too often of the white clouds, and the old men. What did she mean? Surely, what she saw was but a dream. He would give her a course of remedial treatment. He dosed her for her blood, gave her quinine, iron, and wine, and when she could not sleep, "doubled the quantity" of sleeping powders.

The village people said,—“What a blessing to have such a brother! Marion Page is the most fortunate girl in town. If she *can* be cured, her brother will do it.”

And yet, day by day, Marion wasted away.

“How can it be?” cried the women of the town. “There was never a more careful mother than Mrs. Page. She requires no work of Marion, and if she could prevent it, there would never a breath of cold air blow on the girl. But they do say Marion is careless, and *will* keep going out!”

“Didn’t I allus tell ye what ’ud come of so much Latin and Greek, and balderdash for a gal?” triumphantly queried old Jack Halliard. “Taint no use tryin’ to put a gal through all that a man can go through; gals

ain't tough enough. Ha, ha, ha! Jack Halliard ain't quite a fool! I allus knowed that gal 'ud come to some bad end! Why, even the perfesser has shriveled all up, he's got so much larnin'! 'Taint no use tryin' to turn a human critter into a machine for jest holdin' book knowledge."

Jack put a huge piece of tobacco in his mouth and rolled it over with immense satisfaction.

"You'd better keep women at their brewin' and bakin'," he added.

"And so kill 'em over a hot stove!" returned Aunt Sukey Brained, with glowing indignation. "Jack Halliard, you may know how to run a breakin'-up plough, but you don't know nothin' about a woman! D'ye s'pose the good Lord put all the brains into the men, and didn't put any into women-folks? I tell ye, women have got as much mind as men, and if they hain't got as much physical strength, they've got more moral strength, an' that's better! Jest what Marion Page needs, is jest what they'd give her if she was a boy, and that is the privilege of goin' fishin', an' berryin', an' huntin' the woods for wild flowers, an' trampin' off to see what she can find; an' a game of ball 'ud be good for her, if they'd pull off her corsets an' her seven fashionable skirts, an' let her go into it."

"That's well said," answered Jack. "You've hit the mark, Sukey! Women *are* fools—'ceptin' the present company, an' beggin' yer pardon. All them skirts an' corsets is enough to kill 'em. I dunno what the world would be if 'twarn't for men!"

"I know what 'twould be, if 'twas all men," replied Sukey, calmly.

"What?" interrogated Jack. "Somethin' sensible, I'll be bound."

"The land 'ud be one big tobaccy field, an' the ocean one big pond of whiskey," said Sukey without moving a muscle of her face.

"Sukey Brainerd, you allus was impertinent! I don't wonder you never got married."

"Nobody never wanted me, did they, Jack Halliard? Hey, now—where you goin'? Don't be in a hurry, Jack! I didn't ax you, 'twas you axed me."

But Jack was far away. Old memories had rushed back, and he recalled the time when he stood in Farmer Brainerd's orchard, a stalwart young man, and asked Sukey, a blushing girl, to be his bride, and he thought how Sukey's head had tossed up until it seemed to be among the stars.

"An' she's the same Sukey, yet," sighed the old man. "Allers holdin' her head above her ekals."

Not to Jack alone did Aunt Sukey express her opinion. Very freely she talked to Mrs. Page, and still more freely to the neighbors.

"Why don't some of the rest on ye talk to Mrs. Page?" she asked. "Can't ye see how 'tis? Marion's got a natur' for larnin'. She hain't got no natur' for stayin' in the house, an' talkin' nonsense about the fellers, an' fixin' up to git the men to notice her. She reads an' studies till she's tired, an' that wouldn't hurt her if they'd only let her have her own ways of restin'. If they'd take off her corsets an' gloves an' let her grub in the garden, or run in the woods a' smellin' of the woodsy ground, she'd get well enuff."

"Lord-a-massy!" ejaculated the wise old villagers. "Sukey Brainerd's a fool! Does she think such pertikler folks as Mrs. Page an' Dr. Herman are goin' ter let Marion go trampin' around the country like a gypsy scallawag? A pretty sight she'd be in a little while! Her face 'ud be tanned like a copper-colored Indian. No, no; we sha'n't ask Mrs. Page to do that!"

So the avenues to physical health were closed to the suffering girl. Every day she dressed according to the requirements of propriety, and sat languidly in an easy chair or read the preceptor's heavy books. Her bodily

functions weakened, but her soul expanded, and her spirit strengthened, while with increasing avidity her mind devoured exciting food. She outran the preceptor's most vivid anticipations. He began to feel that she had gone beyond his ability to help her. Her cry was for more, more !

Marion's recreation was botany. Herman often plucked wild flowers from the roadsides of the distant rural roads he traversed ; the village children, knowing her passion, roamed the fields for her, and vases full of these collections were ever before her. She thanked the children with a smile that sent many of them again roaming, for the sake of once more coming into her presence with their gifts.

"I am glad you can have these flowers brought you," said her brother.

"Thanks, Herman." she replied, as she placed the bowl of a wild "Indian Pipe" beneath her microscope. "But out where this creamy flower grew, the ground is full of ammonia exhaling from the woody and leafy decay. I could lie there on the leaves and moss all day, and should every moment be growing stronger."

"I wish you did not have these strange fancies, Marion. With your talents and opportunities cannot you be contented to live as other ladies live? I will do for you all that is in my power. We'll go to Europe, some time."

"Now, now!" she exclaimed eagerly, "I should get well, Herman! I should be wholly well! Do let us go now!"

"I cannot go this year, Marion, I have spent so much during the past years for my education, that I must work awhile before I can take an expensive journey."

"To Europe!" she cried out, as the preceptor came in that day, "Herman is going to take me to Europe; only we must wait a little."

"Ah," said the good man. "You will like that, Marion.

You will go to England and visit all the places of note. I must put you to reading the British poets, and Scott, and you must renew English history, Ah, Marion, there is no end to learning! Life is too short to grasp life's needed knowledge."

"But we'll go on up there!" the girl replied, pointing up. "We'll put our lances of light into the clouds, and knowledge will flow all about us. You will be there, and I shall be there. Only I hope we'll never fall. It was so hard to fall!"

"She is looking into eternity," thought the preceptor, as a dart of pain pierced his heart. "Is there no way to check her flight? Earth cannot spare her yet."

And still the overwrought nerves, that had received the vivid impress of that extravagant vision, repeated and reproduced its memories, and deepened her sense of its reality.

CHAPTER VII.

THE COMING SHADOW.

AUTUMN, with noiseless steps and russet hues, came stealing on. The garments of green faded from the earth, and gorgeous colors or somber shades everywhere met the eye. Then, even the red and golden leaves fell, and the ground beneath the trees was carpeted with the colors of the orient. Premonitions of winter were in the rising and chilling winds. Fires awoke on the domestic hearths, and indoor pleasures supplied the out-door rambles and games of the boys whose shouts no longer echoed on the village green. Matrons and maidens assembled and discussed the winter's programme. The meetings of the sewing-circle were renewed. The ladies were invited to the parlors of Mrs. James. The parlors were filled with young and old, while bright eyes and nimble fingers, keeping time with social chat, gave the rooms a pleasant aspect.

A village sewing-circle in the parlors of one of the dames of the most aristocratic street, is a festive occasion, dear to all who share its open hospitality. No special invitation from Mrs. James was necessary, but when the pastor announced from the pulpit that the sewing-circle would meet the first time this season at the house of Mrs. James, bright eyes throughout the church flashed with pleasure, for the circle at Mrs. James' elegant home meant almost a party, and was, indeed, the only party that many of the women ever attended.

Fortunately, the day was pleasant and at an early hour

the handsome parlors presented a busy scene. Fluttering ribbons, new laces and fresh, autumn dresses accorded well with the velvet-covered chairs and Brussels carpeting of the rooms. Groups and little conclaves of women talked as they sewed, each introducing the thoughts nearest her heart. At this meeting, however, there seemed to be one topic uppermost in the minds of all. Quietly, and under promise of eternal secrecy, a whisper ran from person to person and from group to group, and every woman who heard that whisper raised her hand and said,—“You don’t mean it? Is it so? Dreadful! Marion Page crazy! That will be a downfall to the family! It will touch their pride! Well, they do say that ‘pride must have a fall.’”

Who had been first to utter these terrible words which were pregnant with horror, and were injurious to the reputation of Marion and her family? Who had come into this pleasant circle of ladies and cast a fire-brand, the sparks from which had filled the place with scintillations of astonishment and dread? The guilty promulgator of the news was Anna Jones, a blooming damsel who was popularly supposed to be “throwing a noose” for the young Dr. Page, and who was known to have been, of late, a frequent visitor in the Page family. Therefore, she must be well informed as to family affairs, and it must be true that Marion was crazy.

“Goodness gracious!” exclaimed a notable spinster, “Crazy! How does she act? What does she do? Does she bite? Does she scratch? Does she fly at you? Dear me! I wouldn’t dare go into the house!”

“How does Dr. Herman bear it?” anxiously inquired a young lady, one of the young doctor’s admirers. “It must be terrible to him. He almost worshiped Marion. Some people have said he would never marry because he could never find Marion’s equal.”

“Nonsense!” retorted a young widow. “Men don’t get as fond of their sisters as that. I reckon Miss Fanny

Dahlgren knows whether Dr. Page will remain in single blessedness."

There was a little venom mingled in this remark. It was aimed at Anna Jones who was within sound of the speaker's voice. "Because," thought the widow, "it is the height of presumption for that coarse Anna Jones to be angling after Dr. Page, and I'll just remind her that there's better fish in the sea than she."

"The Dahlgrens are very partikler," was the response of a cherry-cheeked woman who was busily netting a tidy. "If insanity has come into the Page household, the Dahlgrens never 'll let Fanny go there."

Whether or not this last remark was intended as an offset to the widow's ill-natured suggestion, it certainly proved efficacious, for Anna Jones, trembling at the widow's suggestion that there was already an understanding between Herman and Miss Fanny, brightened again at the thought that Marion's insanity might prove an objection to a marriage of Dr. Herman with the belle of the county, almost belle of the state; and in Anna's mind arose a stealthy resolve to enlarge in gossip as much as possible upon Marion's condition.

"Hush!"

Who uttered that interjection? No one knew, but there was instantaneous silence through the room. A pin might have been heard to fall; Henrietta had entered. But, in a moment the women were equal to the emergency. They all spoke at once.

"Dear Mrs. Edson, how glad we are to see you! How well you are looking! And how is that fun-loving husband?—He will come this evening, I hope. He is always so full of animation.—Busy? Yes, we are like bees here. We all feel like work to-day, and you are just in season to give us advice. See—here is a whole web of print—it is a present from Mr. Brown who has just opened that new store—and a nice man he is too. What shall we do with the print? Shall we make it into frocks for Eliza

Finley's twins, or put it into gowns for the two old women down by the meadow. We were speaking of it just as you came in."

The women in the room glanced at each other in approval of the "white lie" which the speaker had invented for disabusing Henrietta's mind of any impression she might have received at her entrance. But Henrietta had received no impression. She had heard nothing, and suspected nothing. At only one thing did she marvel, and that was their utter silence as to Marion. All summer she had answered questions respecting Marion's health, until she almost dreaded to meet her acquaintances. To-day Marion was not mentioned. They asked kindly for Mrs. Page, for little Elizabeth, for mother Edson, but for Marion there was no inquiry. It might be supposed that she was long since dead, or never had existed. This silence Henrietta could not understand. But it was a relief, and as such she accepted it.

Not one in that room could have given any lucid or satisfactory reason for this silence. When Marion had been reported ill, everybody had wanted to inquire for her. Why not inquire when the illness bore the name of "crazy"? Is there any more disgrace in this manifestation as a result of disease, than in any other form of illness? Why should Marion be suddenly an outcast, a species of leper, a creature to be avoided? What had she done amiss? The victim of mismanagement, she should have been pitied, loved, and taken as a lamb into the folds of her friends. She should not have been spurned, avoided, and even her name shunned.

It was true that Marion was now a mental sufferer. There should have been no shame attached to this. Her nervous system had lost material strength through its continued denial of recuperative aids. She could not explain her feelings. The pain seemed to border on her soul and to tear it in pieces. Again and again she experienced those terrible snaps in her head, as though the

cords that bound her mind in place were dislocating. At every sundering she seemed to rise as in her great vision, but each uprising was less in height, each fall more severe and lower. The old men's lances were hidden now, and the lofty dome of light was veiled in darkness. Black faces danced up and down before her, terror pervaded her mind's tabernacle, and trembling seized the fibers of her being. Sometimes she saw herself suspended over a yawning chasm, and threw out her arms for succor. She strove to scream, but her tongue seemed palsied. With one mighty effort she struggled for support. Then again a cord snapped. Another nerve had broken, and she felt as if forever lost. She fell—down—down into the abyss, and darkness closed above her. Such darkness! She could *feel* its cold, clammy touch, like the ice of death. Was she dead? This spell was worse than any she had yet endured. The whole night had been full of sleepless pain.

Writhing and twisting in her agony, she raised her head from her pillow, threw herself crosswise on the bed, then tossed back again, and tried to wrench herself from the cold grasp that clutched her. Alas! She did not know that this icy grasp was but her own cold perspiration pressed out of her by the collapse of her weak nerve-centers and covering her body as with frozen dew. She thought not of natural causes for this unnatural pain which seemed to be of supernatural origin. Superstitious alarms filled her with apprehensions of evil to come. All that she had ever heard of evil spirits rushed now into her agonized mind. Reason tottered. She shrieked.

That shriek was her last conscious act. She swooned. Like a demon's scream that sound went through the house. Herman sprang to his feet in dismay. The mother, too, flew out of bed. Herman was first in Marion's chamber. She lay prostrate, senseless, with her head against the foot-board. Her fingers were clenched, and

her eyes were fixed and staring. Terror was in every lineament of her countenance, and when Herman touched her he found only corpse-like coldness. He threw open the window. The breeze came in and stirred her hair, but she heeded it not. He applied strong salts to her nostrils and tried to force brandy between her set teeth. Then he chafed her body with his warm hands. For a time it appeared as if death would gain the victory. Mrs. Page came in and stooped over the unconscious girl.

"Herman—tell me—is she dying?" asked the mother.

Herman did not reply, but still he chafed—her hands, her feet, her limbs, over her heart, and at length she feebly gasped.

"Thank God!" exclaimed the young doctor, and still he kept chafing, and breathing over her his warm, electric breath. She gasped again.

"A sponge dipped in water," softly called Herman. In an instant the mother brought it. He took it and sponged the marble brow and cheeks, rubbing backward over the thick, long hair. Mrs. Page stooped and kissed the white face. Then Marion opened her eyes.

"Mother."

This was all she said, but to the mother it was an utterance of rainbow promise. All the colors of light were in it.

"I am here, my darling," was the mother's reply.

"Herman!" said the girl, faintly.

"I am here, Marion! What can I do for you?"

"Herman, I have been dead."

"No. Thank God. You did not die."

"I went to that dreadful place."

"You have been in great suffering, Marion, but you have not been out of this world."

"Herman, it is very dark there, where I went, and I saw those dreadful faces. Shall I ever see them again?"

"You have been dreaming, Marion."

"No, Herman, I did not dream. The faces were real. They were devils, and they mocked me, and——!

Herman caught her and raised her head.

The salts, mother!" he cried. Then she again revived.

"Marion, darling sister, you must not give way to such terrors. There is no evil here. Only mother and I are with you."

Long and patiently he held her head to his breast, while the mother bathed her face and administered the cordials as he advised. He carefully noted her pulse, and at length she said,—

"It is light again. How glad I am!"

Tears of gratitude fell from the mother's eyes.

"My daughter, you are alive! Let us give thanks!"

"Herman," entreated Marion, "do not let me die until I am good."

"You are good now."

"No—no—I am not good."

Herman took her hand, now soft with returning warmth, and as he pressed it in his, he spoke soothingly.

"Marion, you are very weak, and your imagination misleads you. I shall nurse you, and bring you back to health again."

She was comforted and encouraged by these words, but a serious change had come in her nervous organism. The fine tissues with their sensitive centers, the thousands of filaments, had lost their chorded harmony.

This was not discordant fancy, nor hallucination. It was physical reality producing functional disability.

The village soon became full of rumors relating to her. Some tales had a semblance of truth; others had not the least foundation for their wild word-pictures. Aunt Sukey denied the reports. The wise matrons shrugged their shoulders.

"Guess it's all true," they said. "Anna Jones does not deny it, and she is at the house every day."

"She is there too often," energetically answered Aunt Sukey, "'T would look better if she kept away."

"Guess Dr. Herman likes to have her there. She'll cut out Fanny Dahlgren."

Aunt Sukey replied with seriousness. "Such guessin' is all nonsense. Herman Page looks above Anna Jones."

"She'll get him, though.—Ha, ha, ha!"

Aunt Sukey could not reply to this. She, herself, feared Anna would succeed in winning what seemed to Aunt Sukey this great prize. Aunt Sukey did not like Anna.

"I know," she mused, "why Anna sarculates these lyin' stories about Marion. She wants to bring a shadow over the Page family so as to frighten the Dahlgrens away. She is afraid of Miss Fanny, and she has reason to be afraid of her. She knows that Herman admires Miss Fanny, and she knows, too, that Miss Fanny is a true lady, which, sartin, Anna Jones isn't! Well, well, things get strangely mixed sometimes. I'd like to do some stirrin' of the matrimonial dough—but la—I don't s'pose I'd do it any better'n its done now. The Lord, He knows what's best."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SNOW-MAIDEN.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet."

AND yet to all of us, there is much in a name. The simple word "insane" now left Marion in solitude and desolation. The people of the village did not think, like Martin Luther, that "Insanity should receive no more pity than any other work of Satan," for the times of Luther's dark superstition were passed by; still, the names "insane" and "crazy" were and are full of horror, and must be filled with dread until knowledge of the disease replaces present ignorance.

For many days after this last great breaking down, Marion continued very weak, and was unable to leave her room. Never, as now, did she need the cheerful companionship of friends and the influences of society to draw her out from herself, and never before had she been left so entirely alone. Her chamber was avoided as if it had been infested by the plague. Indeed, the house was deserted, people having a vague fear of entering the doors or even meeting the family. Aunt Sukey and Anna Jones only continued their visits. Aunt Sukey came into the chamber and supplied the place of nurse while Mrs. Page was out. Anna watered and tended Marion's plants, dusted her books, filled vases with flowers and placed them in Marion's favorite nooks. Both Mrs. Page and Herman appreciated these attentions given with apparent delicacy, and thanked Anna for her attentions. But Aunt Sukey muttered to herself,—

"Anna Jones knows on which side to butter her bread. She ain't half good enough for Dr. Herman Page, but I'm afeard she'll get him."

Slowly, yet swiftly, the days went on. The ground became congealed, the songs of the warm air ceased, hoar frost and snow mantled all vegetation, overspreading all visible creations. Autumn merged into winter, and December winds whistled piercingly among the bare branches of the trees. Marion sat at her window and looked wistfully out upon the wintry scene. In her eyes there was beauty in the frost and snow. The broad, fleecy surface, glimmering and sparkling like diamond drops, dispelled the darkness that brooded over her mind. She loved all seasons in their turn. The spring with its revivifying air and bursting buds, the summer with its munificence of flowers and singing birds, the autumn with its plenteous fruitions, and the winter with its beautiful mantle of snow and its bracing, invigorating air, all had their charms for her, true child of nature. She raised the window and inhaled deep draughts of the pure, cold air.

"Child, child!" exclaimed the mother. "Do you want to kill yourself? How can you be so careless? Do close the window!"

"I feel better with the window open, mother. I want to go out."

"Out, my child? How can you think of it? Don't you know it snowed last night?"

"I always loved the snow."

"But in your condition! Marion, you will break my heart! With your intelligence in other things, why are you so blind as to yourself? Why will you insist upon exposing yourself? Let me close the window, my dear. When you are better, you shall go out."

"Going out would make me better," answered Marion, but she leaned back resignedly and allowed the window to be closed. She had been trained to obedience.

"I wish the child could be more contented in the house," said Mrs. Page to her son, as they sat at dinner. "I am sure she ought not to go out this cold weather."

"Marion is, as the women say, 'run down,'" was the response of the physician. "She will recuperate, I hope. I have been considering a new remedy for her, and will prepare it to-day. She needs more tonics; and yet," he added, "neither tonics nor soporifics operate on her as on other people."

"Her nature is very sensitive," the mother observed.

"All women seem to be sensitive," Herman answered. "I am sometimes mystified about them. They seem to be full of hysteria, imaginings, and unnatural fancies. Why need they be so?"

"In Dr. Herman's view, even nerves were, practically, fancies, and it was a patient's duty to control them. Marion ought to allow her judgment to suppress ideas of satanic agencies. She ought to realize that the black faces she thought she saw, were but delusions. Sometimes he almost lost patience with her, dear as she was to him, and proud as he had been of her. In fact, his love for her and his pride in her caused him to lose patience sooner than if she had been a neighbor, or a stranger, because he was more sorely touched by what he called her "wilful conduct, and her persistent course of unreasonableness."

He visited his patients as usual, that afternoon, but his thoughts were with Marion. She, sitting in her room, heard him drive away, heard his sleigh-bells' merry peals, and loneliness seized her in its morbid grip. She seemed like one isolated, left alone on a desert isle, and in desolation she wept and rebelled against her guardians. When the mother re-entered the room, she found her dear one convulsed with sobs.

"Marion—Marion," said the mother, "what has happened?"

"Nothing new, mother. It is the same old story.

Every day Herman goes driving off, and I am kept close here."

"But, my dear, Herman has business."

"And why can't I have business? I would rather be a doctor, myself, and drive about day and night than to be hedged in by rules of propriety that have not a semblance of common sense."

"Marion, you distress me! It is not only propriety that I mind, but your health, which is in danger."

"O, mother, mother, can't you understand? Let me go out to save my health! Let the wild winds blow on me. Let me be covered with snow. Let me run. Don't, mother, keep me shut in here."

"But Herman——"

"O, mother, Herman can't feel for me! I know my own feelings, I know what I want."

"Well, darling, wait until Herman comes home. We will ask him to let you drive out with him. Can't you sit down now with your book, and be contented this afternoon?"

"I must—yes, I must! I know I must obey you!"

She dropped into a chair and impatiently snatched a volume that lay near. The mother gazed with alarm at the fire of repressed wildness that came into her daughter's eyes.

"Something must be done for her," was the frightened mother's thought. "She must be allowed to indulge this burning desire for the open air. It is a strange whim, but to-night I shall tell Herman that he must let her drive about with him."

Marion claimed no clairvoyance, but, as if she read her mother's thoughts, she tossed her book aside and querulously asked,—

"Why is it improper for me to ride with Herman? Isn't he my own brother? He says I would often have to sit for a long time in the carriage or sleigh, while he was in the houses; but what of that? I could have a

book and read, or I could watch the chickens in the yards, or look at the landscape."

"Well, dear, I will ask Herman for you."

"And he will say No," answered the girl, despondingly, "He cannot understand me."

In those December evenings, twilight came early. Marion had struggled through the short afternoon, sometimes pacing her room, sometimes flattening her face against the cold window, and sometimes taking her book. But she could not read. She had no power for thinking. She was tired of thought, tired of quiet, and of being nursed like a helpless infant. Freedom, expansion, exercise, new life glowing with brightness, muscular gymnastics, a climb on the mountains, a rush through vales, or a wild chase on the plains—these were what she craved. She saw these desires; they were vivid in her mind.

As twilight approached, the air became full of flakes of snow falling on roof and tree, and burying all traces of footprints on the trodden paths. A heavy snow-storm was driving furiously. As Herman returned to his home that evening, he found the roads difficult of passage. The feet of his horse were impeded in motion by the thick, white mantle that lay over the road, and he gladly welcomed the sight of his home with its cheerfully lighted windows, and not less gladly did his noble horse welcome the turn into the yard and stable, the door of which was open and waiting for his passage. Marion heard the bells, the joyful neigh, and the tramp of the iron-shod hoof as it struck the planked floor of the barn.

"That's old Charley's step," she said to herself. "Charley is glad to get home. Well, he has been out having a good time, and I should like to go out and have a good time in the snow, and then come in and shake it off and get dry and warm. Boys do so, and why shouldn't I? If ever I had a good run I had to steal it.

I do believe the best time I ever had in my life was when I ran away to Simon Smith's pasture. But the pepper-tea, afterward—ugh—still I wasn't sorry I went!"

Presently she heard Herman enter the house with his quick, manly step. She heard him speak, and then she heard a voice, in reply. She knew that voice, and it struck her like a discordant tone. It was the voice of Anna Jones merrily welcoming the young doctor to his home.

"Why is Anna Jones so often here?" was the mental question of the girl. An instantaneous repulsion seized her. "Why should Anna be welcoming Herman, and I have no share in it? Does Herman want her here? Anna does not care for me. She does not come to see me. She wants to steal Herman's heart. I understand her. I am going downstairs. I will not be kept shut away, alone in my room. I will go where mother and Herman are."

Softly she descended the carpeted stairs. At the foot of the stairs she paused. A vehement passion seized her. She was alone. Why should she not open the front door and look out at the snow? In the adjoining room she heard the rattle of tea-things, and Anna's voice was gleefully resonant. She would not go in where Anna was. She hated Anna. It was a feeling born of the moment. It seemed to her that she was shut out from the family, and that Anna was in her place. A wild rush of desolation swept through her, and she opened the outer door..

How delicious was the cool air, and how refreshing the flakes of snow as they fell against her cheeks! She stepped out farther and the powdery snow enveloped her as in a mist. How exhilarating! She was in a new world. She took another step out. The wind fanned her, and she inhaled it, and catching the snow in her open mouth as she used to do when a child, she ventured out yet farther. A wild delight seized her, and she went yet further out, and entered the path, or the

walk where the path should be, for it was now filled with the new snow. Putting forward her slippered foot she pressed it hard down, then took it up and looked at the track she had made. It was a beautiful, clear imprint. Why should she not make another? She put the other foot forward then, and stooping caught up masses of snow and pressed them into balls. Then she made tracks again, every step taking her farther from the door, and toward the open gateway which led her to the street.

Memories of her childhood came back to her. The old elms extended their snow-laden branches with loving familiarity. The open gateway invited her. The Common beckoned to her. The whole world was asking her to come out and enjoy its varied life. Mother Goose's nursery call to the children came to her mind.

"Boys and girls come out to play;
The moon doth shine as bright as day;
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all."

"There is no moon," she said, with a low laugh, "but the snow is just as good."

Folding her wrapper about her, she walked to the gate, and gazed down the street. Lights were gleaming from the windows of the houses, and they were like beckoning stars asking her to come near and see the home happiness which they betokened.

"It is a long time since I have called in any of these houses," she soliloquized. "And yet I know all these people. I have always known them. They were always my friends. Why shouldn't I walk down the street? It will seem like old times."

Along the snowy sidewalk she went, making fresh tracks with her slippered feet, and opening her mouth to inhale the fresh air and delightful storm.

"I always did love a snowstorm," she said to herself, as she hastened her steps. She was beginning to feel

gay, as if out on a frolic, warming her blood by a brief escapade.

How familiar the houses appeared! Inside were her schoolmates, and what would they say if they should look out and see her? Ah, little could they realize how intensely she was reveling in what to them, would seem exceedingly unpleasant! But they could never know, never realize her sensations, unless they, too, should have shattered nerves and a debilitated system that required exceptional remedies.

She came, at length, to the foot of Main Street. Here a cross road intersected the main thoroughfare, and in one of the angles stood a cottage. It was the home of her young, married cousin. She could not resist the impulse to call, and going to the door she gave a low rap.

Meantime, in her home, there was consternation and agony. Her room had been found deserted. The house had been vainly searched: but the wide-open front door and the small tracks leading out, betrayed her course. Herman followed the tracks to the gateway and rushed back for his hat and coat.

"A lantern!" he shouted.

A lantern was lighted and handed him.

"She cannot be far away!" he cried. "I will follow the tracks. Wait in the house until I return."

Then, holding the lantern low that he might more plainly discern the footprints, he strode swiftly on. Anna and Elizabeth, hastily wrapping themselves in shawls, followed him. Mrs. Page, with tears coursing down her cheeks, re-entered the house.

"Where can my child be? This pitiless storm—how could she go out in it, sick as she is?"

"How far can she have gone?" asked Anna and Elizabeth of each other. Herman did not speak, but sternly, steadily followed the prints of the slippers. Suddenly he paused. He was opposite his cousin's house.

"She is here!" he cried, as he pointed to the foot-prints leading to the door.

"I hear her!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "She is talking to Cousin Sarah's baby."

They found her in the house with the child in her arms. The young mother, sitting by, was anxiously watching lest harm should come to the little one. In common with other villagers, Cousin Sarah had heard exaggerated stories of "Marion's craziness," and had given them credence. Having only ignorant conceptions of the disease, she imagined all insane persons wild and dangerous, and trembled for the safety of her babe, yet feared to oppose her visitor, or to refuse to allow her to hold the little innocent.

She need not have feared, for her baby was never in more loving hands. Its small face and pure breath were giving to Marion a happiness which for months had not been hers. Out of nature's hidden laboratories come healings unknown to the arts of men. The child lying in Marion's arms was to her a messenger bringing the olive branch of promise and hope. It awakened tender emotions, it revived the dead germs of humanity in her distracted spirit, it was to her "a sweet savour of life unto life."

Not so thought Dr. Page, the strong, healthy young man, the practical, proud-spirited man of the world. He was shocked at Marion's conduct, and inwardly thought her willfully crazy. He spoke in a tone of stern reproof,—

"Marion, why have you left home in this strange manner? Why did you not tell us you were going?"

"Because you would not have allowed me to come away."

"You are too ill to be away from home! Let us go back now, and when you are well you can go out. I am mortified and ashamed of you,—Cousin Sarah, I hope you will keep this strange adventure a secret, and not expose us to public gossip."

Sarah saw that his pride was wounded, and she quickly remarked,—“Do not be anxious, Herman, I will not mention it.”

“Were you not glad to see me, Sarah?” queried Marion.

“Yes, very glad, and I hope you will soon be able to come again.”

“Let us go,” interposed Herman, offering his arm to Marion, not deferentially and tenderly as he had been accustomed to proffer her his escort, but in a commanding manner of haughty authority that both pained and offended the sensitive girl.

“You treat me as if I was a child,” she observed, as they passed out at the doorway. Then, withdrawing her hand from his arm, she said;—

“Come, if I am a child, let us have a run together. This is just the weather for a run. Let us make the snow fly.”

Down the path to the road she flew like a gazelle, and then continued her flight, not toward home, but on the cross road and up the hill towards the farms beyond. It seemed as if she must have had invisible wings. In the shadowy darkness, with the falling snowflakes whirling about her, her wrapper flying in the wind and her laughter pealing wildly, she seemed like a weird spirit from some enchanted land. Herman called with a loud voice,—

“Marion—Marion—stop!”

She answered not nor turned her head.

“Marion—Marion!”

She gave no heed but went swiftly on. Herman followed. They disappeared from the view of Anna and Elizabeth.

“She is dreadfully crazy!” said Anna.

“But Herman will overtake her,” Elizabeth replied. “He can outrun almost anybody. He used to outrun all his college mates.”

On and on went Marion, Herman still pursuing. The untrodden snow extended on the plain before them. They had reached the brow of the hill, and a dark line beyond, showed them to be nearing the woods. Herman's breath came quick and in short respirations. He was on the brink of despair. Just then, her foot tripped and she fell. He caught her and she yielded to him the victory.

"You have won the race," she cried, "but only because I fell. I am a good match for you."

"Marion," he answered, severely. "you have carried this too far! Let us go home!"

CHAPTER IX.

MISCHIEF.

QUIETLY, but firmly, setting his lips together, Herman drew Marion's hand within his arm, and held it in its place by a firm grasp, as he led her down the snowy path. He was irritated. She, who had been the crown of honor in his home life, was suddenly become a dishonor and source of humiliation. She was unreasonable, nay, more, she was foolish.

"You need not grip my hand so hard," she said. "I do not want to get away."

"I cannot tell what you may want to do!" he answered. "Your actions are incomprehensible."

He hurried on with stately steps as he still held her hand, and she kept even pace with him. Her wrapper was white with snow, and from her bonnetless head, dishevelled, snowy locks were straggling. They found Elizabeth and Anna Jones waiting for them. Herman did not speak. It was evident that he was very angry.

The grotesque party proceeded along the village street towards home. They were powdered with the snow which here fell in clusters from the branches of the trees, and Herman's sullen mood added to the discomforts. "That is an ill wind which blows nobody any good," was an adage of our grandsires. The only good that was apparent from this evening's gust of misfortune, was in favor of Anna Jones. In spite of her uncomfortable environments, Anna was happy, for, through participation in this trouble, she saw herself and Dr. Herman more closely drawn together. Come weal, or woe, if Dr. Page came also, Anna would be satisfied.

To Herman there was but one consolation, which was that the darkness of evening concealed them from the observation of the neighbors. He hoped to reach home without attracting notice, and as no one of the party spoke, and the soft snow gave no sound beneath their feet, he had hopes of succeeding.

He was destined to lose this comforting hope. They were now near home, and he was still holding Marion by a firm grasp, when a lively, laughing company approached from the opposite direction. The two parties met, *vis à vis*, on the snowy sidewalk. One glance told Herman that the Misses Dahlgren and their cousins from the city composed the group which he was meeting. The Dahlgrens were robed in costumes suited to their walk, a short way to a musical entertainment. Herman had been invited, and but for this frightful escape, would have been there. The Dahlgrens were clad in velvets and furs, over which light rubber protectors were thrown. They had come from their warm home, were dry and comfortable, gay and social. Herman was wet and cold, was dragging along his forlorn-looking, truant sister, and was taciturn and miserable.

When persons of proud and sensitive natures are caught in embarrassing circumstances, seldom do they exercise the tact which would enable them to triumph over the occurrence. Dr. Herman might have carried himself pleasantly through this meeting, might have passed the matter with a jest, or have smiled genially as Miss Fanny turned to speak to him; but he shrank, if we may thus phrase it, into himself, and his inner nature recoiled. He, Dr. Herman Page, felt disgraced. He scarcely bowed, or hardly even glanced at one of the company, although his willful eye, turning surreptitiously towards Miss Fanny, saw her look of surprise change, as he thought, to a look of pain as she passed close to his face. To Dr. Page's dying day he remembered that look, and yet he never spoke of it to any

mortal. He did not now even turn to look back at the young ladies, lest he should meet an expression of sympathy or scorn. He wanted neither. He, proud man, stooped not to seek pity, nor to ask for sympathy. He must be above the need of either, a victor whose triumphal car should ride over all obstacles, like a hero guiding coursers over all fallen foes.

The Dahlgren party could not understand the meaning of the Page promenade "*en déshabillé*," as one of the cousins remarked; only Miss Fanny said,—

"Poor Marion! People say she is crazy. Poor girl!"

In all that village, not one save Miss Fanny and Aunt Sukey ever said, "Poor Marion!" All others pitied the mother and sisters and Herman. None pitied Marion. Why should they pity her? Are not the insane supposed to be outside the pale of sympathy? Who pitied them twenty-seven years ago? But the world has moved since then, say you. Well, *who pities them now?*

"Lost—gone—" muttered Dr. Herman, between his teeth, as he gripped Marion's hand until she screamed.

"You hurt me, Herman!"

"You have hurt me!" he answered, in a low, hard tone. "You have hurt me beyond remedy."

Anna Jones felt a great throb of joy.

"It is all over with Miss Fanny. Oh, delight—delight!"

Anna could with difficulty keep the words from audible expression. She felt the snow no longer—heeded not the cold. Fanny was "lost—gone!" That was Herman's muttered meaning:

Marion alone spoke. She was in pain. She was the sufferer. She said,—

"How have I hurt you, Herman? What have I done?"

He answered not a word, but strode furiously on, dragging Marion with him, while Anna, following,

smiled with inward happiness, as her secret heart talked to itself.

"He has cut Fanny Dahlgren in her very face! She saw it! She will never forgive him! He will never seek her company again! The proud girl is out of the race."

Herman led Marion home to her mother, quietly gave her into her mother's charge, and then went to his own room. Pen cannot describe the revulsion in his proud, emotional nature. Fanny Dahlgren had been the idol of his devotion. She was the only woman at whose shrine he bowed. He knew she was less intellectual than his beautiful sister, Marion, but she was more womanly, more lovable in the light in which a man views love. Marion had seemed above the love of a man. She seemed to rest in God, and in intellect, self-poised on angel's wings. Thus Herman had thought. But Fanny was created to rest in human love, and he had dared to cherish the thought that she would, nay, did love him, and he knew that he loved her.

Alone in his room, now, he tore that love out of himself, and threw it far away. He was a disgraced man. He had a crazy sister. He had been seen by Miss Fanny in a condition unbecoming to a high-bred gentleman. Should he ask Miss Fanny to stoop to wed a man whose family was stained? Why had this come to him? Why had Marion fallen into this dreadful condition?

Let us pause here and ask again, Why should there be shame attached to insanity? Sorrow there well may be, and pity, but shame should not be mentioned. Had Marion's illness laid her on a fevered bed, or held her in consumption's lingering grasp, would Dr. Herman have felt shame? Why should he be mortified, now, because her disease was affecting her fine, delicate nerves? He had been proud of her æsthetic intellectual nature. Was he not aware that the very powers which he admired had rendered her liable to be insane unless they were properly strengthened?

The time may come, perhaps, when insanity's stealthy, approaching ravages may be seen and arrested by the medical profession, if not by the general public; but such a time had not arrived in Herman Page's days of young manhood. Is that time near? Let us hope it may be.

Dr. Herman could not sleep that night. He fought the battle of love, and conquered, but he could not rest. He was sure, now, that Marion's mind was diseased, and more than ever he regretted that he had not made mental pathology a specialty. Rising from his bed he procured a light and began to look over his books. Possibly he might find some forgotten idea, some paragraph which would serve as guide to his sister's treatment. He queried in his own mind, What is insanity? *Is* Marion insane?

One author told him—"Insanity itself, an anomalous condition of the faculties of knowledge and of will, is only a symptom."

"A symptom of what?" mentally inquired Dr. Herman, still turning the pages of the book. "If insanity is only a symptom, it surely must be folly to treat it. We do not treat symptoms. We use the symptoms as guides to the disease, and we treat the disease which the symptoms indicate. I cannot see that Marion is physically diseased. True, she is pale and thin, but there is no physical disorganization. Heart, liver, lungs, all are normal. She just gives way to her fancies and refuses to listen to reason."

Unfortunately, no medical writer had yet promulgated the science of Neurasthenia, or Exhausted Nerves. The nerves were treated as chimerical, hypothetical, and not subject to physical laws. It was supposed that nervous people might do better if they would, and that hysteria could be controlled if the patient would only try.

"La," said one woman, "I might a'ben as narvously as anybody if I only had let myself give way."

"And so might I," rejoined another. "You see it needs spunk to git along in this world."

"If Marion would only rouse up when I tell her to," mused her brother, "if she wouldn't sink down so, she might overcome this. Of course she'll be down sick again after this night's adventure. Perhaps she'll have another fainting spell."

Gaining little practical aid from the medical pages before him, he again retired to his bed. His mind was distracted. He almost wished the night-bell would ring. To go out to a patient would divert his mind, for however he exerted himself to banish Miss Fanny's image, he found it would return, and gradually a sense of bitterness towards Marion stole into his heart where love for her had once filled him with joy and pride. It was Marion who had come between him and his dearest affections! It was Marion who had marred his whole future life! Manlike, he blamed not himself, but "the woman, she——." Not once did he say "My own haughty soul killed itself."

Slowly the night wore away. No suffering patient woke the echoes of the still hours to call him from his bed. The morning opened with a flood of glorious sunshine. The storm had passed. On tree and over the whole outspread visible surface, the snow sparkled in crystalline brightness, dazzling to the eyes. Contrary to Herman's expectations, and most unexpectedly to the mother, Marion appeared in the breakfast room long before the meal was ready. She was in bright spirits, buoyant and almost rosy-cheeked.

"Wasn't that a refreshing run last night?" she naively asked. "I have not had so invigorating a chase since I was a child. Why cannot we be always children? Why need we grow up to be so prosy and stiff and afraid of abandoning ourselves to enjoyment? Staying shut up in the house, constantly, takes the pleasure out of life."

"It is more becoming to a young lady to stay in a

woman's place than to run through the streets in a snowstorm," the mother said in a decided tone.

"And more consistent with her health," remarked her brother with some asperity.

"My health! Why, I never felt better than I do this morning! And I slept as sweetly as a child. I didn't take the powder, Herman, I threw it away!"

"Threw it away?" he ejaculated. "Marion, who would once have thought that you would become such a willful, unmanageable girl? I am discouraged in trying to help you. I have prepared for you my most efficacious medicines, and they have an unnatural effect,—or, as now, you throw them away."

"But I didn't need it, Herman. The out-of-doors exercise was better than a powder. See what a breakfast I will eat!"

"And she has no consciousness of her outrage against propriety," thought the doctor, "nor of the scandal to which she, doubtless, has given rise in the village! We shall be the subjects of public gossip. It is not likely that the Misses Dahlgren or their cousins will be silent. Marion was always eccentric about out of door habits. She has always been wild about plants and flowers and specimens of minerals. Such fancies are unbecoming to a woman. Miss Fanny Dahlgren would never choose such amusements. But, why think of her? She is dead—dead to me, and I to her. Marion has killed that."

As that thought rushed over him, he arose from the table and went to his office. Closing the door, he sat down leaning his head on his hand, and his elbow on the arm of his study chair. He thought of Marion as she used to be, as she was on the day of her graduation. He remembered that she did not, then, seem to him eccentric. He supposed at that time that her superior did not exist. Why was she now in this strange condition? Why did she persist in making herself and the family the sub-

jects of public remark? Were their names to be bandied about by common people?

"She may not be quite well," he mused, "but is that any reason why she should act like a crazy person? Is that any excuse for her conduct last evening? Would any excuse ever induce Miss Fanny Dahlgren to go roaming about in a storm like a wild creature? Ah—Miss Fanny—*my* Fanny—"

The thought of Miss Fanny stirred his anger once more, and he clenched his fist with a grip that drove the nails deep into the flesh of the palm.

"I will write to Lamarette!" he said. He was talking to the walls, to his books, to anything that would hear. "I will wait no longer! Lamarette will know how to advise me!"

Seating himself at his desk he began his letter. He gave a detailed diagnosis of Marion's case, as he understood it. (Had Marion been allowed to write it, the diagnosis might have essentially differed.) Then he minutely related the course of medicine which he had followed. (Marion would probably have told of the tonics which he had omitted, of the free elixirs of nature which he had withheld.) But he spoke of her desire to be in the fresh air as a propensity, a freakishness, unnatural and contrary to the habits of a lady. He mentioned, also, her great intellectual powers, her rare scholarly attainments, and spoke of his own strong brotherly attachment to her, and his pain at seeing her in this sad condition. His letter closed in these words,—

"More than ever do I now regret not having made the pathology of mind a specialty. I feel that my ignorance of this department of medicine is a great defect. Every physician in general practice is liable to meet cases of mental derangement, and should understand the method of mental treatment. As it is, I must appeal to you for counsel."

As he finished and folded the letter, his mother entered the room.

"Herman," she said, "I trust you are not obliged to be away this forenoon."

"I am obliged to go, mother. I have patients whom I must visit. I am glad Marion appears comfortable. I did not expect to see her downstairs. It is surprising to see what she will go through."

"But, Herman, she insists upon going out. She wants to dress and call upon Miss Fanny Dahlgren. She says Miss Fanny met you all last evening, and was not politely greeted; that you did not speak to her, and that you would not allow her to speak, and she thinks it her duty to call upon Miss Fanny, and feels quite able to do it, and to make other calls."

During these remarks Herman's features had grown rigid and his eyes were set on his mother's face. The instant that she ceased, the blood returned and he broke forth vehemently,—

"Mother—mother—she must not go! You do not know—you can never know—the agony I passed through last night! She must not see Miss Fanny! I must not see her! I did cut her—I couldn't help it! It is done now and can never be recalled!"

"My son, do not feel so bitterly! Miss Fanny has a lovely, gentle nature. She will accept an apology from you or from Marion."

"Apology, mother? Of what use is an apology? You do not know how I was humiliated by Marian's crazy course last evening.—Yes, I say, crazy, for I believe she is crazy, and I have just written to ask Lamarette what I shall do for her."

"O my son! Suppose he says she must be sent to his institution?"

"Then I shall send her."

"O Herman! how can I bear it?"

"How can any of us bear that which seems to have come upon us, mother? God help us!—Go, now, and lay your commands upon Marion. She is a good daughter.

She will not disobey you. She must not go out to-day!—Stay, mother!—I will fix a quieting powder which you may give her. It is better for her to sleep, than to run wild. Don't let her throw the powder away."

If trance-like stupor can be called sleep, Marion slept that day. For hours she scarcely moved, not even awaking to the midday meal. Herman came home and ate with his usual relish, although not conversing with his usual vivacity. He was gratified at the success of his powder.

"My only hope is in Lamarette," he remarked. "Until we hear from him, we must do the best we can."

Stories were rife in the village that day, but they were not told by Cousin Sarah, nor by the Dahlgren party. The latter had talked over the affair and had mutually agreed not to mention it.

"Poor Marion!" sighed Miss Fanny, "She was the ornament of our academy. I used to envy her. She was always at the head of the class and I was down, I am ashamed to say where. I should like to go and see her. Perhaps I might comfort her, but I hear that the family do not want her to see people, and I should not like to intrude."

It was Anna Jones who had industriously circulated that invention regarding the family, purposely to keep Miss Fanny away. It was Anna who told of Marion's escapade in the storm of the previous evening, and how Dr. Herman had cut Miss Fanny directly in the face, not speaking even when Miss Fanny spoke to him. She told it to one who she knew would carry the tale to Miss Fanny, and it had the desired effect. Miss Fanny said,—

"I did not think, at the time, that he really meant to insult me, or to 'cut' me, as it is phrased; I saw that he was in great distress about Marion, and I was sorry that I spoke. I am sure I sympathize with him, and I wish I could be of some service to poor Marion, but, under the

circumstances, I should not like to go to her unless I am asked."

Regardless of the mischief she had wrought that day, Anna came again in the afternoon, and was gladly welcomed by Mrs. Page and Elizabeth who had been keeping solitary watch over the sleeping Marion. How desolate the house had seemed to the mother that day! At the evening hour, Henrietta and her husband came, and even he, the laughter-loving William Edson, was quiet, as if impressed by the general solemnity. Every one seemed looking forward to some impending crisis. The villagers became afraid of the house and passed by on the other side.

Aunt Sukey Brainerd did not wait for a summons as nurse, but went to the house of affliction with her heart full of kindness and her willing hands ready for any work. But the opinion she expressed was utterly at variance with the course Dr. Herman was pursuing, and she was soon silenced. With a sad and indignant countenance she left the place, and returned to her own little cottage. She was not long left alone. The gossips came, eager to know what was occurring in the Page homestead and why Aunt Sukey had so soon returned.

"Taint no place there, for me," said Aunt Sukey. "Dr. Herman is full of new-fangled notions, and hain't got no common sense at all!"

"Tut-tut!" said a matron. "I have heard you extol Dr. Herman's skill above that of any doctor you ever saw."

"So I do, in fevers, an' sich like. He'll carry fevers straight through the worst cases, and scarletina, and pneumonia, and he took old Mr. White's rheumatiz right out of him—but he don't know nothin' about Marion! Ever since she graduated, he's ben tryin' to put her into a machine and turn her out cut and shaped like all the simpleton girls that prim and pucker and roll up their eyes at the men, and wait dressed-up in the parlors for

some booby of a feller to come along and ask them to be married, 'cause that's the end and aim of a woman's life! Bah! Marion ain't no sich girl, an' if they keep on tryin' to make her into one, they'll be the ruin of her."

"It's a pity she wasn't a poor girl who had to go into the kitchen and work," observed a farmer who had come to bring vegetables to Aunt Sukey and had been listening to her remarks. "There's nothing like gинуine housework for a girl."

"It's a pity one can't be well-off, and have common sense, too," responded Aunt Sukey. "There's no need for every single girl in the world to do housework, no more'n there's need for every man in the world to be a farmer. 'Twould be a stupid kind of world if everybody did the same thing. But there's need that all of us should have our own likes and dislikes, an' ef we're fond of sugar we don't want to be driv' to eat vinegar! An' ef Marion, after studyin' years, got tired an' wanted to run an' be a child agin, why shouldn't she? It's soon enough to settle down in the house when you're obliged to."

"Wal, it's nothing to me," returned the farmer, "only all the rest on us send for Dr. Page when we're sick, and we do what he tells us, and I should think his own sister ought to be guided by him."

"That's the very reason why she shouldn't be guided by him!" retorted Aunt Sukey. "Its jest because she is his sister, and relations do like to control each other. You see, Herman is a very proud man, an' he's thought a mighty sight o' Marion. She gratified his pride. After she graduated, he wanted to see her dressed in all the tog-glery of fashion, to hear her play the piano, and see her with a book or among her flowers. Them flowers is all the gratification she has been allowed. But she's a young girl with growin' muscles an' bones, an' they ached to expand an' spread themselves, just as I think a Chineese girl-baby's feet must ache when they're all

bound up by a cruel fashion, an' I don't know what the Chineese feet come to, but I do know that Marion's narves couldn't bear the strain, an' now they're broke, an' they say she's crazy, an' Herman keeps her asleep like a log, because he says she wants to run away! I told him to let her wake up an' run, an' I'd run with her, an' he looked at me as though I was crazy too!"

"And he didn't want two crazy fools running wild together," broke in the farmer. "Ha, ha, ha! Showed his sense! I'll back Dr. Page against anybody for good, sound common-sense."

Thus, everybody was opposed to Aunt Sukey's theories, and, like all advanced thinkers, she felt like a lone tree on a vast mountain summit. The free winds of thought played about her alone; all her acquaintances were down on the low plain where they found ease and comfort in thinking what their grandfathers thought before them. One other, only, stood on the height with Aunt Sukey. But she stood silently, tremblingly, not daring to show any interest, because that, down in her secret soul, she knew how she loved Herman Page, and, therefore, she must keep far from him. She dared not even speak with Aunt Sukey, lest the keen old eyes should read her secret. She had thought Dr. Herman had looked upon her with favor. She had flattered herself that—but that was over now. The cold, disdainful look he gave her, when, in the storm and narrow path in the snow, her face almost touched his, struck her like a blow. She had spoken laughingly to him, but he spoke not. She was ashamed when she remembered it. Was she unmaidenly in her familiarity of manner there in the storm? Did he think her too forward? Perhaps so. Or, perhaps he preferred Anna Jones. Well, so be it. God keep him, whomever he may marry! I must live and make no sign."

Ere long there came a letter from Lamarette. He expressed great interest in the young lady.

"Before I can give a correct diagnosis of her case," he wrote, "it will be necessary for me to see her. It would be well for her to come to our institution to remain a few days. Take her disease by the forelock. People generally wait too long before bringing their friends for treatment. The primal stages are most amenable to cure. You have seen my place; you expressed great satisfaction with its arrangements; your sister shall have every attention which it is possible to give her."

"Herman, I cannot let her go!" said the mother, and her voice trembled with deep emotion. "They will all be strangers to her there. Who of them will love her or care for her tenderly? What will they know of her nature or her needs?"

"I begin to think, mother, that I do not know her nature. Her mind is certainly untuned. I do not understand mental disease. It is Lamarette's specialty."

"Why cannot he come here and visit her?"

"He has a large institution which he cannot leave at the demand of outside patients. They can go there and remain with him until he learns their natures and needs."

"This is hard—O Herman, it is hard! When your father died I felt that he went into the bosom of his God. But to send Marion, helpless as she is, into the hands of men, is more than I can bear."

"God is there, too, mother! You certainly desire Marion's restoration. If Lamarette can bring her back to health, you ought to be willing to spare her for a time. If God is in the other world where father is, surely the same God is here, and will be with Marion wherever she is."

Mrs. Page saw that she must yield. Firm in will she had always been, but here was a young scion whom she could not control. Besides, was he not a skillful physician? Folding her hands on her breast, she leaned back and rested her head against the cushioned chair. Her

eyes closed and her lips moved as if in prayer. Dr. Page knew that his mother had yielded.

The pains consequent upon bodily injuries are visible to the eyes of friends, and the sufferers at once secure sympathy ; but the pangs of the soul are not always apparent to material eyes. When our friends die, we find hearts to speak to us in our distress. This sorrow they can realize. But when the invisible, fine organism that contains the soul is stricken with weakness and disease, when we are enduring pain that cannot be described, we find little sympathy. People then turn and flee from us ; they cannot understand us, and we are left, not only to bear the inward pains, but also the desolation following the desertion of those whom we have loved.

Speaking briefly, we say, when people see their friends bleeding from bodily wounds, they fly to their relief ; but when their mentally suffering friends give vent to the agony of nervous or soul pain, people turn from them in disgust, or shut them up in iron bonds, leaving them to lone misery. Yet the soul is supposed to be of greater value than the body ? Why, then, should bodily pain be tenderly treated, and soul pain be left to its agony, or made worse by punishment ?

CHAPTER X.

THE TURNING-POINT.

MARION was not poetical, if by that word we mean simply the power of joining words in rhyme. But she had a poet's passionate love of the secrets of nature. She loved Science, and the whole earth was to her a book wherein the Great Master of Science had written his works with the pen of life. There was not a particle of natural material, but had to Marion its beautiful and wondrous mystery, awaiting search, and ready to add its mite to human lore. It is said that Tennyson, the poet-laureate, "went down upon his hands and knees, and burying his face in the dank grass, drank with deep breaths the fragrance of a bed of violets upon which he had chanced. The subtile sense of the poet had caught the delicate odor that the duller faculties of other people failed to notice. His sensibility to outward impressions was the index of his fine and delicate structure."

Marion was not a poet-laureate, but she had the subtile sense, the fine and delicate sensitiveness of the poet or the artist. To her a bed of violets had luxuries unknown to others, and nature's mysterious labyrinths, whose portals were buried to common eyes, were peopled with life, with soul and glory, in her view. She reveled in aromas, where duller people realized only repulsion and nothingness. Therefore, others could not understand her. In Herman's masculine solidity there was wanting the delicacy of apprehension which could perceive her nature. But, was this a reason why he should persistently deny her call for her own food? When she begged

for bread, should he give her a stone? When she asked for fish, should he bestow a scorpion? Because he was not thirsty, should he deny water to her?

He was of prouder, coarser mold than she. To her even the little flakes of falling snow were an epitome of all the crystals of the earth, the small pile of snow on top of the post of the front gate illustrated the formation of snow mountains, while the melting and re-freezing of ice in small masses in the common highway, explained the laws by which mighty glaciers were formed. One spark of fire falling in her sight, had in it the laws of fire everywhere, and one drop of water moistened the surface with which it came in contact, by the same principles that governed an ocean.

"Through all the material universe there is one law," she said. "And through all the modifications of spirit, there permeates One Great Spirit. The mysteries of these infinite laws defy our comprehension; but the laws, nevertheless, are there! I may tear a rose in pieces—I should destroy the rose, but the laws of its existence are not affected. Another rose may come. We can never attain to the understanding of the secret laws of nature; but, let us be glad that we can adore. For the law is the life and the life is God. He who shuts God out of nature, and excludes from science the recognition of God, makes nature a dead clod, and science a nonentity."

Kept close within the house during the months since her graduation, with no diversion save her books, the solitary girl spent hours in introspection, all the time growing thinner and weaker. Dr. Herman hesitated whether to remove her immediately to Lamarette's asylum, or to continue his own treatment. The hesitation arose from a dislike to oppose and grieve his mother.

"It will break mother's heart," was his inward comment. "If Marion should be obliged to continue for years at the institution, as many do, mother will go weeping to her grave. It is difficult to know what to do.

Why did I not fit myself to treat mental disease? Every physician ought to know something of it; these cases are continually occurring in practice."

While the doctor hesitated, the mother hoped. She gave unremitting attention to nursing her sick daughter, and even sent for Aunt Sukey, asking her to spend a few days with Marion.

"You are so cheerful," she remarked to the old nurse, as the two were on their way to Marion's chamber, "that you always seem to build Marion right up."

"La, suz!" replied Aunt Sukey, "If I could have her by myself, I'd cure her in a little while. I can see right into that dear girl—but you won't none on you believe me."

"We do believe you have a nice way of nursing her, but, of course, medically, as a physician, we must think that Herman knows more than you."

"Bah!" said Aunt Sukey, and opened the door into Marion's room.

"Bless you, child!" exclaimed the nurse. "What are you doing?"

Marion had removed her shoes and stockings and sat with her bare feet stretched over the window-sill while the window was raised to its full height. Mrs. Page groaned.

"They will not let me go out," answered Marion, "and I am cooling my feet. That is all."

"Dear me, Marion! Take 'em right in! I've come to stay awhile with you, and, maybe, I'll get you so that you'll go over to my little home and stay a few days with me. How would you like that?"

"Have you got chickens, as you used to have?"

"They are big chickens now—almost hens."

"Do you have nests up in that tiny barn-loft?"

"Yes, and I must say my hens are doin' pretty well, considering the time o' year. You see, I feed 'em properly. There's allers a right way an' a wrong way for

everything, Marion, an' it's jest as well to look sharp after the right way."

"Aunt Sukey, I will go and stay with you as long as you will let me stay."

"And you may bring your books, Marion."

Marion's countenance fell.

"Aunt Sukey, it is of no use for me to take books. I cannot read! That is what seems to me strange? I cannot think! I cannot keep my thoughts on the lines until I can join the sense of two lines together! It is a terrible feeling, auntie! What makes me so?"

"Maybe you have read too much, dear. When a bucket is full you can put no more in it, you know."

"But the mind is not like a bucket, Aunt Sukey. A bucket holds a definite quantity. The mind is infinite, and we can no more attain to its fullness than we can reach the fullness of God."

"Yes, darling, I understand that. You may think I can't understand you, 'cause I can't talk grammar, but old Aunt Sukey ain't quite a fool."

"Nobody understands me as well as you," answered Marion, simply.

"Well, then, darling, let me tell you what I think. The mind that is inside of us human critters, is jest a leetle part of God. It is as though you went out into the broad sunshine and picked out one leetle globe of the air, and bound it up in a tissue of flesh. The shining leetle globe might be kept in that statue of flesh, but it is air, still, an' it is allers growin,' or tryin' to grow and expand, an' it feels itself to be immortal air, an' it looks out thro' the eyes of its flesh, an' it is air, still. But don't you see, deary, that the flesh in which this little bubble is cased up may get very tired an' worn with the struggles of its living center, an' the flesh may insist on a rest? 'Tain't the mind that's tired; it's the flesh."

"That is a nice way of telling me, auntie," observed Marion as she began dressing her feet. "But I do not

think my flesh and body are tired, because, if they were, I would want to keep still, and I do not want to be still. I should want to run and jump, and drive about, and be moving all the time. Of course my body is not fatigued."

"Yes, darling, you are fatigued, but not with that kind of weariness which requires absolute stillness. You want rest, not in stillness, but in play, in out-o-door action, in that kind of thoughtless, free exercise that will give new strength to your nerves, just as the smith shakes himself to straighten an' strengthen his arm for a return to the forge."

Marion listened with interest to the quaint talk of Aunt Sukey, and a flush of pleasure suffused her cheeks. She became quite contented and the hours rolled pleasantly by. The shadows of evening came on, and as she was gazing from the window, a figure crossed her vision. It was Anna Jones. Clad in a warm cloak and stout winter boots, Anna heeded neither cold nor snow. A breezy briskness accompanied her into the house, and the echoes of her cheery voice penetrated into the chamber where Marion and Aunt Sukey were communing together.

"Anna always comes about this hour," Marion remarked. "She professes to come to see me, but, as soon as Herman comes, she goes down to the sitting-room and I see her no more."

Aunt Sukey tapped on the floor with her foot, and for a moment was silent. Then she said, softly,—

"'Tain't none o' my business, darling; if it was I should say something."

"She always lingers," continued Marion, "until it is too late for her to be out alone, and Herman kindly escorts her."

"I mustn't say nothin' about it," responded Aunt Sukey. "I make it a point to mind my own affairs."

"I wish Miss Fanny would come to see me," said Marion.

"Miss Fanny is a very different girl from Anna," returned Aunt Sukey. "Miss Fanny is a lady, and Anna—*isn't*."

"Anna professes great love for me," observed Marion, "but if there was no Herman here, Anna would have no love for me."

In this remark Marion fully corresponded with observations that were floating through the town.

"If there was no young doctor there, Anna Jones would not care for Marion," was the concurrent observation of the village.

"He'll be a foolish man if he lets Fanny Dahlgren slip by and takes Anna Jones instead," remarked the men.

"You see, Fanny don't go runnin' arter him all the time," responded the women.

"There'd no gal run arter me if I didn't want her," said an old farmer, as he stood in a group of men at the corner grocery. "Save me, I'd scatter her, quick! I reckon Dr. Page would, too! He's nobody's ninny! He must like the gal, or he wouldn't have her hanging around."

Ah, little did they understand Dr. Herman Page! Never once did he bend his proud head beneath the load of disappointment that oppressed him. Not even to himself did he admit that he, in any way, cared for the result of that evening's hauteur. But yet he was constantly trampling on an image that would rise. He met that image in the street, but made no sign. A formal bow, a cold greeting, and he passed swiftly on, and ever as he went, Miss Fanny sighed,—

"I was too forward that stormy evening. He thought me unladylike."

What a thin curtain can divide two souls!

Anna did not come up to Marion's room that evening. She was not fond of Aunt Sukey.

"She is such an illiterate old fusser!" Anna was

accustomed to say. "She has such an impolite way of showing you your faults!"

Dr. Herman returned from his round of visits at the usual hour. A great change in him since that fatal evening was apparent to observant eyes. He was faithful to his patients, and his practice enlarged continually; but he came home sad, like the "mighty" who have "fallen," and his fastidious nature refused to rise. People said Marion's illness "took hold on him," and he did not deny the charge. It was the truth, and why should he deny it? It was not the whole truth, but why need he say this? He needed somebody to enliven his home, and Anna served that purpose. She laughed merrily, was always neatly dressed, and it had become natural to see her when he came in at night.

This evening, Dr. Herman was unusually attentive to Anna. Her hopes fluttered with new impulses. He walked home with her, and made her the recipient of many of his plans for the future, talked of his loneliness when Marion would be gone, and spoke of his mother's great bereavement.

"We shall miss Marion," he said, "but she must go. I see no other hope for her. Mother must give her up. You must come often and see us then. It will be a great comfort to all of us."

"To all of us."

It was not exactly as Anna wished he had spoken. She would have preferred the little pronoun "me," instead of the phrase "all of us," but even this was more than he had said before. For, hitherto, the girl had seen small encouragement to feed her hopes, and one appreciative word was as food to a starving beggar.

"The patient waiter is no loser." Anna must have believed this adage. She had waited with patience worthy of a better purpose. It was very dark when she began to hope; it was lighter now; surely this was no time to abandon effort. Reflecting that "while there is

life there is hope," and, knowing that while Fanny was outside the track, she, herself, was within, the girl kept her spirits up, determined to win.

Another letter from Lamarette decided Marion's fate.

"Do not delay," said the superintendent, "much injury to the patient results from delay."

"She must go!" emphatically asserted Herman. "You must no longer keep her, mother, from the only place in which there is hope of cure."

"Herman, Dr. Lamarette's institution is but a prison. I have made inquiries. Iron-barred windows, and locks and keys are all over it. Every door has a lock, and only the keepers have a key."

"Therefore, Marion cannot go wandering about by the light of her own fancies," answered the brother. "The institution has carriages. Marion can ride, or walk, whenever it is proper. Do you know more than Dr. Lamarette, mother? The study of these cases is the business of his life."

"But if he studies from a wrong standpoint——"

"Mother," interposed the son, "you are prejudiced. There is no other chance for Marion's recovery? Why should you seek to deprive her of her only hope?"

Like a strong, true woman, when necessity is laid upon her, Mrs. Page yielded to what appeared inevitable, and went about preparing for her daughter's departure, much as if arranging for her funeral, yet doing the work well, and keeping a cheerful demeanor in presence of the victim. At length, when the day came for Marion to leave, the mother folded her hands and said,—

"'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' I brought her into the world; I have watched her beautiful developments; I give her back to her Creator."

"Mother," observed Herman, reproachfully, "you

“speak as if she was dying. I am doing this that she may live.”

“My son, this movement presages death. They are hired strangers who will have charge of our darling there. When she is ill, will they love her? Will they patiently bear with her infirmities?”

“Mother, Dr. Lamarette is a gentleman and my dear friend. He will do all that lies in his power for my sister.”

“Herman, let us talk no more. We differ, but I have acceded to your wishes. I have placed my lamb upon the altar of the Lord. If I had no sorrow in the act, I should be an unnatural mother.”

Herman was sorely troubled, but his faith in Lamarette was not shaken, and this faith overpowered his sympathy for his yearning mother.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PALACE-PRISON.

"As a lamb to the slaughter," Marion went to Lamarette's asylum. She "opened not her mouth," for did not her brother assure her that she would be happy there? No officer of the law was required for her removal; no papers of commitment were procured. The two physicians had arranged, like gentlemen, that the sister of one should be a few weeks under the care of the other. Had they, or had they not, a right thus to agree?

"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is a question never yet answered in favor of the gain of the world.

Of what benefit to our young people is the knowledge of all the world, if they do not learn the laws of their own health? is a query of similar significance.

Marion was versed in what was taught in the schools of her day, and if her brother had disputed her on one of these points, he would have found her a competent antagonist. But of any science relating to her own health, or to the laws of her own life, she was totally ignorant. In preserving her health, she had been guided only by instinct. That had been, indeed, calling loudly, but yet, blindly, for the fountains of nature; but unable to sustain her demands by reference to text, or book, or science relating to herself, the study of years on other subjects was futile now.

Thus, by the sole will of her brother she was banished to imprisonment that had no defined limit. There was

no trial, no judge, no jury, no counsel for her defence. There was no provision for her release save by the same strong will that had committed her. There was no provision for examination as to her recovery. Should she soon be better, who could know it? Herded among hundreds, how could her case be differentiated and the special remedies she needed be applied?

"She is *my* sister," thought haughty Dr. Page, "and *being my sister*, she is sure of particular care."

"What do I care who her relatives are!" ejaculated the attendant who took her in charge. "She is *my patient*, now, and she will obey *my bidding* or I will know who is who!"

No acquaintance outside her family circle came to bid Marion farewell on the day of her departure. Only Sukey Brainerd and Anna Jones were with the family. Had the beautiful girl, the pride of the village, been starting on a tour of pleasure, all her friends would have rushed to say good-by. Had she died, they would have come laden with floral tributes, and in tears would have followed her to the tomb. Had it been her bridal, they would have carpeted the ground beneath her feet, and have bestowed upon her presents of silver and gold.

But—she was going to the Insane Asylum! She was crazy! Alas—yes. She was the victim of the saddest affliction that can befall humanity, and all the village people fled from her as if she had leprosy!

This desertion of her friends was the most trying ordeal that she experienced in connection with her leaving home. She had been used to friendship, to love, to adulation.

"Aunt Sukey," she said, "why does not some one come to bid me good-by?"

"Never mind that, deary. We hope they will all soon come to welcome you back again."

"I should like to see Fanny Dahlgren," the sufferer

remarked to Herman. "I used to like her more than all the others."

"Do not speak her name," answered Herman with a shudder.

"I wonder why!" was Marion's inward response. But she gave no audible expression to her thought. Herman's manner filled her with apprehension of some evil. What could it be?

"Deary," interposed Aunt Sukey, "wouldn't it be nice if Dr. Lamarette should send you back with Dr. Herman to-morrow? Perhaps, even by seeing you a short time he can prescribe for you and let you come home. If he will send us word how to treat you, it shall all be done, and you will be our own Marion again."

No such good fortune awaited the patient. Dr. Lamarette never sent his patients home, except by the command of their guardians or friends.

Once he was called into court to answer a charge relative to the treatment of a patient.

"Doctor," said the cross-questioning lawyer, "did you ever release a patient from your institution except by orders of the guardian or relatives?"

"We always release patients when they are recovered," replied the doctor, nonchalantly.

"I ask again," continued the lawyer, "did you ever release a patient, except by the orders of a guardian or relative?"

"I told you, sir, that it is a rule of our institution to release patients as soon as they recovered."

"I did not ask you to state the rule of your institution," sternly said the lawyer, "I asked, *Did you ever release a patient, except by command of a guardian or relative of the patient?*"

Thus pressed, Dr. Lamarette replied—"I do not remember."

"Do not remember! Do not remember!" repeated the lawyer. "We will make a note of that answer. The

event, if it ever occurred, must have been so very rare that you would be likely to remember it."

But, at the period of Marion's entrance to the asylum, Dr. Lamarette had not been called into court. He was then in the zenith of his power ; his word was law to other physicians, and his reputation was that of a specialist of superior ability. He received Marion with every mark of gentlemanly gallantry. Fearing that she might be overcome with sad emotions and weep at her entrance into the hall which was to become her prison, Dr. Lamarette himself escorted her thither with all the courtesy at his command.

"Do not be alarmed, dear young lady," he said, drawing her hand within his arm as he led her up the winding stairs. "No one shall harm you here. I, myself, will watch over you."

Surprised at this remark, she turned her face towards him. What did he mean? Why should she fear? She had come with her brother to the institution of a prominent gentleman. Would any harm come to her there? She had wept at leaving home, because her mother wept, but she had not the slightest dread of Dr. Lamarette's institution. She was rather pleased at coming. It would be a change from her close home life.

Confident that she was now under the best possible care, and full of faith in Dr. Lamarette's asylum, Herman returned to his home, leaving Marion at the institution. She was placed in the "best hall," and one of the best rooms was assigned her. The room measured about seven feet by ten. She thought it uncomfortably small, but reflecting, that at home she had been favored with an unusually large room, she reconciled herself to the size of this. She soon found that the size was less unpleasant than the meager furnishings. The bedstead was of iron, and very narrow. There was a small, old, pine chest which they called a bureau, a mirror scarcely larger than her face, and one plain chair. No carpet was on the

floor; only a square yard of carpeting was spread before the narrow bed. The walls were coarse, white, and cheerless. The whole aspect of the room was desolate and uninviting. Still, Marion uttered no complaint. Herman had brought her here, and whatever was given her, she accepted without a murmur.

At first she did not observe that the sash of her one window was of iron, nor that the door had no fastening save a lock. The last fact she did not discover until the hour for retiring. The effect upon her mind was disagreeable, but as everything here seemed strange and unlike any place she had ever seen, the discovery of no latches to the doors was set down in her mind as one of the house oddities. She was already in bed when she heard some one, a servant, she supposed, going from door to door with a key which she inserted in the locks, bringing the doors together with a sharp click. Presently her own door clicked, and, rising to examine it, she found it locked.

"What," she exclaimed to herself, "Am I locked into my room? Are all these women locked into their rooms? That is certainly disagreeable. If I must be locked in, I want the key in my own hand. I shall speak to Dr. Lamarette about it. I am sure I do not want to be locked all night into this small room."

Those who have never tried a prison life can form no conception of the horrible sensations it produces. Nor can free, healthy persons judge truly whether an incarcerated life is beneficial to an injured mind. We must be, ourselves, "sick and in prison" ere we can realize the effect of prisons upon the sick.

Marion, in this prison room, thought sadly, that desolate night, of her own dear home. She remembered her books and her flowers, but, most of all, she remembered and missed her mother.

"I shall not remain here long," she thought. "I do not think I shall like the place. Dr. Lamarette is a gentle-

man, but all the ladies seem to be strange and sorrowful. I will write to Herman and tell him how it is at night. I am sure he does not know that the house is but a prison, and that the people are unfit companions. And our supper was meager ; I did not relish it at all."

CHAPTER XII.

WHAT SECURITY?

DR. LAMARETTE had assured Dr. Page that no cruelties or wrongs were allowed in his institution. Possibly, Lamarette believed that there were none. He asserted that he never retained harsh attendants, nor permitted any unkindness towards his patients, for he realized that all the people under his care were the loved ones of home circles, and that the friends of the sick person had entrusted the invalid to his kindness and skill.

Is it not strange that outside of asylums, and inside, kindness and pity are bestowed upon the relatives, and not upon the patient? And yet, an insane person is in more need of sympathy than any other diseased man or woman. While the nerves are steady and strong, while the soul-organs retain their normal state, enabling the mind to act and think in a clear manner, bodily sickness interferes little with the patient's happiness, and the invalid may during long years lie on a bed of pain and bless God every day for existence. But when the fine machinery by which the human soul manifests itself is disordered and weakened, when its shafts, wheels, bands and gear are all disturbed, when the soul has no power to calmly speak of its condition, and can only manifest itself in wildness, or acts which may be called violent, it needs pity; and no one gives compassion to the patients then. Even their own families hustle them out of the way. Often ill-treated before they go into asylums, they are oftener abused within, for there the keepers are unrestrained by observers, and temper has full sway.

Lamarette explained to Dr. Page his system of going

among the patients, and made it appear that, every day, every patient had an opportunity to report to him any injustice or unkindness that he or she had received. Judging from his own representation, his establishment was replete with happiness. If he denied visitors admission to a patient, he suavely explained the denial to arise from a conviction that it was for the good of the patient. His house was considered a model, worthy the confidence and support of all who had friends in distressed conditions of mind.

Dr. Lamarette's representations were implicitly believed by a confiding and ignorant public. If patients complained, their disaffection was attributed to the disordered condition of their minds.

"It is impossible to believe that Lamarette allows cruelty," stoutly asserted the physicians in general practice throughout the State. "We all know Lamarette to be a cultured, Christian gentleman."

"Consistency, thou art a jewel," but the jewel was not found in this judgment of Lamarette. Not one of these confiding physicians would have sold real estate to Lamarette without mortgage and bonds, or money in hand; not one of them would have loaned him money without note or security; but they would put him in a great, locked institution, give him power to lock himself in with hundreds of helpless patients, constitute him absolute monarch over them with privilege of employing or dismissing his employees, who, being in fear of dismissal in case of disobedience became his abject courtiers; and there, king with no outside eye to observe him, the general physicians and great public allowed him to dwell and make his own Reports—and they believed his Reports! The gentlemen in government, lawyers, judges, doctors, merchants, farmers, business men, all confided in Dr. Lamarette. They put their dearest loved ones under his secret care, and when these friends reported cruelties, all these learned men sagely nodded and put-

ting the tips of their fingers to their foreheads, suppressed the inmates' reports on the ground of "not quite right in the head."

Not once did these outside men say, "Doctor, what security can we have that our dear friends whom we have locked in with you will be treated as you profess shall be done?" To ask Dr. Lamarette that question would have been presumption. Yet, if any one of these men had loaned the doctor a thousand dollars, he would have looked blandly in the borrower's face and asked, "What security can you give, doctor?"

Which is most valuable, the money, or the wife, the husband, the parent and the child? Where is that jewel, consistency?

The wrongs perpetrated in Lamarette's asylum were not the result of any particularly bad traits in his character, nor because his attendants were worse than other people, nor in consequence of defective, individual mismanagement; but the evils were the natural products of the system. If we sow wheat, we expect to garner wheat; if thistles are planted, thistles will be produced. If we establish a monarchy we may have one good king, but evils will spring up and liberty will die.

Our insane asylums are huge prisons, governed by prison rules, hedged in by iron bars, and in both ward and cell there is absolute, irresponsible sovereignty on one side, and abject submission on the other.

"Mother," said a young man who was confined as a patient in Lamarette's model institution, "I speak but the simple truth when I say that we are all knocked about here every day. I have seen a man struck on the head with a bar of iron; I have seen a man jammed into a cold bath-tub and held there until his blood must have been blue; I have seen men felled to the floor and afterwards stamped upon until their ribs were broken; I knew a man who died—died, mother, with blood flowing from his mouth while a half-intoxicated attendant, with

iron-nailed boot-heels was jumping upon him, and when the attendant saw that the man was dead, he was frightened, and fearing Lamarette would censure him, he broke a washbowl, and with the sharp, rough edges of the crockery he gashed and mangled the man's limbs and body to make it appear that he had killed himself. Mother, it is terrible here, sometimes. And the food is unfit for nutrition. It is mean in quality, and nauseating by its monotony."

Tears came into the eyes of the lady. She went to the office of Dr. Lamarette and begged to know if "some more humane management could not be adopted."

"Madam," replied Lamarette, blandly, "I regret to tell you that the condition of your son's mind is such that you can place no confidence in his words. He has delusions, and I greatly fear is incurable."

Again the lady wept, for this was her only son. How terrible to know that his word was no longer entitled to credence! Yet every word he had uttered was simple truth. All that he described to his mother he had seen; and were such scenes, occurring in his presence, likely to restore his mind, if it needed aid in its return to reason? A treatment that recognized his nervous weakness and kept him from shocks of horror would be more conducive to health and happiness.

By thus destroying the credibility of his patients, Dr. Lamarette forestalled any injurious effect from their disclosures, and rendered his fortifications secure.

Imprisonment! Who can tell its dread secrets? Who, save those who have dwelt day after day behind the locks and bars? If we cannot believe the revelations of the prisoners, how can we learn of the dark deeds that are perpetrated within these concealed areas? And even if we succeed in preventing cruelty, can we be sure that imprisonment is remedial and proper in all cases of mental disease? Are we certain that robbing life of all the recuperative influences of freedom is the most suit-

able treatment for persons in ill health? Great discrimination is needed before consigning the alleged insane to the corridors and cells of our lunatic asylums.

Nature never adapted the human race to a life of captivity. People moan under prison privations. The few who recover in asylums are cured by time and in spite of their surroundings, for imprisonment never cures insanity! Doctors should seek the causes of insanity in each individual; physicians in general practice should study the pathology of mind, and each physician should learn to "take care of his own insane." The public, too, should be sufficiently instructed in regard to hygiene to learn to take proper care of the condition of the nervous organism, and by methods of prevention, to be able to save themselves and their friends from sinking into the gulf of nerveless despair. Widespread intelligence respecting the intricacies and vital necessities of our being should supplant the present ignorance. Who shall teach the people? Who, but the good family doctors?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE OLD HOME.

THE dear old home was desolate. Its life, its hope, and the idol of its love was gone, not to a bridal home, which leaves the old house lonely but creates gladness in a new, nor to that silent bourne whence no man returneth; but to a life in death, to a home in a "whited sepulcher," an existence in a living tomb where the inmates wait in sorrow for that narrower tomb below.

Yes, Marion was gone! Her books were lying untouched, her plants drooped, her piano looked deserted, the little ornaments that she had placed around the rooms, were silent witnesses of the dear one's departure. The sad mother strove for resignation, prayed for Christian patience, and raised her eyes on high, asking for help. She tried to believe that Herman knew what was best, but, notwithstanding her reasoning with herself, and her womanly fortitude, there was an upbraiding at her heart, and a secret twitching as if the fibers of her being were rending. The whole house had an aspect of gloom. There was invisible crape at the door of every room, and the mother stepped softly as if the floors were strewn with dead branches, whose withered leaves she would not disturb.

Neighbors came with expressions of sympathy. Now that the crazy one, the specter of dread was removed, people no longer shunned the house, but remarked to each other, "Poor Mrs. Page, she has had such a trying time. Let us go and see her. What a relief it must be to have Marion taken away!"

They were met with coldness. The mother did not really repulse them, but she was not cordial. Her face and manner were as of one preoccupied. Her spirit was away with the spirit of her daughter.

"It must be a comfort to know that Marion is safe in the hospital," one neighbor ventured to remark to the sad-looking mother.

"Comfort!" exclaimed the pale woman, looking with astonishment at her visitor. "Comfort in having my Marion sick and confined in the locked wards of a lunatic asylum! Are you a mother and dare say such things to me?"

"O, of course, it must be a trial. And she used to be so bright and promising. But, then, lately, she has been such a care—you must feel relieved."

"How do you know whether she was a care?" queried the mother, with some asperity. "Did you ever come to see?"

"No, of course not. I wouldn't like to go where there is a crazy person—nobody knows what crazy people will do."

"Ah!" sighed the mother. "Did you think my poor, sick Marion would fly at you and tear you in pieces? How do you know but you might have been a comfort to her? 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye came unto me.' Is it not a Christian duty to visit the sick?"

"I didn't know that Marion was sick," responded the visitor. "I thought it was insanity that ailed her."

"And pray, what is insanity?" asked Mrs. Page.

"I don't know. I s'pose it's a kind of devilish possession, or something like it."

"So you think my Marion had the devil in her? Well, you had better have come to see. The desertion of the house by all the people whom she had supposed her friends caused her surprise, and added greatly to her pain."

"Pain!" exclaimed the visitor. "La, now! You

don't say that she had pain? I didn't know that crazy folks could feel."

"You will be likely to find it out if you should yourself go crazy," replies the mother; adding, *sub-silentio*, "but stupid people do not go crazy."

The visitor was unaware of this silent observation, but was offended at the reception of her "well-meant visit," and soon left.

"I don't think Mrs. Page was very perlite," she remarked to her neighbors, as she went from house to house, detailing an account of her reception. "I just wanted to show her that I had kind feelin's for her, and she turned on me like a she-bear when you meddle with her cubs."

"An' no wonder," interrupted Aunt Sukey, overhearing the irate woman. "Why shouldn't she feel indignant at the way Marion has been treated by all on ye? There ain't another such girl in town, nor in a good many other towns, as Marion Page, an' yet she's lain here sick an' sufferin', not allowed to go out, nor nobody comin' to see her, till it seemed as though she was some castaway! It ain't Mrs. Page, nor Herman, that you ought to pity—it's Marion!"

"Whoever thought o' pityin' a crazy woman?" asked the gossip.

"Wal, you ought ter pity her, that's all I've got to say!" retorted Aunt Sukey. "I ain't quite a fool. I've spent my life as a nuss, an' I've tried to study to find out about sick people, an' I've made up my mind that the way they're managin' Marion is jest the worst way they can do. She'll die in that hospital. La me! the new-fangled notions the doctors do get! We took care of my mother ourselves—we girls and boys—an' she was crazy two years. I remember one Thanksgivin' when we didn't have nothin' to eat all day except mush an' milk. Mother was so bad we couldn't get anythin'. We had to watch her to keep her out o' the fire, and, arter

all our care, she managed to burn her foot. One side of her foot was blistered all over, an' she didn't know it, she was so bad. There wasn't no big hospital prisons—ef there'd ben any, mebbe, our doctor'd sent her there. Thank the Lord, there wasn't none, an' so our old mother got well at home and was happy."

"Bless my stars, Sukey Brainerd! I didn't know your mother was ever crazy! I tho't she was the handsomest and nicest old lady I ever saw."

"So she was handsome, an' she lived more'n twenty years arter that sickness, an' was jest the best mother I ever knew. Of course, we children, didn't never let on that she was crazy, but I remember it—I guess I do!"

"But you say she couldn't feel the burn—that's the way I tho't it allers was—that crazy folks didn't feel."

"Crazy folks is different," said Aunt Sukey. "They ain't all alike. My mother was sleepy-like, but Marion is all alive to every touch and motion. All her senses are active, all sensitive to everything around her. An' so you see, she can't bear disagreeable impressions as easy as if she was well. She feels quicker.—Poor girl! How I pitied her when she couldn't keep the sense o' what she was readin'! She knew it, an' she felt so bad.

"Wall, Sukey, it's plain the 'sylum is the best place for her. The doctors there will know what to do for her."

"When you've seen as much of doctors as I have," answered Aunt Sukey, independently, "mebbe you'll have a different opinion of them! I know we must have doctors, and I don't deny but some o' them are good doctors, but we've got to use care in choosing them, an' we've got to watch them, an' we ought to know enough ourselves to be capable o' watchin' 'em! I've seen plenty o' cases where my patients that I was nussin' would a' died ef I had followed the doctor! There was Jane Miller when she was thrown out o' the wagon—she'd never a' walked a step ef I had done as the doctor said—though he was mad as a hornet when he found

she was gettin' well on my management. Then there was Jim Munroe, in that fever, he'd a' come out with a fever-sore, sartin, but for me! I tell you studyin' medicine don't give common sense to a man! If a man has good nateral judgment he may make a good physician; but if he's a born *non compos* all the hard studyin' of a lifetime won't make him a good doctor, nor a dozen diplomas won't do him no good in the way o' givin' him sense! You see, he may larn his lessons in books, but that ain't all that's needed. A doctor has got to have good judgment to know how to apply his book larnin' to the livin' person who lies sick right afore him, an' ef he hain't got nateral judgment he'll find himself at sea without a rudder, an' then of what use are his widspread sails? And then, there's doctors that are tricky. If they're naterally deceitful men, they'll be deceitful even after they've got their diplomas. Their course o' study don't give 'em moral principle. That is somethin' they'd ought to larned afore they went into the perfession. They need good Christian principles besides their perfession, or they're not fit to practice, an' some on 'em hain't got no Christian principle. It's only a day or two ago that I read this advertisement,—

"A PHYSICIAN GIVING UP HIS PRACTICE, will dispose of one of his Medical Diplomas. Address, ALLOPATHY—"

"Now what do you think of that? Don't it look as tho' some one was expected to buy that Diploma and then practise on the strength of it? I tell you the world is full of tricks, and doctors are like other men, an' will take an advantage jest as quick as other men."

"Sukey Brainerd, you're excited. All that you say may be true, but Dr. Herman Page has good natural judgment, an' he ain't tricky, an' accordin' to all I hear, Dr. Lamarette is another jest like him."

"I don't say there's anything wrong about them," continued Aunt Sukey, "but I do believe there's been a mistake about Marion's case from the very beginnin'.

She ain't jest like us common women. Of course she must eat and drink an' sleep as we all do—but when you see her mental natur', she ain't no more like us than an angel is like a mortal. She's got so much mind and soul that her narves are full of it an' that makes 'em have different wants from ours."

"Sukey Brainerd, what do you know about the mind an' soul an' narves? You can't see 'em."

"Wal, now, I don't know much. But let me ask you where does thought live in the body, an' what is thought but the soul inside? This soul lives—Pshaw—don't interrupt me! Have you ever studied it up? Have you ever stood over a quiverin', sufferin' woman an' seen the innate shrinkin' of her delicate narves at the sound or touch of coarseness or cruelty?—Don't tell me I don't know! I do know that people are full of mistakes about the nerves, an' there's got to be a deal of attention given to this matter. None of us are without narves, but a creetur' like Marion is jest full of 'em, an' they're almost fine enough to take her to Heaven without regeneration, if only they were strong!—But they ain't strong—there's the trouble;—an' she's never been allowed to make 'em strong, 'cause the ways she wanted were different from other folks. She's been held in and hedged in so's to keep her a fine lady—Bah!—jest as though a lady couldn't go out of doors unless she had on silks an' corsets, an' a lot o' heavy skirts, an' gloves to keep the air from her hands, an' veils to keep the pure winds from her lungs! Its a sin to keep women so! It tends to the weakenin' of the human race, to say nothin' o' individual sufferin'."

"Aunt Sukey, ef you'll stop talkin' long enough for somebody else to put a word in edgeways, I want to say that there's reason in all things, or should be, an' it appears that Marion hain't ben reasonable. She would go out when 'twasn't fit, an' when she wasn't well."

"She needed to go to make her well!" returned Aunt

- Sukey. "Twas a kind o' instinct in her that told her what she needed, jest as when a child is thirsty, instinct teaches it to drink. I hold that when the narvous system gits sensitive, or exhausted, and cries out for relief, these calls should be gratified, unless they tend to violence and then we must try some means for restorin' and strengthenin' them, an' it may be the sufferer 'll have to be shut up for a time, at least. But Marion never wanted anything worse than to run in the open air just when she felt like it."

"But—la—" continued Aunt Sukey, after a moment's pause, "'tain't no use to talk to folks who don't look into these things with any sort of enlightenment. But we shall see! It's my opinion Marion will never come out of that 'sylum till she comes out dead."

"Sukey Brainerd's near lost her head about this matter," the gossips said to each other. "Of course, Dr. Herman and the great Dr. Lamarette know more about this than she can know."

None of this excitement troubled Anna Jones. Whether or not Marion ever came out at all was of small consequence in her view. It might be better if she should not come back, for, as it always had seemed to her that Marion held herself aloof from her, it might be that if she should return and be again well, she would be an adverse influence in Anna's path.

"Marion was so lofty!" soliloquized Anna. "Nobody but the professor was her admitted equal. Well, she is fairly out of the way, now, and Herman has asked me to come and see them all often, and why shouldn't I? They need me to cheer their loneliness."

Anna exercised consummate tact in her efforts to please. Whatever had been Marion's was carefully kept in order. Marion's plants received especial attention, and the vases, filled continually with fresh flowers, occupied the same niches and nooks as when Marion was their mistress.

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Page, as she looked at the flowers, "it seems as though my daughter must have gathered and arranged these bouquets; you seem to have caught her very spirit, Anna."

"Indeed, Miss Anna," remarked Dr. Herman, "you do care most admirably for all that my unfortunate sister loved. You are almost a second Marion."

"Anna is playing a shrewd game," said Aunt Sukey, "but it is a bold one. I wonder Herman Page don't see through her—but there—there's nothing so blind as a man where a woman is concerned! Sometimes he'll think she's after him when she wouldn't stoop to look at him—and then, at other times, she'll almost throw herself in his face, an' he won't see it! But the most conceited part of it is that you can never make a man believe he don't know! He thinks what he don't know ain't worth knowin'! Wal, ha, ha, ha! Dr. Herman Page is jest like the rest on 'em, arter all his high head!"

Little by little Anna won her way. "A constant dropping wears away a stone." Constant attentions in the domestic life of the Page household wrought a channel where Anna seemed a necessity. Henrietta had her own household cares, and could not come back to the old home to advise as often as mother needed. Elizabeth was too young to fill Marion's place, and the family soon learned to lean upon Anna, and to trust to her for advice, which she was only too happy to give.

"La," said the gossips, "taint Dr. Herman Anna cares for;—it's the position, the nice home, and the triumph of securin' it! So she tries to be like Marion, to tend Marion's plants, and be careful of her books, and in that way bring Dr. Herman to admire her."

The gossips had judged correctly. Anna saw that Herman was lonely, that when he came into the house he looked sadly around as if in search of something which he could never find, and that he frequently stood

in silence beside the bower of vines and plants beneath which Marion had been wont to sit, with book and pencil in her hand.

Sadly, thus, the days passed by, sorrowfully to Dr. Page, and more sorrowfully to the mother; but Anna soared on the wings of hope. Every day gave her renewed confidence. Every day the young doctor treated her more cordially and with more home-like familiarity. Miss Fanny had passed out of the race. There was no longer fear of her.

Twilight's gray veil was shading the still air as Dr. Page turned his horse in at the familiar gateway of his home yard. He had been out the night previous, and he had patients about whom he was anxious. He was weary, and the deepening darkness accorded with his dispirited mood. When he came into the house he found it solitary. No lights illumined the rooms. No voice uttered the evening greeting. The mother and Elizabeth were out, and there was no Marion. Softly and sadly he repeated to himself,—

“Marion—Marion! If only she was here!”

Slowly through the hall and silent rooms he passed, and then entered the apartment in which was Marion's bower of vines and plants. Beneath the green drapery a woman's dress was visible. A small boot peeped out below the dress.

“Marion!”

Like a hush of sound, like a whisper quieted by awe, Herman spoke the name.

“Marion!”

Suddenly a face appeared, emerging from the foliage, and a cheery voice answered,—

“If only it could be Marion!”

“Anna—ah, Anna! Is it you? I was dreaming of Marion. The house is sad to-night—or I am sad. Which is it? I do miss Marion, every hour. I thought her spirit was enshrined within this bower.”

"If only there could be some solace found for you," responded Anna. "I, too, have been thinking of Marion. Will she not soon come home?"

"Alas, I fear not! Lamarette's reports are not encouraging. These mental diseases are slow and difficult to cure. It may take years to restore her."

"Oh, how sad! Perhaps Dr. Lamarette does not understand her case. Some other physician may do better."

"No. Lamarette is pre-eminently skilful in these maladies. If he says there is no hope, there is none."

Anna arose and gently placed a chair near her own. Herman dropped into the chair. Anna resumed her first position. Her face was environed with vines. Herman could just see it in the gloaming like a picture half hidden in leafy drapery. She was bright with health and her cheeks flushed roseate at the near proximity of her chosen love. She felt that her hour had come. She had not vainly waited.

Long they sat beneath that pyramidal bower. Silence filled all the room. Save the murmur of their voices no sound moved the air, twilight merged into darkness but they noticed it not. Their conversation was disjointed, and trivial, as if the lips uttered words while, beneath, torrents of other words were flowing. Then gradually the light words ceased, the flowing torrents of the heart rushed on, until—shall we say how the waters met?

Dr. Herman never knew, and possibly Anna could not have told which broached the subject, or how it was that she was acknowledged as the hope of the young man in his trials, or how she came suddenly to be pledged to him as his future wife. Her dissembling was admirable.

"I never thought——" here she hesitated, "that you who are so much above me,——" hesitation again, "could——" another pause, "love me in that way."

"Why should I not love you in that, and in all other ways? Who else has been my steadfast friend, as you

have? Who has been the support of my mother and sisters, but you? In our darkest hours you have cheered our home."

"I did what I could," was the low reply, "but I am not your equal. Some day you may regret choosing me as your wife. Marion, only, is your equal. Should she come home, the disparity between us will be too apparent for your happiness."

"Whether Marion returns or not will not affect your position in my esteem, or as my wife. I am not a man to choose a wife and then regret it. Together we will live and meet the storms or sunshine of fate. If Marion comes home we will be glad together; if she never comes we will both sorrow over her sad destiny."

Thus in the darkness of the evening, beneath the embowering vines and blossoms of Marion's pedestal, Dr. Herman Page and Anna Jones were pledged for life. The world moved on as before; but Anna's world was changed. No shadows troubled her now. Fanny Dahlgren's loveliness was no longer to be feared. Dr. Page cared no more for Miss Fanny. Anna's heart was full of light; her step was buoyant; her cheeks glowed with rich carnation.

Was it equally light in Dr. Page's world? He did not regret that Anna was to be his wife. He had long ago buried all love for Fanny Dahlgren. It was strange that he had been obliged to bury it many times over, and often, since! Why could he not manage his own heart? Why should a buried love resurrect itself and rise before him with the vividness of new life? Why should Fanny seem to come up from the ground, down from the skies, and out from the blank air, when nothing apparent called up her image?

"This is weakness!" soliloquized the young doctor. "It is effeminacy! Shall not a man's *will* be stronger than a fancy? Down, idle specter of the past! A man should live for the present—and for the future. What

has my future to do with Fanny Dahlgren? Marion, poor Marion came between us. It must have been God's will. I will be happy in the path my God has marked for me. A physician should have a wife, and Anna will be a true wife."

Thus Dr. Herman threw the shadows from his own pathway. With his own strong hand he thrust from before him all impediments to prosperity and peace. The love that came up unbidden, he continued to bury, and, on each new-made grave he trampled, until it became at length a saintlike resurrection, a spiritual presence, a mere soul-power with which the corporal earth had no affinity. In subsequent years when his hair was streaked with gray, and he was the good old physician of the town, he often met Miss Fanny Dahlgren by the bed of the sick poor. She was the ministering angel of the town. They met, the good physician, and the lonely nurse, as the disembodied may meet, with souls flowing out in unison, but hedged in here by corporal laws.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW HOME.

MARION remained in the asylum. The winter passed away, the spring, the glorious, leafy summer, and still she lingered under the care of Dr. Lamarette. The first unpleasant consciousness which she experienced was that of being a prisoner. Seeing the constant locking and unlocking of the doors, and realizing the locked condition of her own room door at night, the helplessness of her situation powerfully impressed her. She saw the doctors, the attendants, and other officials carry keys; she saw them unlock the doors and pass through. They who carried keys were free.

But the patients had no keys. They had not even latches or knobs to their doors. By the turning of the key only, could the doors be closed or opened. There could be no sure privacy for a patient. At any moment an official could enter the patient's bedchamber. The most delicate woman had no protection against a male physician's unannounced appearance in her close chamber.

"I cannot believe that my brother realized what this life is," said Marion, when she first comprehended the nature of the institutional life. "When he comes to see me, I shall tell him how it is! Unwarrantable freedom to the officers and attendants; for the patients close prison! this is the life! I shall tell Herman, and he will take me home."

The attendant, listening, smiled. Often had the attendant heard patients speak thus hopefully of going home, but seldom were these hopes realized. Friends came, and went, leaving their dear ones to still endure this

hopeless existence. Sometimes the friends listened to the complaints and entreaties of the patients, and became uneasy lest this secret life was not all it claimed to be, but a few oily words from the suave superintendent removed their fears, convinced them that the patient's mind was too disordered to correctly judge of his or her treatment, and no subsequent appeals from the suffering prisoners produced any effect. Marion's attendant, accustomed to seeing this result, anticipated the same in answer to Marion's appeal to her brother.

The older patients, prisoners for years, sighed as they heard Marion's hopeful expressions.

"Poor thing!" they said to each other. "She will find out her mistake, and woe—woe is hers, then."

"I shall tell my brother just what this life is," she remarked to these same patients, "and he will take me back to mother."

"You must learn to bear it, child," answered the gray-haired women. "We all of us have passed through this terrible experience of learning that here hope means life-imprisonment. Yes, it is dreadful. The same might become wild under the realization of this terrible fate! Only criminals of the deepest dye are sentenced to imprisonment for life! Why, then, should we be made to bear this doom?"

Marion heeded not their evil auguries.

"My brother is not base," she said. "When I have told him of this life, he will take me home."

The next fact which the imprisoned girl learned was, that the contentment which appeared among the better class of patients was but specious—a mere subterfuge by which to escape punishment. To complain was a crime which banished the patients to the maniacs' wards, or shut them up in solitary confinement. Therefore, they hid their murmurings, even while their hearts were breaking. Alone in their cells they wept. Sometimes they congregated in the halls, and in defiance of the rules,

bemoaned their fate. But they were soon ordered to "Shut up," especially if the doctor was soon expected.

"Do you suppose Dr. Lamarette wants to be forever hearing your complaints?" angrily asked an attendant of a weeping woman. "Dry up, now, or I'll make the place hot for you!"

Marion was shocked at this rough manner of speaking to these sick, unhappy ladies. Not one of them was in good health; not one but was in deep sorrow. Friendless, solitary, with prison perpetually staring in their faces, their need was love, kindness and recuperative aids. Marion watched carefully the medical treatment as it came under her observation. Accustomed to hear Herman's observations regarding the condition of his patients, to hear him speak of diet, of hygienic conditions, and of the medicines he prescribed, she was intelligently interested in learning the methods of Dr. Lamarette for these various women. All that she could see was a mere routine in which all the patients, of whatever disease, received the same prescriptions. At regular hours she saw the supervisors pass through the halls with trays on which were small mugs filled with narcotics which were administered to the patients by force or by any other means which the officials were pleased to invent. She, herself, took a mug and swallowed the contents.

These narcotics were the Alpha and Omega of the medical pharmacopœia of Dr. Lamarette's insane asylum. If these failed to stupefy the delicate nerves of the patients, or to reduce them to a comatose state, the next resort was the camisole or strait jacket, or the mittens which bind the hands, or the cuffs which confine the wrists, or the wet suffocating sheets bound over the head, or the bed-straps, or cribs, or the pulling of hair, or the knocking down, or the locking into cells, or locking out into cold corridors, all of which are aids to the deadening medicines, and save the attendants much trouble.

Marion was surprised at seeing these methods of treating the feeble, delicate women in her hall, many of whom were from the families of the wealthy and had been accustomed to tender love and home comforts. She almost forgot her own misery in her sympathy with those around her.

"Surely," she exclaimed, "my brother would not approve this treatment!"

Unaware that the officials were often spies who would carry her words to the superintendent, she spoke frankly, as we in America are accustomed to express our thoughts. The supervisors and attendants (both positions filled by women on the women's side of the institution) were indignant at her fine criticisms. They accused her of exciting the other patients, and creating mutinous uneasiness among them. She answered fearlessly,—

"If they were properly treated, what I say would not disturb them. *THE TRUTH*, which I speak, causes the disaffection."

She was reported to Dr. Lamarette as a "troublesome patient,"—"a very crazy person," and "unfit to be in the best hall."

"She ought to be sent down to the maniac ward," suggested a supervisor. "There they will find a way to shut her mouth."

Dr. Lamarette hesitated. He did not quite like to change Miss Page's room. He had promised Dr. Page that his sister should have every attention, and that he would treat her as if she were his own sister. Dr. Page had told him to spare no expense, and Lamarette had a strong realization of the ethics of honor between himself and his brother physicians. Besides, she was one of his most remunerative patients. If her brother should learn that she had been moved to a disagreeable ward, he might take her away and thus her change would prove detrimental to the funds of the establishment. He considered, also, that if she went to a lower ward she

would see yet more of the treatment which she criticised and detested. Yes, she would herself fall a victim to this severity. If, in the lower ward, she ventured to complain, the attendants would not only tell her "Shut your mouth!" but they would shut it for her, practically and summarily.

The superintendent, disliking to put his young and beautiful patient into that low ward, concluded to talk with her, personally, and to persuade her into silence in the ward which he considered the best in the house. Therefore, entering her small, prison room, he closed the door and smilingly began the effort. He told her how it pained him to know that she, or any of his patients, were unhappy; how it was his desire to see them all comfortable; how gladly he would grant more privileges if he could; but where there were so many,—

"Why have so many?" she interjected, impetuously. "They are all made miserable by being shut up together in large numbers, each one seeing the unnatural condition of the others."

"It is impossible to prevent large numbers," was the doctor's sententious and somewhat impatient reply.

"Where there is a will, there can be found a way," responded Marion. "And, doctor, there should be some better method found for the care of these suffering women. They should be protected from abuse, they should have more nourishing food, and there should not be so many together in one hall. When I see my brother I will speak to him of these mistakes."

Alas—by these words Marion had sealed her own fate! She had thrown the threat of disclosure directly into Lamarette's face. He perceived that she was fully resolved, and that she was quite capable of telling a convincing tale. Instantaneously his heart closed against her. He set his will firmly.

"She shall never go out of here! She shall never see her brother, except under surveillance!"

And yet, Dr. Lamarette was not a hard-hearted man. As a general practitioner he would have been a skillful man and a genial friend. As the superintendent of this large, prison-like institution, his own private interests conflicted with the exposure which Marion threatened, and therefore his nature steeled itself against her. He was an exponent of the theory upon which his institution rested, and necessity compelled him to enforce its cruel practices. To shrink from the duties of his position would ensure the loss of the position and create discords and enmities with his brother superintendents.

Dr. Lamarette's family occupied the central building of the asylum. All the rooms of his household were luxuriously furnished. Numerous servants were in attendance for the supply of every want. The family table was loaded with delicacies, and carriages were ever in waiting at the well-kept stables. Besides the doctor's salary, there was a constant income from perquisites which dropped quietly into the superintendent's private pocket. He did not like to leave this favored situation. It might not be easy to find another as pleasant and lucrative.

Like many other men Dr. Lamarette erred from what he deemed a necessity for his own benefit. He had not the Christian fortitude which says, "I will do right—God will take care of the consequences."

He was a man of the world. He studied policy and was guided by what appeared its behests. If policy and simple right could agree, his course would be more agreeable. Just now, policy and right were at variance and policy gained the victory. Marion's life-imprisonment was to be the consequence.

CHAPTER XV.

DEEPER DEPTHS.

THE next point to be settled was, "Shall she remain in the best hall, or shall she go to a meaner ward?"

The attendant of the best hall pressed him to send her away.

"I cannot keep the other patients contented, if Miss Page is here," urged the attendant.

"She must go down," urged the supervisor. "She is continually talking to the others and making them discontented."

"Her brother, Dr. Page—" began Lamarette.

"Why need her brother know that she is moved?" impetuously asked the supervisor. "We have plenty of patients who live in lower wards than are suspected by their friends. When her brother comes we can bring her into the best ward to receive him."

"But I promised Dr. Page to keep her in the best place."

"What matters it?" answered the supervisor. "Of course, you are obliged to promise many things, and would keep your promise if you could. Her brother may be a gentleman whom you respect, but *she* is now *our patient*, and must conform to the rules of the institution! If she will not be quiet, if she will not refrain from commenting on our acts, let her go down.—She *must* go!"

"Put her down, then," answered Lamarette, weary of the contest, and immediately returning to his office.

Marion went down. It was a sudden blow to her. It struck her like an electric shock of darting pain. It was

the hour for retiring and many of the women were already in bed. The gas in the center of the hall was lighted and the doors into the sleeping rooms were standing ajar, thus affording entrance for light from the hall while the patients prepared for rest. At that moment the stern supervisor entered the hall and approached Marion with a peremptory air.

"Miss Page, come this way with me?"

"Why?" asked Marion in surprise.

It was a useless query. A moment of reflection sufficed to open Marion's mind to the fact which she might have sooner known, that in insane asylums they do not tell patients *why* they give orders, or *why* they commit any act.

The tall, black-eyed supervisor looked at Marion for a moment as if she had committed a heinous crime in uttering the simple query "why?"

"Follow me!" exclaimed the supervisor, in a tone of command.

Marion followed. Down the winding stairs they went, down into a hall where the air was fetid, where wooden settees were ranged against the walls, and iron cot-beds were standing in various places with chloral-stupefied women lying on them. Marion moaned audibly.

"Come along!" said the supervisor. "If you couldn't be contented in the best hall, try this and see how you like it."

Saying that, the supervisor turned and walked out at the door, locking it after passing through. Marion was left standing alone in the dismal hall. No moving person was to be seen. The place seemed to her like a sepulcher with dead bodies stretched on the narrow iron cots. And were they not dead bodies, or at least dying bodies, killed before their time by deadly drugs?

Far away in the center of the hall, a light gleamed out from an open doorway, and merry voices could be heard chatting and laughing. Marion walked slowly to-

wards the light. She was not heard by the cheerful company within the room until she reached the open door. A group of gay young girls was in the room, gathered around plates of fruit, while cake and other dainties stood near. The attendants were feasting on delicacies which had been sent by relatives of patients for the use of their sick loved ones. The patients, stupefied by chloral, had passed into suffering unconsciousness, while the attendants reveled in stolen fruits.

"Phsaw!" said the attendants to each other. "What do crazy people want of these goodies? We need them, for the institution does not half feed us. The doctors get all the good things, and we must take these or go without."

"Ha! Who are you?" exclaimed the attendant of this gloomy hall, springing forward menacingly towards Marion. "Ah—I see—you are the new patient the supervisor was to bring! Here—come this way! Right in here is your bed. You are to have this room to yourself, and you are not to talk to anybody! Let me hear of your grumbling in *my* hall, and I'll fix you mighty quick! I'll have a gag between your teeth before you can say 'scat!' Go to bed, now, and don't let me hear a sound from you."

The attendant returned to her blithe companions, and Marion, with suppressed sobs in her throat, silently prepared for bed. One comfort, alone, sustained her and kept her brain from going wild.

"I will write to Herman, to-morrow!"

This was the thought by which she was quieted, and in the comfort of which she slept. The next day she asked for pen, ink and paper. Her request was granted. Dr. Lamarette allowed his patients to write. His theory was, that writing relieved the minds of the patients, and that by reading the letters he was able to ascertain more clearly the condition of the patient's minds. If the letter censured the institution it was never sent beyond

the waste-basket. If it praised or flattered either the doctor or house, it always went.

Marion wrote her letter. It was carried to Dr. Lamarette, and he read it. But Marion's brother never saw it. It was torn in pieces by Lamarette's own hand, and in its place Lamarette sent a letter written by himself. In this letter Lamarette represented Marion as prospering finely. He called her a charming young lady, and hoped a few months would restore her to her friends. In closing, he advised the brother not to visit her at present, as seeing friends might interrupt her favorable progress.

Long and anxiously did Marion wait for an answer to her letter. In writing to Herman she had begged him to come and take her away. She had told him of her removal to this wretched hall, of the poor food, the bad air, and of the miserable conditions under which she existed. She was sure Herman would come—or, at least, write.

Time passed and no letter came. She wept in her desolate, cell-like room. Had Herman forgotten her? had her mother forgotten her daughter? Was she to be left here to die, or to linger in daily misery as she saw others linger? Was she to become one of these wretched beings who seemed to be but living occupants of tombs above ground waiting only for the closer tombs below?

"Oh, my God!" pressing her hands in anguish upon her eyes. "Is this to be my fate?"

As she sat thus weeping, she was accosted by Dr. Lovering, the young medical assistant who was taking his daily tour through the halls. From the first day on which Marion entered the building he had been her secret admirer. Her youth, her delicate beauty and queenly carriage, the marked intelligence of her countenance and modest yet dignified manner, had impressed the young man with admiration which was not lessened by her fearless criticisms of the institution and its management.

"I do not believe she is crazy at all," he mentally ejaculated. "If she is, why, then, all I have to say is, she knows more when she is crazy than other people do when they are rational! By Jove! When she talks about this place she just hits the nail on the head every time! I wouldn't give much for Lamarette's chance for remaining here if she gets at her brother! Lord! If Page should know how things are here, he would have Lamarette out of this place before another moon! Why do I not tell what I know? O, I don't want a fuss! I should lose my place here, and what is the use?—Ho, supervisor, is that you? So you got our fine young lady out of the best hall?"

The tall woman who acted as supervisor paused and answered the young man.

"Yes, we were obliged to move her. She was troublesome."

"She isn't far from correct," replied the young doctor, laughing, "and she talks like a well-written book. Every patient could read her words, as they could read printed columns in a newspaper, and they knew she was right. By Jove, this is a rotten system! It makes more people crazy than it cures. We are half full of what I call asylum-crazy—that is, they have been made crazy in here. If I weren't hard up for money I wouldn't stay here. But I must have money, so I grin and bear it."

"You might establish yourself in some place," suggested the supervisor.

"Yes, and starve before I could get patients! No, I go in for money, now and forever, and I am going to stick where the money is. The superintendents of asylums can get all the money they ask of our legislators. In fact, the American Association of Asylum Superintendents rule the roost, and we, little side fellows, would be lost if we should attempt to expose the system. So let it go on, and I will get all I can from the public barrel. Maybe I'll be superintendent by and by."

The dark-faced supervisor frowned, saying,—

"I think I ought to tell Dr. Lamarette how you view his institution. He probably wouldn't want your services much longer."

"Ha, ha, ha! You dare not tell him, my lady! I know too many little leaks in your bucket! By Jove, you wouldn't be here long if I should open on you!"

The supervisor knew this and was silent. Lovering shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

This was the man who entered the dismal lower ward, as Marion sat with her hand pressed on her tear-stained eyes. Hitherto he had been restrained from addressing her with familiarity. The dignity of her demeanor had repelled him. But at this moment she was utterly abandoned to sorrow, and her absolute dejection invited the sympathy of the young physician, and overcame his fear. He approached her reverently,—

"Miss Page, I am sorry to see you sad."

She removed her hand from her eyes and glanced tearfully up at the speaker. He had been always pleasant to her, and she was glad to see him now in this hour of anguish. He extended his hand and cordially took hers, wet as it was with her tears.

"This is very discouraging, Miss Page. You may be assured that I had no part in your removal to this place."

"O doctor, what have I done that I should be brought to this dreadful hall? I thought life was hard in the other hall, but this is fearful! There are such dreadful women here—and if I stay here, I think I shall grow to be like them! Besides, I am afraid of them."

"They will not harm you, Miss Page. They are perfectly inoffensive. Some of them have been here a score of years."

"Ugh! O doctor! I do not wonder that they have lost all womanliness! Why, in that time here, I should have lost all my senses! Shall I have to stay here much longer?"

"Not another day if I was in charge!" replied the enamoured young man. "But I have no power. I am only subordinate. It is a pity that you were quite so bold in giving your opinion on the arrangements here."

"All that I said is true, doctor. I am sure that you agree with me."

"But sometimes it is necessary to suppress the truth," returned the young physician. "It is not natural for people to like to hear reflections on their own conduct."

"But," interposed Marion, "when there is great injustice, and sad medical mistakes, it is surely our duty to expose them! Think of the helplessness of these incarcerated women locked in here under keepers whose tempers are often violent and unreasonable, and how they are all shut away from hope, not knowing whether they will ever be released! Is it strange that they grow incurably crazy? I am sure this is no proper method for the cure of mental disturbances."

"And I am sure," observed the young man, "that whether or not it is a proper place for the insane, it is no place for you, and if I have any influence you will soon be in a different position."

She riveted her clear eyes on his face as if she would read below the surface of its expression, in her search for truth and her voice trembled with excitement as she replied,—

"You will be entitled to my undying gratitude, if you take me from this dreadful place."

"I may ask more than gratitude," was his murmured response. "I will see what can be done. Trust me, and have hope."

With an assuring smile he bowed and walked on. The light that stole out from her face was beautiful as we might fancy the face of a celestial being, newly arrived from the abode of happiness.

"Of all women she is the most wonderful," thought the young doctor, as he glanced back at her. "She has that soul beauty which will never change."

CHAPTER XVI.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

WE hear of the "calm life in asylums." We are told to send our friends there, at once, if we perceive in them any symptoms of insanity. But the calmness of asylum patients is often induced by narcotics, and to hurry people there, but hurries them to a "living death." Like the neuter verb "to be," life in asylums is simply *to exist*. The existence is chained, held in utter bondage, kept from all activity, and yet is not willingly passive. Mind cannot be healed by absolute deprivation of privileges. If mind and body are to grow unto perfectness, both must have full scope for activity in such departments of life as are suited to their general and individual natures.

The insane are not supposed to be capable of loving; yet, often, their broken minds are more susceptible to affection than while sound. The crushed soul, having lost its power of self-reliance, clings with increased tenacity to those around whom its tendrils twine. Thus it was with Marion. She soon learned to trust and believe in the truth of Dr. Lovering; aye, more, to return the affection which he daily manifested towards her. He was the one light amid the darkness of her environments, and his visits were welcomed as rays of sunshine amid clouds. He learned her tastes and sought to gratify them.

"If I were master here," he remarked, as he gave her a bouquet of fragrant flowers, "you should soon be free, for not a rose here is more a queen among other flowers, than are you a sovereign over other women."

Marion was not vain. Flattery affected her little.

But here, in this desolate situation, these expressions of kindness fell upon her like refreshing dew. And the beautiful flowers brought by the young physician, were to her fragrant not only with their own aroma but with his kindness, which had remembered to preserve them, and put them in her hands.

"These are the first flowers I have had since I left my home," she exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "Thanks, doctor—a, thousand thanks! My poor cell is a paradise. How kind in you to remember that I love flowers more than anything."

"You love flowers more than anything," observed the young physician. "I have learned to love a human flower. Is it strange that I should remember what my human flower loves?"

For a moment she gazed searchingly at him, then her eyes fell back upon the beautiful treasures in her hand, and she seemed to dream. Then, rousing from her reverie, she asked,—

"Have you ever studied botany, doctor?"

"Not much," he answered. "But you can teach me. I am delighted that I have made you happy. I will bring you a vase and water to keep the flowers fresh."

"You are very kind, doctor. God has not left me quite desolate. I shall never forget you."

"I ask no greater boon than that you remember me," was his quick reply, as with another glance of undisguised admiration, he bowed and hastened away to procure a vase.

The asylum, with its corridors, secret passages, close locked rooms, and isolation from outside social life, afforded constant temptations to Dr. Lovering. He lived unceasingly with women who were helplessly under his power, and whose abnormal conditions placed him often in very delicate positions. His only superior in authority was Dr. Lamarette, to whom he reported according to his own fancies. The patients were, therefore, en-

tirely in the power of Dr. Lovering. He was their umpire. He stood between them and the superintendent. There is no way by which patients can escape from the power of the assistant doctors in an asylum, and Dr. Lovering freely used his power for his own selfish gratification. As he had represented to the supervisor, he remained in the place from sheer want of money, and while intellectually perceiving the terrible evils, he stilled his conscience, and by self-indulgence made these evils greater.

Dr. Lovering was not naturally worse than many other men, but his peculiar position afforded him facilities for grievous errors. The prayer, "keep me from temptation," was a mere play upon words in this large, locked institution. The officials are constantly tempted, and the temptations can be removed only by entirely abolishing the system of huge palace-prisons for the insane.

Marion's small, coarse cell-room became suddenly changed. The little pine bureau was constantly covered with fresh flowers. Books were lying about, new magazines and newspapers were scattered in profusion over the white coverlid of the cot-bed. Then an easy-chair appeared, and fruit in abundance. Marion could not fail to appreciate these offerings of kindness, accompanied, as they were, with gentlemanly tokens of respect and affection. Starving as she had been, in both soul and body, the food for body and mind was an offering that made its way to her inmost heart.

Knowing that all these contributions to her comfort were from Dr. Lovering, she could not fail of becoming interested in him. Soon she began to watch and impatiently wait for his coming, to feel her pulse quicken at his approach, and to find in his companionship a pleasure which largely counterbalanced her otherwise miserable condition. He had not removed her from the low ward, but he told her of his heroic efforts to allay the prejudices existing against her in the mind of the

superintendent, and she gave credence to his tale. How could she doubt the word of this young gentleman, who was her particular and almost only friend? Surrounded, as she was, by maniacs and half-idiot, Dr. Lovering seemed to the suffering girl as a demi-god, a hero of classic times, a man *sans reproche*.

The young doctor's devotions to his patient were soon the theme of comment and criticism in the asylum. There were girls among the attendants who had looked wistfully at the fascinating young physician, and they were not pleased at seeing "a crazy patient," wear the honor of his capture. Some stale jokes were repeated at his expense, and some dry witticisms passed as new and sharp. One said there was a new *page* turned over in the institution; another remarked the *page* was but a blank; while a third suggested that on the *page* there was an invisible inscription—"Love-her-ing. Ha, ha, ha!"

Human nature is not changed by entering an asylum. The precincts of a locked institution are but an epitome of the "wide, wide world." Imprison people chosen promiscuously from the crowds, and in each company the same exhibitions will be manifest. Between the sane and insane the difference is less than is generally supposed. Human nature becomes unbalanced, the soul trembles, but no work of God is lost. Time rolled on in its wonted course, and Marion was happier than before Dr. Lovering proffered her his love. She had full faith in him.

In Marion's home there were changes. Dr. Page's engagement had been announced, and although Mrs. Grundy had expected the event, she broke forth into fresh gossip.

"Anna has played her part well!"

"Who'd 'a' thought Herman Page would ever marry Anna Jones? Well, wonders will never cease!"

"It's too bad he didn't take Fanny Dahlgren! What does Fanny think about it?"

But no one ventured to ask Miss Fanny, and in all the village not a person, save Aunt Sukey Brainerd, had any true idea of Miss Fanny's mental condition. Wise Aunt Sukey opened not her lips.

"There's one thing sartin," the old ladies remarked. "Anna will be a good housekeeper. She's smart and trained to housekeeping."

"And another thing's sartin," responded the men. "She'll always have enough to keep house with. 'Taint every young man has a fortin to begin with and a perfession besides. Herman Page is a lucky chance for her."

Not many of these remarks reached Dr. Herman's ears. His reticent self-reliance prevented familiarity, and seldom did the gossips' "air their rhetoric" in his presence. That Anna was to become his wife he did not deny, but he spoke of it gravely as of any other business. No one uttered a joke, or criticised her fitness or unfitness, in his hearing.

"He's a good doctor," said the women, "but he's a terrible proud man, and close-mouthed."

"I have chosen her," was his secret thought. "Is not that sufficient? Who has any right to comment?"

Of this engagement Marion heard nothing. Into her prison there came no tidings from home save an occasional letter, and the family had been cautioned—wisely, they supposed—by the superintendent against writing anything that might excite her, and thus retard her recovery. Strange—is it not—that families will listen to such fallacies and at the bidding of a selfish or mistaken superintendent leave their dear ones to die slowly in an up-ground tomb? Marion might almost as well have passed the bourne whence we know there is no return to the dear home, nay, possibly her anguish would have been less, inasmuch as certainty is often better than suspense, or than the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick." The healthy and strong succumb often

to such "deferred hope"—why, then do doctors press the weak-minded through the frightful ordeal of suspense that lasts forever, at least to the end of their earthly lives?

"I would like to have Marion know of our betrothal," Dr. Page remarked to Anna. "When we are married, dear, shall we not bring her home and give her a little share of our happiness?"

This question was not pleasant in Anna's ears. It jarred like a note of discord in her otherwise harmonious arrangement of home melodies. She had a secret consciousness that Marion would not approve her brother's choice, and the vision of Fanny Dahlgren, Marion's bosom friend, glided before her mental perceptions. She did not reply to her lover's question, but adroitly changed the topic of conversation.

"When I am safely married will be soon enough to put my foot down!" was her soliloquy. "Dr. Herman will find, then, that I have a will and a way of my own."

The inward thought brought a flush to her cheeks, and the young man at her side began to think her almost beautiful with the deep roseate hues of youth and perfect health. How thin the veil that hides our thoughts! One glance beneath the veil at that moment would have driven Dr. Herman to the antipodes.

"Marion is so excessively fastidious," Anna was thinking, "and so very literary, that we should never get on together. As to that, Herman is fastidious and proud, but I can manage him because he's a man, and men can't see through a woman, nor can women understand men. But Marion would know that I am not her equal, and if she should be in the house I should be below her. No, I will never have her here! I will be mistress of the house. Mrs. Page is growing old, and is broken down since Marion went away, and Elizabeth is but a child. She can marry when she is older, or live with Henrietta. I will be queen over my own domain."

Thus the fates were slowly closing the home doors against Marion, and an ominous hand was writing the fiat of ignorant and evil human will against her future return to the scenes of her youth, and to the pleasures of "Home, sweet, sweet home."

And yet, at this moment, had Marion been apprised of this dark fiat, she would scarcely have given it attention. For the handsome, accomplished, young Dr. Lovering had laid his love, as an offering, before her, and she, the imprisoned one, with no other hope, had taken this offering and bound it around her pure heart. Love of this kind was a new sensation to Marion. She had loved her flowers, her mother, and Herman—but those loves were tame, insignificant, and transient compared with this which came now into her soul. The glory which she perceived above and around her, reminded her of the vision when she ascended into the blue dome alone and stood upon the clouds, listening to the music of the spheres. Herman had said that was a "castle in the air," and so it was, for it fell, never to rise again. But this was not a visionary castle, this was a love with a sure foundation in the heart of one who was daily by her side, one who would take her out of this cruel prison and give her a home of freedom with him, where she would rest contented.

In love, as spoken of in novels, Marion was unsophisticated. She had read a few novels by the best authors, not from any particular interest in the denouement of the play of passion, but for their intrinsic value as literary compositions. Her views of love between the sexes were not sensational. Marriage was, in her estimation, a sacred act, a holy sacrament, and the most serious event of one's life. It was an act which should be the subject of prayer and calm consideration, and one love should suffice for a lifetime.

"It would be dreadful to marry an unworthy man," she used to remark. "One's whole life would be a wreck.

It pains me to hear people jest on so sacred a subject. It is like mocking God who instituted marriage among his holy laws."

This high and holy relation Dr. Lovering had offered her, and in the sincerity of perfect trust in him, she had accepted it.

"I will make you free," he said, "and then I shall be proud to call you mine."

"Can I be again free? When, O when?"

"When your brother comes I shall talk with him about it."

"Will Herman ever come? It seems long, very long, since I saw him."

"No doubt it does seem long to you. Your brother is not in fault. Dr. Lamarette has advised him to remain away, for your good."

"For my good? Dr. Lamarette is mistaken. Let him be in my place and let him see how he would like his own prescription. This house is home to Dr. Lamarette and his family. They have every comfort, and they cannot realize how hard the place is for us. We are prisoners. Dr. Lamarette is free. He is holding us in subjection, and on the price of our sufferings and privations he is living in luxury. Let him come down here in my cell and let me go up to his elegantly furnished rooms. Then he will have a chance to try the effect of the motto, 'Put yourself in his place.'"

Marion's eyes flashed, and her voice quivered with indignation at the injustice of her doom, held, as she was, in bonds, and trodden under the feet of the law-makers, and wills of men. For, be it remembered, no form of law had committed Marion—no certificate of physician or judge had ever been made; but the Legislature of her State had built this great prison, and two men, her brother and the superintendent, had agreed to put her in it. Let no one say this is a novelist's fiction. Marion's life is no fiction.

"Darling," exclaimed Lovering, "you shall no longer be a prisoner of this institution! You shall be *my* prisoner, and I will be *your* prisoner! We will both be held in the bonds of love—sweet love. Ah—will not that be an imprisonment of the beatitudes? That which binds us together doubles our joys, and divides the evils that assail us. Never—" he seized her hand and pressed it passionately, "never did I consume with love until now—and—you never loved before?"

"I never thought of it," she answered simply. "And, now, when I have the brand of insanity on me, you do not fear to take me?"

"I do not fear," he responded. "Therefore, let us be happy and bless the fate that brought us together."

Sometimes Marion thought her lover's demonstrations of affection were warmer than propriety or necessity required; but then, were they not affianced, and was not he a noble gentleman? No longer did the days seem gloomy. No more did she heed the coarse walls of her room, or loathe the imprisonment into which had come the joy and beauty of a new life. How she pitied the unhappy women who were her prison companions! Into their sad lives no new joy had come, no friend had brought sweet love to soothe their pains. In the fullness of her love she let her soul flow out to theirs and sought by every available means to relieve their miseries. She invested her lover with ideal perfections, and the hours of his absence seemed long and void.

"You complain that I am with you too little," he whispered. "Ah—you little know how I long to be with you always! But all these great halls must be visited—these hundreds of patients must have some attention. It is they who might complain of neglect."

"No, no," was her quick reply, "you must not neglect your patients! Herman never does that! I will be very quiet and hopefully wait for your return."

"The evenings shall be ours together," he answered,

eagerly. "When my day's task is finished, I will come to you. Together we will close each day."

"It will be a delightful close," was her cheerful response.

Thus time glided on. Hope gilded the young prisoner's days, and although it was "hope deferred," the delay seemed but a pleasure. Was she not the most favored among women? Was she not the beloved of the most accomplished, the most noble gentleman she had ever met?—save Herman who was above all others, and whom none could equal. And what would Herman think of her choice? Would he be pained if she should love another more than she loved him! What would her dear mother say?

"I must write to Herman and to my mother," she said to her beloved.

"Yes, dear. Write all that is in your heart."

"It would be impossible," was her smiling reply.

She wrote, once, twice, thrice, but no answers came. At this she marveled, yet was not unhappy, for the elysian fields of love were a paradise in which there was no root of sorrow. And yet she wondered that Herman sent her no word of congratulation or of disapproval. What could be the reason? Was Herman ill? Was he offended because she had found a love that was dearer to her than the love of a brother? Why should he be offended at that? Was it not right that brothers and sisters should seek new loves and go from each other to found new homes? And were they less dear as brothers and sisters than before? Was not this the way the Creator had planned this beautiful world?

Little did she think that Herman never saw those letters.

"What crazy folly is this?" asked Dr. Lamarette, as he perused a letter that Lovering had thrown upon his desk. "Miss Page seems love-smitten. I hope you are not trifling with her, Lovering."

"Only a little nonsense. She wanted to write it, and I thought it best to gratify her. Of course you will not mail it."

"Of course not, but you must not carry your flirtation too far. I promised Dr. Page that I would carefully guard his sister."

"O, I am only adding to her happiness," lightly rejoined Lovering as he turned away. Then he glanced back and remarked,—

"She is a very superior girl, doctor."

"Yes, yes—I know that," returned the doctor.

While the sister was enwrapped in her vision of bliss, the brother, in his home, was rapidly turning his vision into reality. The old house was remodeled, new furniture was brought in to replace the old, Marion's bower of plants, her books, her cabinet of minerals and herb-arium were crowded into corners and rear rooms. Anna had not advised their destruction. She was wise, and moved slowly in this direction, being sure of her future power to do whatever she listed.

Many months had now elapsed since Marion first entered the asylum. The spring and summer had passed, and the golden autumn had come to reap the fruition of the seasons' labors. Marion still looked out upon the earth from the asylum windows, but her face was less wan and pale than might have been imagined, for happiness brings color to the cheeks and light to the eyes.

Dr. Lamarette, in his office, was busily writing stereotyped letters to the friends of his patients, when a package, accompanied by a bridal card and envelope, was placed in his hands.

"*Dr. Herman Page.*"

"*Anna F. Jones.*"

The package contained a box of wedding-cake, and also cards and cake for Marion. Dr. Lamarette was requested to impart the news to her in whatever way he deemed best. The letter enclosed stated that Dr. Page

and wife would visit Marion on the following Thursday, and hoped to find her comfortable.

"I cannot feel justified," the letter concluded, "in longer deferring my visit. I must see my sister, and, myself, judge of her condition."

"Ah!" murmured Lamarette, "that is decisive and must receive immediate attention. Lovering, you have her confidence, you may take the bridal gifts to her, and announce the marriage in such manner as you deem best."

Then Lamarette mused.

"I would not like to have Page see his sister in that lower hall, although," here the superintendent smiled, "Lovering has profusely adorned her room. The fact is, if the girl was rational, I should think Lovering was a little soft in her direction, but of course there can be nothing serious under these circumstances, and a little attention of that kind keeps her happy."

Did the superintendent ask what might be the end of these attentions? He would have asked that if the girl had been in free life—but a crazy patient was not supposed amenable to laws of reason.

"Lovering," called the superintendent as the assistant physician was leaving the room, "where shall we put Miss Page? She cannot go back to the best hall, and it will not answer to have her where she is, when her brother comes."

"Suppose," suggested Lovering, "that we move her up to the large chamber on the central third floor. There is a carpet and good furniture. The room is pleasant and would give friends a favorable impression."

"And is a pleasant room for flirtations," laughed Lamarette. "Very well. You can attend to the details. We can never be young but once, and you'll sober down in good time."

Then Dr. Lamarette took up his pen and began writing, glad to be free from further trouble in the matter. Dr.

Lamarette's situation was no sinecure. We might ask how he could possibly desire to retain a position which overwhelmed him with labor, and how he could uphold a system which in its administration gave him no time for peace, no ease, and no relaxation or comfort, while it required constant falsities for its support and good appearance in the world.

Truly, human nature is a paradox, or a man would not toil and prevaricate in order to make himself miserable!

Dr. Lovering discharged his assigned duty in an admirable manner, softening the shock of the news of Herman's marriage by delicate hints of another in the near future, thus causing blushes to take the place of tears, and happiness to enter where sadness would otherwise have come.

Then came the change to the large, airy chamber, and Lovering, claiming the credit of this removal, produced a new flood of felicity in the soul of the imprisoned girl. She almost forgot that there were locks and keys and iron-barred windows enclosing her. The chamber seemed like her own, in her old home. Dr. Lovering brought up her plants, her books, her bouquets of cut flowers, and the ornaments that he had given her. Marion's eyes glistened with delight.

"It is beautiful as my own home," she cried.

"Not equal in beauty to its occupant," the doctor gallantly replied. "And now, my love, since joy almost supernatural has come to us in this place, let us not traduce it to your brother. Why need we tell him that you have been in that lower hall?"

"But I wrote him about it," innocently replied Marion, "and therefore he knows it already."

"Ah—I remember—" was Lovering's response.

He might have added that he remembered when the letter went into Lamarette's waste-basket, but he forbore. Why should he disturb her mind?

"Very likely," added Lovering, "your brother has

been so engrossed with his marriage that he will not remember what you wrote. *Requiescat in pace.*"

"Very well, if you think best," answered Marion. "I am too happy now to care to revive a bitter past."

Then turning to her flowers, she asked,—

"Which color do you think most beautiful in these lovely blossoms? Sometimes I most admire white in flowers, sometimes pink, and sometimes purple. Which of all these is most beautiful?"

"The flower which stands beside me," he replied, with a glance that brought the roses to her cheeks. "And this loveliest of all flowers is my own," he added softly, with a beaming smile, as he caressingly placed his arm about her graceful waist.

CHAPTER XVII.

TRUSTEES AND THEIR TRUST.

It chanced that the day of Herman's visit to Marion was "Trustee-Day." Dr. Lamarette's institution, from the highest hall to the lowest corridor had been put in order for inspection. The grounds, the rooms, and the patients were arrayed in holiday attire. The attendants disliked Trustee Days as well as the days of visits from the State Board of Charity and the Governor. The attendants often called these days "the lord's day," meaning the requirements for these visitors were as if for lords of the institution.

Dr. Page was delighted at meeting the trustees. He gave earnest attention to the conversation between Dr. Lamarette and these urbane gentlemen, and in his sincerity he did not notice that Dr. Lamarette was the principal talker and that the trustees courteously, reverently, and without question, accepted all that Dr. Lamarette asserted. He, also, gave entire credence to Lamarettes fluent discourse. Never was Lamarette more eloquent than when exhibiting his establishment to inspectors. Those who listened to him felt impressed that he had a miniature paradise under his charge. They forgot that he told but one side of the subject, and that in order to get the other side, they must ask the victims, and not the ruler. Dr. Page did not question Lamarette's accuracy, but earnestly repeated his former regrets at having omitted mental pathology from his student career. To both Lamarette and Lovering he paid the deference which he considered due to their superior knowledge.

Not even Lamarette could advocate the asylum system with more bombast than Lovering as he expatiated to

the trustees. Every one of the gentlemen became convinced that the "moon is made of green cheese," or, in other words, that prison life is paradisiacal; that ignorant attendants locked in with nervous and suffering people are sure to be kind to them, and to understand their diseases. The gentlemen, also, read the printed rules of diet, and smacked their lips with satisfaction. Such diet was fit for any table! They did not ask whether the food on the tables actually conformed to these rules, or whether the cooking was saturated with the water of economy until nourishment from it was a farce minus the fun!

Marion looked lovely in her pleasant upper chamber. She was filled with delight at seeing Herman! but how earnestly she did wish that she could see him alone. Why couldn't the attendants all leave the room? But, no. Busy as was the household, there was always time for an attendant in Marion's room. Never before did she have so many attentions. The servants had received their orders. Lovering came in seldom. He professed to be wanted everywhere at once.

Marion begged Herman to take her home, but Lamarette had forestalled her. He had privately cautioned Herman against trusting to Marion's word, or heeding her intercessions.

"She appears fair," Lamarette said, "but hers is one of those deceptive cases which mislead all but the initiated. I do all for her that is possible, give her the best room in the house, and my assistant Lovering is assiduous in his efforts for her happiness. In fact, I strongly suspect Lovering of a *penchant* there."

"Ah! my sister is, or used to be, quite indifferent to the attentions of gentlemen. What is your opinion of Lovering?"

"O, he is one of our rising young men!"

"I am glad to hear that. But is not this a strange place in which to form attachments?"

"Not at all," answered Lamarette. "The heart is the same here as out in the open world. We are a little community shut in by ourselves. But it is not often that we have an inmate possessing talents like your sister. I call her our ornament."

Then Dr. Lamarette entered into what he considered a learned dissertation on the forms of insanity. He spoke of "homicidal," "suicidal," "acute," "dementia," "melancholia," "dipsomania," "hysteria," "epileptic," and other forms, jumbling these together in what he called "classification," and marking all with the general stigma "Insanity." In all that he said there was an entire want of "an intelligent and differential description of neurasthenia, the most frequent, the most important, the most interesting nervous disease of our time, or of any time. Leaving that out as the foundations of the forms of insanity which he mentioned, Dr. Lamarette was unable to intelligently diagnose the disease of his patients and therefore was, perforce, compelled to mass them "confusedly, hopelessly as in a witches caldron."

How could Dr. Lamarette, or how could any physician talk intelligently of that which he did not understand? We should not censure him for ignorance which he shared in common with the most learned practitioners of his school. Only let us be cautious about subjecting ourselves or our friends to the rigorous exactions of specialists who, having never been general practitioners, are ignorant of the pathology of the general human system, and therefore are disqualified to treat of a specialty. Can a man who does not understand the circulation of the blood properly treat the heart? Can there be a proper study of the heart without studying also the whole circulatory system? And can the circulatory system be properly studied without learning also of the capillaries, the nervous channels, the porosity of the skin, and all the delicate mechanism of the human body?

Nor can a man understand the workings of mind until he has learned all the relations of the body to its governing mind, and this can never be learned in the unnatural precincts of a great asylum which keeps all patients in one rut of subjection, confining all minds to one routine, and calling all who do not willingly walk in that narrow path, insane.

Dr. Page, fresh from the fields of general practice, was unable to understand Lamarette's homily, but instead of attributing the blame to the fluent superintendent, he was ashamed of his own want of power to understand, believing it the result of his own ignorance. With this humbling view of himself, he entered his sister's presence, weak in his own opinion, strong in faith in Lamarette. Therefore Marion's pleadings fell on a heart fortified against her.

"Do let me go home with you," said Marion. "I do want to see mother."

"You will come when Dr. Lamarette gives his consent," interposed Mrs. Anna. "You have not yet congratulated me on my marriage. Do you not admire my husband? We keep all your plants, and all your treasures are laid carefully away ready for you on your return. We have refurnished the house. Papa was very kind and gave me a handsome outfit. But I suppose you will furnish a house for yourself when you are free. Dr. Lamarette tells us a nice little tale of you and Dr. Lovering. You have really made a conquest, and I hope you will be very happy."

"I hope so," answered Marion, glancing wistfully at Herman. "But this is a sad place. Sometimes I fear this dreadful life will make me crazy. I pray it may not, and of course Dr. Lovering tells me I shall go out some day. Herman," she looked at him solemnly, "do not ever put patients here again. If they are not crazy when they come, they will soon be so here. I read, not long ago, in one of the newspapers, that insanity is increas-

ing faster than the population, and the cause was supposed to be, civilization. I know that the increase is largely due to the immense numbers made crazy here. People are every day sent into the asylums all over the country, and these people never go out again, but are counted in the census as insane, and every one of these large asylums is but a lure, a bait to entrap the unwary. Learn to take care of your own insane, Herman. Teach other doctors to take care of theirs. The insane are sick people. Their nervous systems are exhausted. Study the cause of this exhaustion, and apply a suitable remedy. O Herman, take me home with you! Teach me the science of medicine. Let me be doctor to the women. I will save them from this dreadful life, or, if you cannot trust me, if I must be locked up, lock me up yourself, Herman. Give me one little corner in your home, one room in your attic, or one partition in your cellar where I can sometimes hear your voice and your feet walking, and your horse stamping in his stall, and can see mother's hand as she gives me food. O Herman, take me home!"

Dr. Herman's face grew white and still almost as if death had stamped his features; but Mrs. Anna spoke instantly,—

"No, Marion, you do not want to go home! Think of Dr. Lovering—what would he do without you?"

"He could come there to see me."

"It is a long journey, Marion, and a doctor cannot always leave. My husband has made a great sacrifice to come and see you to-day. Pray do not tease him. See how unhappy he looks."

"And I, too, am unhappy," said Marion. "Herman, do you remember the day I graduated? You were proud of me that day."

"Marion," said Mrs. Anna, "see how you are distressing your brother. He is trying to do the best for you. He

has the advice of Dr. Lamarette, and surely neither Dr. Lamarette nor Lovering would keep you here if it was better that you should go. If you are so unreasonable, I shall regret that your brother came."

Mrs. Anna was dressed in a silk whose changeable hues were as golden sunset on a crimson sky, the rich shades appropriately harmonizing with the dark brunette of her full, round face. She displayed a large amount of jewelry, and her self-satisfied manner indicated her contentment in her new position. Yet Marion, in her simple dress, with a violet in her hair, was far superior in every attraction. Herman could not fail to perceive Marion's superiority. He instinctively compared them as he stood silently regarding them.

Mrs. Anna, with every indication of robust health, was a solid material mechanism. Marion was a lily, a ray of intelligence from the realms of intellect. Anna bore no appearance of nervelessness, her earthly nature was strong. Marion needed fresh stamina daily drawn from the bosom of mother earth. Herman yearned to take Marion home and give her freedom, but the persuasive accents of Lamarette were still fresh in his ears. He turned away and set his teeth in a firm grip. No. She must not go. Lamarette opposed it; Anna, now his wife, opposed it.

And he left her there. She who had loved and longed for the woods, who needed the ammonia and electricity of the dewy fields, was kept in this prison chamber, which, however elegant, could not give her nature's elixir!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THUNDER-BLAST.

ONCE more Marion was alone. Herman and Anna were gone to their distant home. Marion wept for them, but into her solitude Dr. Lovering came with soothing caresses, and she felt that she was not entirely bereft. This love which was to be hers forever, must sustain her now. She reflected that should she go home now, by and by she would leave home and mother to go with this young man, and could she not begin her life of sacrifice at once? He came smiling into her room.

"My love," he said, "the carriage is at the door. I thought you might like a drive."

"O thank you!" she answered. "How kind you are!"

They drove away together, only they two, and the sunshine came back to her face, and the light into her eyes. But there was a shadow over the sunshine, there was a darkness in the light. As they drove down the graveled avenue, beneath the rows of trees, she looked up at the long rows of windows, and the solid brick walls of the asylum.

"Behind every barred window is a sad and solitary heart," she said. "Within the walls are anguish, hunger, fear, sickness, desolation. These elegant grounds are for the pleasure of those who are healthy and free. The sick and miserable have only a cell, only a straight-jacket, and a dose of a deadening drug."

"You are morbid to-day, my dear. Let us talk of more pleasant themes, of the time when we shall be as

one, when the sad present will be a forgotten past, and when the earth will seem glad because we are happy."

"I will try to forget," she answered. "But you cannot realize my situation. You are free. You remain here from choice, because your business is here; I stay from compulsion. I would I were a dove that I might fly away and rest me in the clouds."

"You had better be an angel, then you could bear me away with you."

She smiled at that, and then they chatted pleasantly and the free winds strengthened and revived her. Some days they walked, and sometimes they sat together and talked as old friends of airy nothings, or in quiet, communed of coming bliss. In the asylum they were regarded as a betrothed couple, and many were the surmises among the young attendants as to when they would leave the institution and set up housekeeping. Some of the disappointed girls predicted trouble.

"The idea," they murmured, "of taking a crazy woman for a wife!"

"Especially when there are so many of us here who are not crazy," answered a bright-eyed, roguish girl.

Dr. Lovering was generally called "a handsome man," especially by young ladies, and Marion admired his supple, graceful figure, thinking him superior even to Herman, hitherto her ideal of beautiful manhood. The days passed swiftly and pleasantly now in Marion's chamber. She could scarcely be called a prisoner. Her door was not often locked. Mrs. Lamarette frequently invited her to the parlor and introduced her to guests of the family.

"We are quite proud of her," Dr. Lamarette was wont to remark. "She is quite an ornament to the house, and more like a friend than a patient."

Into this quiescent state came dark, tempestuous passion, bursting into the pleasant home-arena like a thunder-cloud in the heaven of a serene warm day.

What is this lurid glare, this frightful gleam of murky light that sometimes shoots out from the human passions like forked lightning from the realm of Hades? Why comes it like a destroyer bursting forth from a man who has hitherto walked in the paths of morality, who from childhood has been taught the laws of God and man, and who, when uninfluenced by passion, would scorn the thought of evil? Is not crime, in such a man, insanity? Who can explain the nature of crime? Is it insanity? Is it caused by weakness of nerves, by emotions under false influences, by feebleness of moral perception, or by suddenly developed depravity?

Here is a field for the sub-soil plow of science to penetrate, turning up the human soil that for ages has been undisturbed. Possibly the causes of insanity and the causes of crime are not far apart. The weakness that makes a man insane, and the weakness that allows crime to leap the barriers of will, are one, oft-times; let us give this charitable covering to the crime that leaped up in Dr. Lovering's heart.

Whether this young assistant physician had during the time of his attention to Marion contemplated the insult which he finally offered her, or whether by his position of absolute power over her he was led by his own passions to transgress the laws of morality, we do not know; our province here is to deal with facts, and these are plain.

One evening Dr. Lovering sat, as usual, in Marion's room. The spirit of debased manhood arose in him. It may have been lurking all the time behind the fair exterior of his conduct, and no better place for its development need be furnished than was provided by law in Lamarette's famed institution. Locks, keys, iron bars, absolute power, and high living on the part of the officials, utter subjection and low diet on the part of the prisoners; autocratic tendencies on one side, loss of self-respect on the other, these will demoralize any com-

munity. Is it strange, then, that Dr. Lamarette's costly establishment was a legalized house of infamy, a "whited sepulcher," full of all uncleanness? Is it strange that the assistant physician partook of the evil spirit?

Evil cannot understand purity, else Lovering would have known that Marion Page, sane or insane, would never—could never—become a partner in the guilt that he, as her lover, dared suggest in artful, subtly plausible phrase. For a moment she looked at him wildly. She did not fully comprehend the import of his words. He repeated them, and at the same time put his arm caressingly about her neck.

She threw off his arm, as if a viper had stung her, and uprose to her full height. Her eyes flashed electric fire, and her long, slender finger pointed to the door.

Dr. Lovering smiled. "Ah, my fair one!" he cried. "Why be offended? Are you not mine? Are we not one?"

She turned her head, and glanced rapidly about the room, the pretty chamber with which she had been pleased. Alas, with all its elegance, it was but a prison room. The sash of the window was painted white, but iron was underneath. She could not escape by the windows. There was one door to her room. Between her and the door was Lovering with physical strength far superior to hers. But this door was not locked. It opened into a corridor. Raising her head majestically until she looked like an avenging goddess, she bade him depart by that door. Instead of obeying her he drew nearer to her, still with a smile on his sinister face. He laid his hand lovingly on her arm.

"My God," she cried, "give me thy strength!"

Then she flew upon him. With lightning quickness she seized him, and before he could collect his senses or realize what was occurring, he was hurled through the doorway, and with a whirl he struck violently against the wall of the corridor opposite. The noise drew the

attendants, who came rushing *en masse*, as is their custom at the sound of turmoil.

They reached the scene, and paused, men and women together. Lovering was "picking himself up" like a craven fallen in dastardly conflict; while at the door of her room stood Marion, her eyes wildly staring, her face blanched to deathlike whiteness, her hands clenched, and her veins distended as her arms were stretched forward in readiness for another blow.

"Seize her!" cried the base Lovering.

"Touch me if you dare!" responded Marion, glancing towards the attendants, and then fastening her gaze upon her vile foe.

The attendants did not move. Surprise held them spellbound. She stood before them like one transformed. The spirit of a new existence had come into her, and these attendants, accustomed to summary dealing with patients, were, notwithstanding, appalled by her supernatural aspect.

"Are you cowards?" demanded the discomfited physician. "Seize her!"

"Seize *him*!" cried Marion. "He is a villain! Take him out of my sight!"

The attendants did not move. This sudden and violent rupture between the assistant physician and a lady who had almost ceased to be regarded as a patient, confused the attendants' ideas. Marion turned from them and re-entered her room. Her first impulse was to lock herself in. But this could not be. She had no key. The doctors had keys, and the attendants had them; they could lock her in or out as they pleased. But she had no means of self-protection or defence.

"O, my Father in Heaven!" she cried in a wailing tone. "Is this a land of freedom? Is it a country of civilization, of Christianity, of common humanity, or even of common sense? Why should I be held in this bondage? why should fiends be placed in power over

me? tell me, what have I done that deserves this treatment?"

Dr. Lovering, with the cunning which seeks to divest suspicion from its own wickedness, saw the necessity of appealing to the attendants for his own interests.

"You must confine her!" he remarked. "She has suffered a terrible relapse. The sooner she is secured, the better."

There were now seven attendants gathered in the corridor. They were strong, healthy young men and women, and now that their first surprise was passed, they recollected that they must obey the physician. They were accustomed to his commands, and were also used to peremptory management of the patients. They believed that Marion was crazy, and that all her actions were to be explained under that malady. They drew near to her now, in obedience to Lovering's order, and one of the girls put her hand on Marion's shoulder. Marion wheeled away from her as she would have turned from a serpent. The sudden turn brought her *vis à vis* with Lovering, who had entered the room again.

"Viper!" was the one word she uttered as she raised her right hand and pointed her slender finger at him.

The physician saw the eyes of the attendants directed towards him. His guilty conscience shrank from their scrutiny. He must avert their suspicion and saw no way but to put the cause of it far away from him.

"Take her down to Number 10," he said, and once more the attendants approached her. She faced them, and there came into her eyes a fiery glare that caused them all to quail. A broad-shouldered muscular man attempted to take her hand. With a quick movement she threw him off. He tried to grasp her arm. She turned upon him and sent him reeling across the floor.

"She's awful crazy!" exclaimed one of the girls. "Poor thing!"

But the sympathy was lost; Marion was too excited to

distinguish between pity and severity just then. In her mind they were all enemies come to aid the would-be-seducer, Lovering.

"I hate these men!" she cried. "Take them away!"

But they went not. Had they but gone and left her alone with the attendants of her own sex, she would have fallen on the necks of the girls and wept. The tears would have saved her brain from madness. But the men drew nearer. They deemed their strength necessary.

"Away with you!" cried the troubled girl. "I will die before you shall touch me! What is this house where men can insult helpless women? Are you all friends of that serpent who stole my love only to despise it? Are you all base together? If you are not why do you help that villain of deepest dye? Let me alone, every one of you!"

Her eyes, full of agony, roved around seeking some means of escape. Alas! Windows iron-sashed, and door blocked by men, gave her no hope.

"A camisole!" cried the cowardly Lovering. He was afraid of her. The lightning in her eyes pierced his guilty soul. He saw that he had awakened the wrong passenger in life's car. He stood back behind the strong attendants while he gave his orders. His minions must obey.

The camisole was brought, and then the attendants proceeded systematically to the work of subjection. There were two men and five women against her. Lovering stood far back. Marion resisted the whole seven. Not one of them could put a hand upon her. Like a hero defending his own life she fought. All the ancestral blood of her Revolutionary fathers was roused within her, nerving her for the conflict. The free spirit of America, the inborn spirit of individual liberty which pervades our country, and rocks our nurslings in the

cradle of liberty, inspired her with a holy purpose of self-guardianship.

Alas! She was but one—they were seven! She was a prisoner with no acknowledged rights—they were her appointed keepers, conscious of their power. Our country, blowing from day to day its blasts of vaunted liberty, had suffered the establishment of an institution within which all the horrors of secret despotism could and did prevail. From the constitution, by-laws and daily life of Dr. Lamarette's asylum, there sprang spontaneously the plants and offshoots of tyranny.

The unequal struggle between Marion and her seven opponents could not long continue. One of the attendants suddenly stooped and catching Marion's foot, pulled it from beneath her with a violent jerk. With a loud groan of anguish the victim fell to the floor. One of the men immediately sat down upon her head, the other dropped upon her body. The women seized her hands and feet and bound her ankles together with a strap. Then they united their strength and put the coarse camisole on her, first forcing her arms within the long sleeves, then buttoning the waist about her, and lashing her arms about her body by the long canvas strings. Then they laughed and taunted her with her defeat. Even the girl who had first pitied now fell into the chorus of merriment over the prostrate sufferer.

Lovering looked upon his work with some trepidation. He was not first sovereign in this locked principality. There was one above him to whom he must appeal. He sent for Lamarette.

"Miss Page!" exclaimed Lamarette, as he came near and saw Marion lying bound upon the floor. "My dear Miss Page—what does this mean?"

"Ask that scorpion!" she replied, as her eyes rolled wildly towards Lovering.

"No, no, no!" vehemently answered the guilty man. "Don't ask me! My heart is wrenched from its place!

Was she not my star? How could I know that she would have this terrible relapse? I never saw a case like this."

"Put him out of the house!" screamed Marion. "Oh, if Herman could but see all this—if my mother could know what I endure!"

A vague suspicion crossed the superintendent's mind. He had previously seen some reasons for distrusting the moral principles of his assistant, and he half moaned as he soliloquized,—

"I shall myself go crazy! The cares and trials of this institution will make me wild! But what can I do? I must maintain discipline—I must keep my patients in subjection. The attendants must not see me yield. I cannot discharge the patients, for that is equivalent to sending away the income of the house. I must keep a full list of patients or the funds will fall short."

Rapidly these thoughts passed through Dr. Lamarette's mind. Like many other men, when assailed by doubts, he neglected to ask, "What is the simple right and wrong in my position? What do the laws of God require of me?" Instead of that his mental query was, "What is my best policy? Shall I accuse my assistant of acts which I cannot prove? Shall I quarrel with a man who maintains good discipline and seldom troubles me? I already have all the perplexities I can bear."

Dr. Lamarette was not naturally an unjust man. He would fain have quiet and happiness within his secret domain; but the system by which his house was governed contained the elements of tyranny, and he had no power to prevent the bad results. He was a gentleman of kind instincts, and was pained at the sight of misery; but he had a theory for the treatment of the insane, and this theory put all his patients beneath the grinding stones as a miller pours his corn and wheat beneath millstones to crush the grain for the production of flour,

This plan may serve for ripened grain, but human souls and bodies cannot be ground without leaving bruised flesh, blood, cracked bones, and souls destroyed!

While Lamarette was silently pondering, Lovering was planning to divert suspicion from himself.

"It is an old saying," he remarked, "that the insane always turn against those whom they have loved most. This is another instance. Poor Miss Page! She must be moved to Number Ten."

Dr. Lamarette shuddered, but answered faintly,—

"You know better than I."

Bound, hands and feet, she was caught up by the attendants, some seizing her head and some her feet, and thus, her body lying in a horizontal position between them, she was trotted through the corridors and down the stairs until she was landed on the floor in Number 10. From the comfort of her well-furnished room, from the happiness of what she had supposed was innocent love, and from the anticipation of speedy release to real life, she had fallen suddenly into an abyss of misery and despair. Number 10 was the most desolate of all the halls, and contained the lowest patients. Here she was left. No one offered sympathy, no one spoke in pitying terms. Why should they? Who pities the insane? Whether outside or inside asylums, the insane are unpitied, unloved, censured and left to endure as best they can the pains of disease and sorrow.

Alone and bound, Marion passed through agonies unutterable. Dr. Lovering received abundance of sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" the attendant girls said to each other. "What a terrible disappointment this must be! He thought she was almost well! But, you see, we never can tell when an insane person is recovered!"

CHAPTER XIX.

"NUMBER TEN."

It is impossible to describe the life of Marion in Number 10. Gaunt women with bleared eyes and torn garments walked here wringing their hands and moaning or shrieking in their pain. Sad women, wrapped in rags, lay prostrate and motionless as clods. Women sat crouched in the corners with their hair hanging about them like the stiff, unkempt tresses of an Indian woman. Other distressed creatures sat biting their nails and twirling their thumbs, while their wretched appearance filled the beholder with horror and disgust. Some, more violent than the others, walked in camisoles, those coarse jackets that bind the hands with irritating tightness.

Into the midst of these miserable women Marion was brought in her camisole, and as the men threw her upon the iron bedstead, they laughed coarsely. The insane women turned their eyes in the direction of the disturbance. Some gazed in apathy ; some uttered groans of despair ; while some became excited and screamed with piercing cries. The men laughed again.

"By George," cried one, "she's a buster ! I thought she'd knock my eyeballs out !"

"Yes," answered the other, "she's a reg'lar fighter ! She'd take the prize in a good fair knock-down."

"And to think," resumed the first speaker, "what she has been here ! Why, she has been the greatest lady of the establishment—a reg'lar queen at court !"

"That's so," was the response of the second man.

"'Taint strange that Lovering got kind o' soft on her ; but fallin' in love with these crazy creeturs is risky. You never can tell when the crazy streak 'll come back again."

The men did not appear to think that Marion could hear them, or understand their remarks, or feel, if she did understand. They talked about her in her presence as they would have talked about a horse in his presence, or about a prostrate log of wood.

"La, crazy folks can't feel!" was an adage that floated from mouth to mouth among the attendants.

But Marion heard, understood, and felt! How much she felt, no healthy person can realize, no pen can describe. Words can never paint her agony, nor depict the intensity of anguish that rived the tender sensibilities of her soul.

"The insane cannot feel," cries the world.

Ah, the insane often suffer as no rational person can suffer!

All insane people are not alike, and herein lies the great mistake in herding hundreds together under one superintendent. Our asylums are built on the principle that one system of treatment will serve for all the insane. Our laws for the treatment of the insane are based on the same idea. Yet, in no department of medical science is so much diversity of treatment required. In no other class of diseases should the diagnosis be made with such care, especially among intellectual, cultured people with developed minds.

Marion, with her refined, sensitive, appreciative, highly endowed nervous system, was now brought into contact with the lowest, coarsest, and most demented patients in the building. Many of them were women who, in health, had been illiterate and utterly incapable of comprehending a nature like that of Marion. We hear much of classification in asylums, but it exists only in imagination. There is no permanent classification except as it

is produced by ill-tempered attendants and the self-interest of the officials.

The tedious months that Marion endured in this hall, the weary, miserable days and desolate nights that she passed here, it would be impossible to depict in detail. A description of the terrible sights which she saw and of the sounds of woe which she heard would distress the reader, who by no pen picture could understand the full reality. Nothing in outside life forms a parallel to the inside horrors of Number 10, in Dr. Lamarette's institution.

Marion was forced to live in the midst of these horrible scenes. She was compelled to experience the dread realities of the place. It was impossible for her to retain equanimity, or to keep her emotions subdued amid the trying ordeals of this hall. Her nervous strength gave way; her susceptible nature was overcome. Either she must have the power to resist the effects of these scenes, or she must become assimilated by the discordant elements, and form one of the frenzied victims of the situation. She fell into the terrible agonies of the latter state. Her delicate nerves became distorted by ceaseless pain. Some days she sat in apathetic silence; at other times she raved, and reason tottered on its throne. Both her physical and mental health deteriorated. She had now neither rides nor walks, but continued day and night to wear the dreadful camisole, with her hands encased within the coarse canvas until the tickling on her fingers' ends irritated her nearly to madness. This tickling, the well-known effect of the camisole, is an ordeal most trying to human nerves. The sensitive, material organization of the whole body reflects and reacts upon the titillation, and from day to day Marion grew mad from this treatment.

The food in Number 10 was of the most innutritious kinds which could maintain existence. Meat guiltless of tenderness or nourishing juices; potatoes that were

dark, watery, waxy, and half cold by the time they reached the patients; tea and coffee made from the refuse of herbs and berries, failed to nourish the unhappy victims who were compelled to subsist on these substances.

One of the patients, who still retained rational ideas, remarked:—"If this coarse, innutritious food is useful in restoring our mental powers why should it not be equally useful for the sane? If poorly baked beans, tough corned beef, rancid butter and watery hash are good for injured minds, why not recommend this diet for our governors, judges, and other men who need to preserve large mental powers?"

Asylum doctors are considered *au fait* in all that appertains to mental cure and health of intellect; if, then, pauperized diet is an element of brain health, why do not the physicians furnish their own tables with this meager nutriment?

"Doctor," said an asylum patient to her superintendent, "I am faint. I could not eat that miserable salt fish to-day."

"Why," answered the superintendent, "Salt fish is good, I had it on my own table."

"Didn't you have anything else?" quietly inquired the woman.

"Ye-e-s, I believe we did have some steak."

"Ah!" returned the woman; "give me steak, and I would not object to a little addition of salt fish."

Why should not the patients have as good food as the doctors? Who are the boarders in an insane asylum? What hotel or boarding-house keeper loads his own private table with luxuries, and feeds his boarders on trash? Insane asylums are unique in this particular.

It was in this hall that Marion passed through the first stages of "acclimating," as the process may be termed, her stomach to this mean food. Dr. Lovering no longer brought her gifts of fruits and delicacies, nor filled her room with odorous flowers, nor attempted to renew his

attentions. He took his daily walk through No. 10, but Marion turned from him as from a serpent. He saw that she had not forgotten his insult, nay, that she would never forget it, and that her heart, which had quickened with pulsations of love at his approach, now beat with unforgiving hate. He saw, too, how she pined in her changed condition; how her cheeks grew thin and hollow; how her form attenuated, and her look became haggard and wild. He knew himself the cause of the great transformation in her, but with the spirit of perversity that sometimes leads bad men, he laid the blame upon her.

"Why need she be so prudish? Bah! Other women were not so particular!" was his soliloquy.

But to the attendants he said:—"Hers is a very peculiar case! She suffered a terrible relapse. It is very sad, and shows what a terrible disease insanity is!"

Alas! sad, indeed, had Marion's life become! Simple existence was now misery. Thought was agony. Love in her soul was scorched, cremated, leaving only bitter, burning ashes in her memory. Her maiden heart had been wrenched from her, here, in this solitude, and then flung back at her, a torn and quivering mass. She had no thought of love now. A nature like hers can truly love but once. Alone she must traverse the dubious path of her earthly pilgrimage. Alone she must bear her sorrows. Joys there would be none. Upon no mother's breast could she lean her head. No sister could come to comfort her. No brother's strong arm was near. No father was on earth. Yet, strange as it may seem, the dead father appeared to her nearer, and a surer protection than any living friend. She fancied him floating above her, felt his presence, and heard him speak to her soul, "Thou shalt come to me, child. Be strong and courageous."

Beneath the weight of misery and soul-excitement, her physical health languished. She was less able to

bear the monotony of the low, asylum diet. It nauseated her, and in trying to swallow a piece of bread, she vomited.

"Ta-ta-ta!" piped a wan woman near her. "She's got it! It's come! I know'd 'twould come! Ta-ta-ta!"

"Shut your mouth, you crazy thing!" called one of the attendants.

"Ta-ta-ta!" responded the old patient. "You can't shut *her* mouth! Maybe ye'll shut it in death by and by! maybe she'd be glad if she could now! Maybe I'd be glad if I could shut mine in the same way! Ta-ta-ta! I remember the first time when my stomach refused to keep this vile food in it! Three times—yes, it takes three times of awful retching before the stomach keeps this diet, and then, woe, woe, woe be unto us! We never——"

The old patient's voice suddenly ceased. The hand of the attendant seized her throat and she was thrust away into her narrow room where she was left with no companion to hear her observations. The key was turned, and she was locked in to endure the hours as she might.

Marion went through the usual routine. After this uprising of her food, she thought she could never again taste the monotonous, watery diet. But as the days passed on, nature demanded sustenance. The body must be fed, and, except this provision, there was literally nothing to eat. In a few days she vomited again. She fulfilled her three times and suffered all the consequent misery. Yet this trial seemed small compared with her mental starvation, her mind's deep hunger and her soul sickness.

"Oh! why did Herman bring me here?" was the cry of the distressed girl. "Why should there be such terrible prisons for innocent people? Are we criminals? If so, why are we not tried in open court as other criminals are? I demand a trial. I assert my right to know what law I have broken! Who is my judge?"

"Hold your tongue!" called out an attendant. "Who wants to hear you blubbering? Of course your own folks put you here—they couldn't get along with you at home."

If any trial can be added to the sufferings of an asylum patient it is to be told, "Your own folks put you here!" The patient feels cut adrift from all moorings by the fiat of his or her own family. And the civilized world allows families thus to sever sick persons from their natural love, and to imprison them without judge or jury! And government builds prisons and makes laws to facilitate such diabolical imprisonments!

"My own folks do not want me?," interrogatively thought Marion. "It could not be my mother who sent me away! It must be Herman, and why did Herman turn against me? Herman loved me once. If I was sick, surely he ought to be patient and take care of me. If he was sick I would spend my life over him. What are brothers and sisters and fathers and mothers for? Are they just to love us when we are well and happy? We do not need them then. When we are sick and in sorrow we need our own. They should take care of us then. Even if we have to be chained, if we have to wear camisoles as I and these other poor women are wearing them, we might be chained or wear the camisoles at home where our loved ones could speak kindly to us, could give us good food and save us from the insults of vile doctors and insolent officials."

"If you don't shut up, I'll have a gag in your mouth!" shouted the attendant. "Maybe you want to know how a gag feels."

Thus the girl was silenced. But her heart still beat, and she still moaned inwardly.

"I never did see such a fuss as that Marion Page makes!" said one young attendant to another. "Just as though the doctors and the judge didn't know what they were about when they brought her here."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the other attendant, "I don't believe any judge ever saw her, or saw half of the others, either, and maybe there were not two doctors! I tell you, I have found out that it's a mighty easy thing to slip people in here, and I wouldn't dare to marry a United States man, lest he would have me in an asylum within six months! I think I'll marry a Tartar, or a Pategonian. They know nothing about asylums."

"But Miss Page's brother is a physician. It is likely he knew what ought to be done for her."

"O," returned the other attendant, "I saw him when he was here! A terribly proud man with a wife dressed out in silks and gewgaws. I don't believe she cared the least bit for this crazy girl, and as to him he probably thought his own opinion superior to any judge, and so didn't want one. I have come to the conclusion that asylums are built for families to put their cast-off relations in, and ignorant doctors to hide the patients whose cases they don't understand. I tell you one thing, I will never put a friend into such a place. I would sooner see my sister or mother go into the grave."

"Why do you stay yourself?"

"I am not a patient! I have got to earn my own living, and the asylum money is just as good as any other. That is why I stay."

The attendant did not know how very near the truth she was in Marion's case. No judge had ever signed a certificate for Marion's admittance to Lamarette's asylum; but what of that? Was this method of committal more unjust than when a judge signs a certificate for imprisoning a patient whom he has not seen? Such a judicial signature is a fraud, a cheat from justice, a farce with a tragical end. The vilest professional criminal could not be consigned to prison on such judicial play! How, then, dare we send the innocent and diseased in such impromptu manner? Such methods of consignment are as barbarous as Lynch law, and yet so-called Christian people tolerate these committals every day.

In Marion's case there really was the consent of but one physician, for Herman consulted with no one, save Lamarette, who saw her not until she arrived at his institution. Yet this cheating of the law was *and is* not a solitary case. All kinds of frauds are practised in sending alleged insane to asylums, and all sorts of frauds will continue to be practised until publicity in examinations of patients is required and compelled by law. If a criminal is allowed counsel, witnesses, and juries, before the prison walls enclose him, how much more should the innocent be allowed the means of self-protection! Does not the Constitution of the United States guarantee to every person the right to life and liberty unless transgression of the law is proved before a jury? Why are the alleged insane denied this protection? As the custom now is, a murderer has more mercy meted to him, and more semblance of justice in his trial than an innocent, harmless woman, or an upright man, provided some ignorant or venal doctor can be found to utter the word, "Insane."

Here, in the "land of the free and the home of the brave," there is not even a shadow of protection from the scales of justice in treating the so-called insane.

Struggling, quivering, and trembling under her aggravated burdens, Marion dragged through months of weary existence. During these months the system of drugging her was carried on to its extreme verge. Lovering doubled, and quadrupled her doses, as if in silencing her nerves and deadening her sensibilities, he destroyed his own accountability. Slowly, day by day, this drugging consumed her emotional powers. No sooner did the sense of feeling revive than it was again stagnated by a larger potion of the narcotic, until at last feeling continued for the greater part of the time to lie dormant beneath the stupefied nerves. Dr. Lovering termed this drugging, "chemical restraint." He preferred this kind of restraint. Its evil effects were invisible to the

eyes of others. There were no cruel marks made on the skin, no bruises or protrusions, such as were often caused by the straps and blows. The attendants, too, were partial to "chemical restraint." They frequently said—"Please, Dr. Lovering, give large doses to-night. The patients cry so much in the night that we can't sleep. Give them *still*, to-night, won't you?"

"Yes," responded the pliant young assistant-physician, "I'll keep them still."

The superintendent never saw these heavy potions. He was too busy to attend to such details. His young assistants were entrusted with the medical treatment of the patients.

Occasionally Dr. Lamarette wrote to Dr. Page, sometimes encouragingly, sometimes otherwise, alternating his statements according to his views of good policy, and also in accordance with the practices usual in these institutions. Herman was now much occupied. His practice had increased, and his wife demanded much attention. Anna was a notable housekeeper, and was also fond of visiting and receiving company. The latest fashion in dress, the most modern styles of house ornamentation, the most elaborate methods of cooking, and the utmost attainable display were the chief objects of her thoughts, and although a certain coarseness was apparent in all her fancies, she contrived to secure and keep a standing in the best circles of society. What Mrs. Dr. Page wore, where she went, and whom she received, were chronicled in the village newspaper. Dr. Herman accepted the dazzle and dispensed with the reality of comfort. Sometimes an old friend inquired for Marion, and the brotherly affection, roused by the question, answered sadly "Progressing, but more slowly than we wish," while Anna said, "Poor Marion! We should all be so glad to see her well!"

But Mrs. Dr. Page never urged that Marion should return, even for a day. Mrs. Dr. Page was a woman of

tact. She would never have openly opposed Marion's return, knowing that course to be prejudicial to her own good name; but very carefully she persuaded Herman, and thoughtfully convinced the mother, that Dr. Lama-rette, a specialist and expert in mental diseases, must be a suitable judge of Marion's condition, and that it would be very unwise to take her from the institution while he advised her longer stay.

Poor, helpless Marion! Why was she not born in a heathen land? In that case some missionary from our Christian country might have found her, and by bringing the truths of the gospel home to her brother's understanding, might have persuaded him to lift his sad sister into the light of freedom and hope. Where shall we find missionaries to ferret out the evils of our own country and apply to them remedial Christian measures?

Dr. Lovering daily passed Marion's door, and glanced into her cell-like prison room, but now seldom entered. He represented that he could not bear to see her in her terribly changed condition. Most certainly he knew that, low as she had sunk, she could not endure his presence. At the sight of him shudders passed through her frame. He saw her quiver with disgust. He heard her as she murmured, "He sought my love for that! He, the base monster!"

"How she has turned against him!" the attendants remarked. "Why do crazy people turn against their best friends?"

Only one among the attendants, the sagacious girl who acknowledged that she remained in the place for money alone, hinted,—“She may have had reason to turn against him. I wouldn't trust him! I never believed his smooth face was true.”

"O how can you doubt him?" was the general response. "He is a perfect gentleman!"

"Perfect villain!" answered the girl, laughing.

Her laugh removed suspicion, and she was not ques-

tioned. But she was a fair-faced girl and Dr. Lovering had eyes for beauty. Possibly his amorous advances towards this young attendant might have met encouragement from her, had she not been aware of his attentions to Marion at the same time.

"No," said the bright girl to herself, "one at a time must serve for you, young man! If you are dead in love with Marion Page, you cannot be honest towards me."

Thus, by her sagacity, the girl was saved from his wiles, and when the crash with Marion came, this girl felt that there was an undertow in the current that had caused the disaster. Yet she could not prove it, and wisely forbore public accusations.

Slowly but surely, the destruction of Marion's nervous system went on. At length, she began *the prison-walk*—the fatal march towards mental death. Back and forth, to and fro in her cell she went, measuring her quick steps and persistently whirling rapidly at each end of the room. For hours together she would thus pace, apparently lost in reverie, without hope, or love, or any natural tie, or even the physical strength and support derived from proper food. Weak and trembling, she seemed buoyant only in pursuing this prison-march, each step of which was plunging her deeper into insanity and mental chaos. Her soul seemed dying while her body yet existed. Back and forth, hitting the wall and rebounding with a whirl, pacing around and around until her head was giddy, and her nerves distracted, she sank at last with stupid weariness.

With strange precipitancy she had taken this prison step. No one told her of its dangers, "no man cared for her soul." Dr. Lamarette seldom entered this maniacal hall; the matron did not like to come there; and the supervisor came only when duty imperatively called. The odor of the place was fetid and repulsive, and seemed to be filled with miasma from the decaying human bodies locked within the close precinct.

Nothing in the life of an asylum patient is more fatal to reason than the prison-march; yet no feature of the life is more disregarded. As Marion, breathing this noxious air, paced swiftly about, she talked rapidly to herself. Her words were the utterances of the asylum formula, bursting from her lips with a pathos which might have drawn tears from the eyes of even a hardened observer. Over and over she uttered these heart-rending expressions,—

"O my God! there is no escape—none—none. Shut up here forever! Never to go outside of this dreadful place! Sweet liberty taken from me! A prisoner in my native land! Herman—mother—what have I done that deserves this fate? why should wicked men have this power over me? why do not women arise and crush these men? why do not good men deprive the bad of power? He—the demon—won my love—for what? He trampled on me! did he think me utterly in his power? O my God, where art Thou? why comest Thou not in justice to us who suffer here? Herman—Herman—mother—O my mother!—hast thou ceased to love thy child?"

Then swiftly, how swiftly! she would pace until the current in her brain was like a great maelstrom with reason hastening down the vortex, while all around the suffering girl she heard the echoes calling,—“Where, where is God? Is there a God?”

CHAPTER XX.

MINISTERING TO MINDS DISEASED.

WE have already alluded to the camisole, or strait-jacket. Those not conversant with asylum paraphernalia may like a fuller description of this garment of torture. An English superintendent, in a published manual, says:—"Everybody has heard of a strait-waistcoat, but familiar as the name is, perhaps nine people out of ten have never chanced to see one. It is, in fact, simply a jacket, formed by strong ticking or canvas, and made to tie behind with five or six strings. The sleeves are prolonged to the length of about twenty inches beyond the tips of the fingers; so that, the arms being crossed over the chest, the sleeves can be carried around the body and secured behind by tapes which are threaded through the extremities. The description of this simple apparatus, the model of which may be extemporized by pulling down the cuffs of a gown or coat, conveys no very formidable idea of the annoyance to which the wearer is subjected, beyond that of having his hands secured in what would appear to be a very easy and merciful manner. But, in truth, when left on any time, the waistcoat is particularly distressing to furious patients, and, in warm weather, a disagreeable, irritating incumbrance, increasing the restlessness, which is a conspicuous feature in this disorder, and which generally causes them to disdain the incumbrance of clothing, and to delight rather in deriving all the coolness they can from the surrounding atmosphere."

If American superintendents would, like this English physician, investigate the workings of the strait-

jacket, they would find that, instead of being useful for violent patients, it is, in fact, a generator of insane manifestations. The English writer speaks truly when he says this waistcoat is an "irritating incumbrance." It produces the most fearful restlessness from the tips of the fingers to the shoulders, thence across the back, and, by sympathy, affects the head and all parts of the body. The physical system of insane persons being already uneasy, it follows that the camisole of coarse canvas which confines the body increases, sometimes to agony, the irritation and discomfort of the patients.

In Dr. Lamarette's establishment there were two hundred of these strait-waistcoats which the attendants were at liberty to fasten on to the patients without applying to the physician. Often, every one of these was in use, and then the attendants resorted to the straps, fastening the legs, arms, and bodies of the unhappy sufferers down to the iron bedsteads and there leaving them all night. The stupidity of attempting to cure insanity by camisoles and straps, is only equaled by the stupidity of burning witches in order to drive out the devil, or to remove the pain from a small scald by dipping the burned person all over in boiling water.

All night, for months, Marion had lain bound in one of these camisoles; all day she wore one in her cell. Such coarse food as was brought her was put into her mouth by one of the attendants. Her hands being bound around her body, she could not drink even a drop of water without assistance, or arrange her hair, or put her hands to her face. Sometimes, as every person can realize, she felt a tickling or itching in some place, but she could not move a hand for her relief. She grew frantic. Her nerves wearied under their multiplied discomforts. In all this treatment, what was there to strengthen her delicate system? How could Dr. Lamarette justify this method? How could he send out reports in praise of his institution? Where was the man's sense

of honor, of truth, of justice? Where was his medical science? Where his application of the simple rule, "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you?" Where his plain common-sense?

Marion no longer stood or sat erect. In walking she bent like an aged person. When she sat, her head fell back against her chair, her eyelids drooped, and save a slight quivering or twitching of the nerves, there was no indication of life.

It chanced, one day, that Dr. Lamarette was obliged to enter number 10, and observing Marion in this death-like posture, he paused. A shade of pain crossed his face. Some doubts as to the correctness of his theories entered his mind. He could not avoid asking himself why this beautiful young girl should so soon have fallen into this terrible state in his house? He saw that there was a defect in his mode of treatment, but he was too deep in the asylum rut to be able to uplift himself into a broader field of study. He had grounded his whole system of treatment of disturbed minds on the asylum theory. What was done for the insane in asylums was right; what was done for them outside of asylums was useless and wrong. But as he looked at Marion he became conscience-stricken. He did not want to injure his patients. True, he never discharged them, because he could not afford to discharge them. The "maintenance fund" of his house rested on the income from the board of his patients, therefore he must have always a large number of boarders; but being a courteous, genial man, he preferred that his patients should be comparatively happy,—at least, that they should appear happy.

A new idea entered his mind. His institution must be improved. He could not be satisfied with its present condition. More and more he became impressed with the fear that his patients were not as comfortable as they should be. He was anxious for Marion, and for others. But the rules of the system were sacred in his

view, and under these rules he struggled. The idea of segregating all these unhappy invalids, of putting one here, another there, all over the beautiful country, and of having families trained to receive them, would have seemed preposterous to him. They must be aggregated and kept "behind the bars," but he would have gladly covered the iron bars with roses, and turned the keys without the ominous click. He wanted his people to be prisoners, but he did not like to call them prisoners, and he often tried to convince them that they were not prisoners.

The depressed, half-dead appearance of Marion impressed him deeply. Her image followed him and haunted his imagination. He "put himself in her place" and then asked himself whether he, too, would not break down if he had to live in Number 10. He asked himself, also, how many others of those unhappy people had been brought to this low state by this very system. What could be done? Then he thought of the long nights the patients passed alone in their locked rooms. How weary the hours of the night must seem! At length he formed a new resolution.

"I will go through the halls to-night," he remarked to the night-watch. "You may retire to rest. I want to see the house in the night."

The girl was not sorry to relinquish her task. With a dark lantern in his hand, and stepping softly in velvet slippers, Dr. Lamarette traversed the corridors and halls that night. The corridors and passages were quiet, but in many of the rooms he heard sobs and words of wailing that moved his pity. He considered their loneliness and reflected on the cruelty of the situation of these isolated people torn from kindred and all earthly ties.

"They think too much," was his private conclusion. "Thinking is bad for them. They must be made to sleep. I shall order their night-potions doubled."

Having passed through the better halls, he descended

to the lower. The sickening effluvia and foul odors struck against him as a blast of deathly, poisonous air.

"Ugh! this is terrible! Let me get out of this!"

He turned back. Yet he left his patients there, sleeping in that very air! Marion was in it. The thought of this followed him as he returned to his own room. He wiped the perspiration from his brow, set his lantern on a table, and considered,—

"What can be done to remedy the defects in my institution? What change can be effected in the condition of my patients?"

He could see no change except doubling their sedatives.

"By sound sleep," he concluded, "they will be able to resist the effects of the noxious atmosphere."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, with a gesture of repulsion, "I will not go down to those halls again. I could not endure them."

CHAPTER XXI.

MOTHER-HEART AND BROTHER-ARM.

THUS time passed in the asylum. Tedious and miserable were the days and nights. Summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, were all the same in that dread prison-home. Out in the country the free winds still blew, the songs of love and joy floated in the pure air, and life followed its natural laws. Summer merged into autumn, and autumn was near falling into the arms of icy winter. The yellow corn had been gathered, the ripe apples had been plucked or had fallen from the trees, the harvest moon with its glorious sheen which had robbed the nights in splendor had passed away. The squirrels had gathered their brown nuts, the earth was prepared for the approach of the Arctic king, whose heralding winds were already beginning their dismal shrieks. The time was just between the last golden shades of autumn and the first white flakes of winter snow ; in those "melancholy days" which speak to human beings of dull decay and the "mouldering urn," filling the minds of men with sadness, presaging human loss, eternal night, the shroud, the grave, and desolation.

At this chill season, Dr. Herman Page, well wrapped in his wolfskin carriage-robe, and protected from the fierce blasts by the close cover of his chaise, ascended a hill from whose summit there was a broad view of autumnal landscape. Fields, valleys, winding streams, distant farm-houses, and a horizon bounded everywhere by wooded hills, met his gaze. A stranger would have paused to admire the outspread panorama. Dr. Page

had seen it day after day until its charms seemed commonplace and he gave it no particular attention.

As he ascended the hill, the reins lying loosely on the back of his well-fed horse, he noticed at intervals a dry leaf which had before not left its parent stem, come fluttering down from its branch to mingle with its fellows lying in yellow piles along the highway. Unconsciously, under the influences of the scene, Dr. Page fell into reverie, and meditated, as many men have dreamed and pondered since creation with its courses of life and death has made the surface of this globe into a procession of quickening and decay. Dr. Page was not a musician, but the peculiarly somber aspect of the day awakened in him a latent response of rhythm and cadence. An ode that he used to hear his father sing came humming in his memory, and in a low tone he measuredly repeated the lines :—

“ Hall, ye sighing sons of sorrow !
View with me the autumnal gloom ;
Learn from thence your fate to-morrow,
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.”

The impressive, heavy tones in which his father used to sing this old hymn swept through the doctor's recollection, and he saw again, as in days of yore, the little family group clustered around the staunch old singer, whose voice imparted to this ode all the majesty and sublimity of spirit which filled the souls of our forefathers, when they sounded the symphonies of the divine fugues of former days. Dr. Page paused a moment in deep thought, and then in low tones uttered another stanza :—

“ See all nature fading, dying ;
Silent, all things seem to mourn ;
Life from vegetation flying
Brings to mind the mouldering urn.

"This world is beautiful," soliloquized the doctor, "and I am glad I am in it. I wish I could keep every one in it. But, beautiful as it is, we must all fade away from it. What will follow this earthly life? Will all be happiness there? It is not all bliss here. The gloom of autumn and of death comes here to all. My father met it; I, too, must meet it."

Then he thought of his mother, of her gray hairs and advancing age.

"I wonder," he mused, "whether I do all for my mother that I ought? Is she as happy as I can make her? Alas, she never can be happy until Marion comes home! Poor Marion! will she never be well? Lamarette's letters, of late, are very discouraging. What a terrible calamity is mental disease! Some persons say that an asylum is not a proper place for her, that the superintendents of asylums are mercenary, seeking only their own emolument and honor. But this is not true of Lamarette. I have perfect confidence in him."

That evening Dr. Page had a long conversation with his mother. The poor old mother was grayer and thinner than when Marion was taken from home. The darling of the family could not be torn from the mother without leaving bleeding fibers that would not heal. How many Rachels have wept for their children held in bondage in these "whited sepulchers," these Bastilles of the heart!

"If she had died," said the mother, "I could be reconciled, for I should feel it to be God's will; but this seems not His will. It is *your* will, Herman."

"Say not that, mother; say it is necessity."

"Herman, my son, bring her home; do bring her home! Let me once more see her, before my gray hairs go down to the grave!"

"Mother, I must abide by Lamarette's opinion. He has made a specialty of such cases. I must not interfere with his prerogative. I must not dispute his decisions."

"Herman, I *must* see my child. I love you, and your

character is all that I can desire for you ; but Marion, also, is lovely in character, and she is mine. Let me see her. O Herman, let me have her with me !”

Dr. Page felt unable to resist his mother's entreaties. He was almost persuaded to bring his sister home. He returned to his own room and spoke to his wife.

“It is too hard for mother,” he said. “I will write to Lamarette and suggest that Marion might come home for a few days. We could watch her carefully, and judge, ourselves, of her condition.”

Anna did not oppose this plan. She dared not openly express opposition ; but she quickly proposed another plan as substitute.

“Why could not mother go and see Marion ? You could go with her. You know what a pretty room Marion had. If mother should see her there, she might be more reconciled.”

“Ye—es,” slowly responded the doctor. “That will, perhaps, be a good plan. Mother can then decide whether Marion shall come home. I will write to Lamarette that we are coming.”

It is not the patients, alone, who suffer from our asylum system. The mothers at home mourn ; the children left motherless and fatherless by these asylums, suffer. It is said that “corporations have no souls.” Certainly, our chartered asylums have no pity. Like anacondas, they swallow their prey while it is alive, and their sustenance is composed of human beings whom we permit them to snatch from our own firesides, nay, from our own bosoms. We fought bloody battles to free the colored people of the South ; but we, Christian people of the North, put our own loved kindred into these irresponsible asylum-prisons, and leave them there to quiver in the agonies of lingering captivity and death. Corporations for business purposes may grind their victims for money, but corporate insane asylums grind the victims themselves until life is ground out of them, and the

wretched soul of the prisoner passes out where bolts and bars no longer have force.

Classification! We have already spoken of it. Let us mention it again; for it is held up before the public as a grand, redeeming feature of the asylum system. In Number 10 of Lamarette's institution there was a murderess, a woman who had killed her own child. There was an inebriate, a woman who had destroyed herself by drinking ardent spirits, and who would continue to drink if she could get it. There was a thief. There was also a night-walker, and a woman who had been keeper of a brothel. Beside them was a pure woman, the wife of a good minister, a young girl fresh from the care of her father, and Marion was also in their midst. If Marion for a moment became calm, and stepped from her cell into the open hall, her ears were assailed by vile, profane language that shocked her and sent her back trembling, to her cell.

Let us bear in mind that criminals, convicted felons, are often sent to asylums as a merciful commutement of punishment. There they are placed beside men of integrity, whose only fault is the misfortune of being ill. Mercy to the convicted offenders becomes barbaric cruelty to the innocent insane. Yet the superintendents never tell the public of this great wrong, but prate of classification. How long ere the public will awake? Not while the people listen to the silvery tongue of a Lamarette, or the plausible tales of a Lovering. Not while the base word "insane" turns the accused person without jury or public trial into these secret, privileged palace-prisons, where counsel is never allowed, where friends are kept aloof, and physicians who are not in the "asylum ring" are forbidden to visit patients.

"But," says my reader, "this was twenty-seven years ago." Alas! the action of this story is represented to have begun then, but it continues even to the present day. Like all institutions, asylums change hardly at all,

and "A Palace-Prison" is a picture, not only of the Past, but also of the Present.

Said a woman, a patient in one of Lamarette's halls, as she listened to a torrent of profanity and vulgar words from the lips of a woman who had been a prostitute,—
"I know no surer way to demoralize the minds of young persons, than to put them as patients in these halls with these vile companions."

Let parents who permit their sons and daughters to be sent to our asylums for treatment, remember what this woman said.

Nor is the life favorable to the morals of an attendant. Attendants are obliged to be constantly with these depraved beings, to hear their conversation, to keep them in subjection, and to endure their disgusting presence. Should we countenance institutions that destroy their patients, degrade the keepers, and tempt the higher officials to sin?

The letter sent by Dr. Page was not agreeably received by Lamarette. Dr. Page did not *ask* whether it would be proper for himself and mother to see Marion. His mind was bent now on gratifying his mother, and without preliminary remark he stated that he should, with his mother, be at the asylum the following Thursday. This was the regular visiting day, and Lamarette could not refuse the friends of Marion. Yet he could not permit Dr. Page to see his sister in Number 10. Lamarette sent for the matron.

"Mrs. Barnes," he said, "put Miss Page into the best hall. Her mother and brother are coming to visit her."

"Why, doctor, she isn't fit to be moved! She's kind o' ravin', and can't see her folks now, anyway."

"She *must* see them, or, rather, they must see her! I cannot deny Dr. Page if he insists; that is, I will not."

"But, in the best hall every room is full."

"Move somebody out, then. There is Mrs. Mowbray. Her husband has just been to see her and paid his quar-

terly bill. He will not be here again until the end of another three months. He will never know that his wife has been moved. We will put her back before he comes. Put Miss Page in Mrs. Mowbray's room. See that on Thursday she is well dressed, and if her mother wants to dine with her, I'll send in dinner from my table for them. They can dine in Miss Page's room. Don't give them the food of the patients' table."

"Yes, sir," promptly responded the matron, and then hastening away to find the supervisors, she repeated to them the doctor's orders.

"It's all nonsense!" exclaimed the supervisors. "How much work it makes for us! And it's no matter where these crazy people are, or whether they ever see their friends."

"That is true," muttered the matron. "If I was superintendent there should not be a patient's relative in the building. I would not have them here. What good do these visits to the patients or to the friends, either?"

"I just wish we had authority," returned a tall, strong supervisor. "Think of all the trouble and work in getting Mrs. Mowbray out of that room, and getting that crazy Miss Page in! Why doesn't Dr. Lamarette have Miss Page brought up to the hall to meet her mother?"

"I don't know why," sharply retorted the matron. "It ain't my business to ask Dr. Lamarette why he does so. How long do you think I'd keep my place if I should ask such questions? So, trouble or no trouble, you've got it to do. You are to leave off the camisole."

"What! Leave the jacket off? Is she to go threshing about and knock us against the wall, as she sent Dr. Lovering?"

"Pshaw!" answered the matron. "She won't touch you. She's weak as a baby. We'll move her Thursday morning."

On the appointed morning the supervisors and Mrs.

Barnes went together to Marion's room, and first ordering her to stand, they next pulled off her jacket and prepared to dress her. Like an automaton, or a living human skeleton out of whose face all soul had flown, Marion obeyed. She neither helped nor retarded the movements of the women. Her cheeks, brow, and lips were colorless, her hands cold and clammy.

"The first thing to do," said Mrs. Barnes, "is to give her a bath."

They pulled off her clothes, and led her, nude, through the hall. She shrank with innate modesty, and, quivering, drew back as if to hide herself from the rude gaze of the coarse women.

"Come along!" exclaimed a supervisor, seizing the trembling girl by the ear and pulling her on. "What are you afraid of?"

And, truly, there seemed no need of fear. Those who looked on Marion were but demented, miserable women, who had lived under the asylum discipline until their natural qualities, both good and bad, had been crushed out of them, and they were like the skins and seeds of grapes in the vats where the wine has been pressed out under the feet of men.

There is no earthly cruelty equal in exquisite intensity of torture to that which men and women are capable of inflicting upon their fellows when none are near to see the barbarisms.

"Miss Page," said the matron, as they pushed the nude girl into the bathroom, "don't you go, now, to showing any of your tantrums. You'd better try and behave yourself. We're fixing you to see your mother and brother. If I had *my* way you wouldn't see 'em. But I obey orders."

The pale, thin, hopeless girl was roused by the words *mother* and *brother*. Some distant memory seemed calling, but the weakened mind at first found itself unable to respond. Presently she murmured,—

"Mother!"

"Yes," said the matron, "your mother is coming."

"Yes, and what will she think of you? Get into the bath. What would your mother or brother think of you if they knew how you had acted?"

Marion could not reply, for they plunged her into the water, and began a vigorous rubbing.

"Lord!" cried out the tall supervisor, as they drew the girl from the bath. "What a foolish thing you are! You don't know nothing!"

"That isn't grammatical," responded Marion, with that strange alertness which the insane often show on certain points. "Two negations——"

"I'll negation you, if you don't take care," interposed another supervisor. "What do you know?"

"Don't hurt me, please," pleaded Marion, as they jerked her between them.

"Hurt you? Lord! You are terrible tender! But I warn you, if you tell your mother or brother any lies about this place, I'll make you sorry after they're gone. Remember, I have warned you."

"After they're gone—gone," murmured Marion. "I, too, will be gone."

"No, you won't. So you need not expect it. What could they do at home with such a creature as you? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Home!" murmured Marion.

"Yes, I said home. Why don't you speak up? You were sharp enough about the two negations. O, you needn't pretend to be so far gone! I know your tricks."

Silently, and with the abjectness of patients under the ridicule and iron despotism of asylum officials, Marion submitted to be led back through the hall. She was still without clothing, but she cared less now, for a word was stirring her apathetic consciousness, and making little fissures in her narcotized brain. That word was "mother." Drugs had not wholly deadened her; poor

food had not quite destroyed sensibility; insulted love had not entirely quenched all other affection. There still was a chance for Marion to recuperate, if, at this time, she could have been restored to home and happiness. Ah! if she had been then restored, Dr. Lamarette would have lost a good paying patient. He could not afford to let her go, for, in his mind the "maintenance fund" was always first. This, too, was the first consideration of the trustees. Care for the "maintenance fund" was unavoidable. If this failed, the institution must go down.

"Mother!" softly repeated Marion.

"Don't be a fool," said the tall supervisor. "Your mother won't come any sooner because you say that."

"Mother!" said Marion again.

As the apathy of her nervous system was stirred by this consciousness of motherly presence, newness of life sprang up in her. God spoke in her heart. Nature, long suppressed, warmed and revived her emotions. Death seemed giving room for life. The dry bones became clothed with flesh, into which warmth and home recollections entered.

The sun was shining over trees and fields, and streets, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the season, the terraced yard of the stately asylum looked invitingly pleasant as Dr. Page and his mother went up the broad, stone steps to the door, which a porter swung ostentatiously open.

Tall trees disrobed for winter, and others clothed in perpetual verdure, ornamented the grounds; beds, now bare of flowers, but laid out with artistic skill, gave aristocratic grandeur to the terraces, and summer-houses with vines still clinging by their dry tendrils, spoke of seclusion and peaceful enjoyment. Mrs. Page looked around with surprise.

"Really, it is beautiful," she remarked. "It is just what Marion would enjoy. She always did love out-of-

door life, and I am sure she would never tire of this place. Did you say that this is the recreation ground of the patients?"

"Yes," replied Dr. Page. "This is where, in summer, they sit, or walk, or amuse themselves in other ways. I am glad you are pleased with it."

"And I am glad my Marion has this lovely place for her comfort. If she must be away from me, let her be here."

Dr. Lamarette came to the door to receive his honored guests, and they were conducted through the public halls to his private apartments, where a maid was in attendance. Dr. Lamarette appeared to forget that they were the guests of his patient. He treated them as if they were visitors to himself.

The doctor's rooms were well supplied with comforts, and he devoted his attention to his friends. *His* friends? He treated them as if they were his most honored friends. He offered fruit, placed the last magazines and his choicest books and pictures before Mrs. Page, talked with Dr. Page of the latest advances in medical science, and discussed with fluency the ability of a certain medical writer whose name was becoming famous.

At length, Mrs. Page, wearied of this dallying, suddenly asked how soon she could see her daughter, suggesting, also that her stay in the institution must be limited, owing to her son's practice requiring his presence at home.

"You will honor me by dining with me before going to Miss Marion's room, I hope," said the bland superintendent. "You must be weary from your long ride, and I have much to say to your son, who is my most valued friend."

The timid mother had not courage to enforce her own desires against the assurance of this man of the world, who was an adept in the art of managing visitors; and although he had given directions as to dinner in Marion's

room, if Mrs. Page insisted on dining with her daughter, he quietly ignored that plan and kept the mother and brother at his own table. He considered long interviews between patients and friends very undesirable, and confidences between mother and daughter at a private table especially dangerous.

"I like to know what my patients say," he often remarked to the matron, "and I wish you to keep a supervision when visitors are here."

Dr. Page and his mother partook of an elegantly appointed dinner at the superintendent's table, while Marion's dinner consisted of a watery potato, a piece of coarse corned beef, and a small mess of cabbage. She ate these dinners because nothing else was allowed to the patients; but she scarcely felt nourished, although she no longer vomited. She was now "acclimated," as one of the patients termed the process, in the asylum dietary rut. She might live on—that is, she might continue to breathe, masticate, and breathe, again; but those who imagine that a thinking, cultured mind, capable of infinite diversities of acquirement, can rise in strength and recover its lost capacities in this way, would, on trial, find themselves mistaken. Dining at Dr. Lamarette's table furnished aliment for the development of all parts of the human system, but at the tables of Dr. Lamarette's patients meager sustenance was given to some constituent particles of the system, while other atoms and tissues received no nourishment but were left to perish in the midst of life.

When dinner was over and the interview could no longer be deferred, the visitors were conducted to Marion's room. Dr. Lamarette himself accompanied them to the hall, then politely left them, as if unwilling to intrude upon family privacy. Ordinary visitors were left alone to wait until it pleased the officials to conduct them to their friends.

"Mother," murmured Marion, as she waited lonely in her room, "come!"

She began to feel that she had been deceived.

"No, mother, no—" she again murmured, "mother no longer cares for me."

"I do believe," spoke up a patient brighter than the rest, "that they have been lying to Miss Page! I do not believe her mother is coming. There ought to be an eleventh commandment. It should read, 'Thou mayest utter falsehoods to insane patients.' Ah, yes—anything may be done to the insane! The mere word gives license to every species of lawlessness towards the afflicted ones."

There was reason in the remark of this patient. She spoke of what she knew. Her own observation had led her to the truth; no other attestation was needed.

They came at length. From eleven o'clock in the forenoon until three in the afternoon they had waited; at four p. m. they must leave.

Brief time! Was one hour all that Dr. Lamarette could allow this gray-haired mother, who had come a long journey to embrace her beloved daughter? How can a man who wears the garb and has the manners of a gentleman be guilty of such deliberate cruelty?

Go search the chronicles of the earth and find the ages lined with the atrocities of the highest men of the nations, find the stains of the blood of innocent victims, the sighs of abused women, the groans of good men, and the chief men of the nation heartlessly mocking! Tell us why these men from the early eras down to the present generation could become cruel as ferocious beasts, and then we shall know how Dr. Lamarette, the genial gentleman, could thus inhumanly restrict the visit of Mrs. Page with her daughter. The barbarity of men is not yet wholly Christianized.

"So pale—so thin—so wan," thought the mother as she tremblingly and silently folded Marion in her arms.

Dr. Page sprang for a chair and hurriedly pressed his mother into it. He understood why she quivered as an

aspen. He was, himself, affected. He had not anticipated so terrible a change as was in his sister.

Mrs. Page sank into the chair, taking her daughter with her. Marion's pale face rested on the maternal shoulder, and tears from the mother's eyes rained on the daughter's hollow cheeks. No tears were in Marion's eyes, but a strange sensation of content pervaded her. It was as if the beautiful past had come into the misery of the present,—as if glorious childhood had rushed up and entered the encircling arms of enshrined love.

"Mother," whispered the thin lips of the girl.

"Herman," said Mrs. Page, turning suddenly towards her son, "she must go home with us! She has failed so painfully! This is no place for her."

"You forget, mother," replied Dr. Page, professional theory rising above brotherly sympathy, "that this loss of flesh and color is caused by disease, and not by the place. Did you not notice that Dr. Lamarette spoke of that fact?"

"But, Herman, you are a physician. You ought to be able to treat your sister."

"Mother, this is mental disease. I have never given practical attention to the disorders of mind, and I wish to say, in the language of a gifted author, 'Whatever our philosophy of the relation of mind to body may be, practically we are compelled to study the mental as well as the physical side of the nervous system both in health and disease, in order to obtain skill.' Now, here, abnormal minds are placed in juxtaposition, and the physician has an opportunity to compare and study their mental symptoms and learn how to treat them."

Marion's eyes flashed. Her understanding was not wholly gone. As by spirit glance she saw how her brother was deceived, she perceived his ignorance of the inner workings of this great establishment, which was like a wheel within a wheel, the outer rim of which glistened like charity shining in the face of the noonday

sun, while the inner cogs turned, grinding the bones and crushing out the blood of the victims. As though the mind, intent on its own preservation, rose by instinct, Marion raised her head and rapidly uttered,—

“You do not know, Herman, you do not know. If you could know, you would not wonder that I am pale. It is misery, all misery here.”

Then, rising higher, as the dying person rouses at the last moment, she cried,—

“We are pounded, we are scolded, we are fastened into tight jackets, we are dragged by the hair, by the ears, by the arms; and we are starved, we are jammed against the walls of the rooms, put into hot baths and burned, have cold water pumped down our backs, are choked till we strangle, are locked all day into our cold cells, are shut out into freezing corridors,—we are— O Herman, take me home!”

An attendant who had been listening, had run to Dr. Lamarette’s office, and as she breathlessly entered, she cried,—

“Doctor, Miss Page is going on dreadfully! she must be stopped!”

“Ah!” responded the doctor in a quiet tone, as if the tidings were of small consequence.

He started, however, immediately, and went to Marion’s hall. Listening a moment, he heard her closing sentences, but without appearing disturbed he approached the little party and gently took Marion’s hand in his.

“My dear Miss Page, you must not allow yourself to get excited. I hoped that if you could see your friends you would be happy. You should not tell that which is not true. You must consider that your mind is not clear. You do not always see things as they are.”

Marion sprang to her feet and vehemently exclaimed,—

“Doctor, it *is* true! *Every word is true, and you know it!* Villains! Base men! They tell me how they love me, and then insult me in my prison!”

As she spoke she glanced into the hall and her eyes rolled wildly. Dr. Lovering was passing. She raised her thin hand and pointed at him with her slender finger, "There he is! Put him out! He is the demon of this house! Herman, shall I live here with such as he?"

Herman glanced in the direction in which she pointed.

"Why, my dear sister, that is Dr. Lovering!"

"I know—yes—I know who he is! If you knew, Herman, if you knew, mother—you would not leave me here! Take me home, Herman, take me home! You may lock me up there—you may lock me into the attic, or into the cellar. You may keep the key with you. When you come home I shall listen for your steps; I shall hear your horse neigh in the stable; I shall know you are near me, and sometimes you will come and look at me. Sometimes mother will come to the door and speak to me. O take me home! Why should strangers lock me up? Mother—mother—if I am to be kept locked, cannot *you* be my jailer? Herman, will not *you* be my keeper?"

"Marion," said Dr. Page, in a low, husky voice, "I would not be allowed to lock you up. The neighbors would rise in horror! They would pronounce it an outrage."

"And what is this?" she demanded. "Is not this worse than an outrage? Why do the neighbors allow me to be locked up here? Look at these iron bars, these doors with no latches save keys! Do the neighbors know what is done to me here? Can they see in here? They could see into your house, Herman. They would know what is done to me there. Let me go home or I shall be crazy—forever and ever crazy! Take me home! If I do not keep quiet you can pull my hair there. You can pull it, mother, for you would love me, even then. O take me home!"

Dr. Lamarette stepped forward and gently but firmly took her hand.

"Miss Page, I can permit this no longer! You are exciting yourself, you are making your friends miserable. I must take them away."

She wrenched her hand away from Lamarette, and threw her arms about her brother's neck.

"Herman, take me home. You are a doctor, you can take care of me. Do not let me go forever insane. I have such dreadful feelings shut up here! If you do not want me at home, let me go away into the woods where I can smell the sweet forest air. I love the woods. Somebody can give me some bread and milk, and a shelter nights. Let me live in Simon Smith's pasture, or his barn. He is a good man. He will give me something to eat, and a place to sleep. Mother, may I go to Simon Smith's? You love me, don't you, mother?"

"Marion—my child—my child! Would God I had died for thee, O my child!"

"Dr. Lamarette," continued the mother, suddenly turning to the superintendent, "we will take her home; I will risk the consequences. She cannot be more unhappy there than she is here."

"My dear madam," returned the physician in a professional voice, "it is not a question of her happiness. It is whether she is suitable to be at home. You see her excitement. It is in consequence of seeing you. This is why I deprecated your visit. She is not usually like this. She is generally calm and appears contented. As to Dr. Lovering, she used to be devoted to him; then, suddenly, she turned violently against him. It is not uncommon for disordered minds to turn against their best friends."

"My Marion—my Marion!" cried the old mother, throwing her arms about the neck of the girl, while convulsive sobs caused her breast to heave and her voice to choke.

Dr. Lamarette took hold of the mother's arms and gently disengaged them from their twining embrace.

Then taking the trembling woman by the hand, he led her from the room. Dr. Page hesitated. Should he follow his mother and leave his dear young sister alone in her agony? Nature rebelled. No, he could not leave her; yet he could not take her against Lamarette's advice. Suddenly he put out his hand and seized hers.

"Marion, I cannot, dare not take you. When I come again, perhaps you will be better. Good-by, I shall come again."

He turned to follow his mother. Marion kept close beside him.

"I shall go!" she said, "Herman I *must* go!"

Thus they reached the hall door, Dr. Lamarette unlocked the door and led the mother into the corridor. Dr. Page followed, and Marion, clinging to him, was passing through. But two strong attendants who had kept close to her, seized her suddenly, dragged her back, pushed her brother through, and locked the door between them. The mother and brother were without; Marion was within. One long and piercing shriek she gave and fell, senseless, to the floor. There she lay as if her soul had left its tenement a clod on earth.

The mother heard that shriek.

"O my Father in heaven!" she cried.

"Do not be alarmed," said Dr. Lamarette, "it is but momentary. She will soon be well again."

Thus ended the mother's visit to her daughter. She went tottering down the steps, and her son silently followed.

How could this son be thus heartless to these two women? Why did he resist their pleadings?

He was not heartless. At that moment he could scarce restrain his grief. But he obeyed *Theory*. He was a devotee of *Medical Custom*. Beneath the heel of *Medical Ethics* he placed his heart, his individual judgment, his common sense, his sister's reason, and his mother's life.

Theory. What is it? Some strong-minded man has

conceived an idea ; couching it in attractive language, he places it before the world. All the smaller lights revolve around it. They write more books. The world stands agape. A Theory is formed.

Theory says all the insane must go into asylums, the sooner the better ; and that they must be drugged with chlorals, bromides, morphine, whisky, and must be kept locked up, must not see their friends, must neither love, nor hope, nor eat good food. What a humbug—what a sin—what a crime is this Theory !

Somebody—at some time—somewhere—may have been benefited by such a course. But are all the other thousands upon thousands to be treated in the same way ?

Physician, put yourself in the place of your patient. How would *you* like it ? How would *you* like to lie where the gifted Marion lies, like one dead, on the floor of a prison ?

CHAPTER XXII

NUMBER TEN, AGAIN.

As a citizen, a friend, a neighbor, a husband and father, Dr. Lamarette possessed many excellent qualities. Of a genial, social nature, he was a fascinating companion, sensitive and conscientious, and in the text of his profession was learned and scrupulous. His medical books had been well conned, and his theories were grounded on their best adduced principles. He could not originate new or advanced ideas ; therefore was never in advance of public opinion, but being quick to learn the new paths which more hardy pioneers had broken and smoothed, he was always in the popular breeze of progression and the most noted man of the advancing multitude. In the works of certain medical writers he placed implicit trust, and it was not his fault, but his misfortune that in resting on those writers he leaned on reeds instead of oaks for support in the vast fields of study and practice of the pathology of human mind.

Mental medical science is necessarily the acme of all systematized knowledge of humanity. Before attaining this summit, however, all lower sciences must be developed and arranged as substantial strata on which the higher erudition can be based. As all elements and organisms of physical forms enter into and form integral parts of the human organization, so researches into the science of these various elements and organisms are needful ere the crowning science of human life can be understood.

The basic layers of medical skill and practice were weak and incoherent in Dr. Lamarette. He was too

young to have acquired the necessary experience of general practice before stepping up to the altitude of mental practice. He learned the technicalities and eccentricities of abnormal minds before he learned the physical laws of the bodies with which the minds were indissolubly connected. Having learned the higher, he never descended to learn the lower. And Dr. Lovering was closely pursuing the same course. Lovering had absolutely no experience of general practice. He was a creature of the institution, moulded by its tyrannies, taught and guided by its peculiar ideas. By such medical men, even the mind, which they profess to know, is not known, because its material, supporting tissues are not properly considered.

"The superintendents of this country are generally well versed in medical books," remarked a lady who claimed to be acquainted with several of the fraternity of experts.

"Ah, madam!" replied a venerable physician, "what are our medical books? We might throw away a cart-load of medical works without throwing away an idea."

"Where, then, do you get your knowledge?" asked the lady in surprise.

"We have not much true knowledge," replied the old doctor. "We have a show without foundation."

A recent medical writer to whom we have already alluded, says,—

"Medicine has been taught in all our schools in a way the most unphilosophical, and despite all the modifications and improvements of late years, by bedside teaching and operations and demonstrations, the system of medical education is in need of reconstruction from the foundation; it begins where it should end; it feeds the tree through the leaves and branches instead of through the roots; physiology itself is taught unphysiologically; the conventional, hereditary, orthodox style is, for the student to take systematic text-books, go through them

systematically from beginning to end, and attend systematic lectures, reserving study at the bedside for the middle and later years of his study ; the didactic instruction coming first, and the practical instruction and individual observation coming last. Psychology and experience require that this should be reversed ; the first years of the medical student's life should be given to the bedside, the laboratory and dissecting room, and the principles of systematic instruction should be kept for the last years, and then used very sparingly. The human mind does not work systematically, and all new truths enter most easily and are best retained when they enter in psychological order. System in text-books is a tax on the nerve-force, costly both of time and of energy, and it is only by forgetting what is taught them in the schools, that men attain eminence in the practice of medicine.

“The first lesson and the first hour of medical study should be at the bedside of the sick man ; before reading a book or hearing a lecture, or even knowing of the existence of a disease, the student should see the disease, and then, after having seen it and been instructed in reference to it, his reading will be a thousand-fold more profitable than it would had he read first and seen the case afterward. Every practitioner with any power of analyzing his own mental operations, knows that his reading of disease is always more intelligent after he has had a case under treatment under his own eyes, and he knows also that all his reading of abstract, systematic books is of but little worth to him when he meets his first case, unless he re-read ; and if he do so, he will find that he has forgotten all that he read before, and he will find also that he never understood what he read, and perhaps thoroughly and accurately recited on examination. By this method one shall learn more what is worth learning in one month, than now we learn in a year, under the common system, and what is learned

will be in hand and usable, and will be obtained at incommensurably less cost of energy, as well as of time. So-called systematic instruction is the most extravagant form of instruction, and is really no instruction, since the information it professes to give does not enter the brain of the student, though the words in which it is expressed may be retained, and recited or written out on examination."

To these statements, given us by high medical authority, we subjoin the following oral remarks made by a learned physician in a semi-public meeting, relative to the study of mental pathology. The speaker said,—

"There has not, in the past, been any separate department in the medical schools for the study of mental disease. No courses of lectures have been given relating to disturbances of mind or insanity, and few theses have been prepared on these subjects."

In view of these delinquencies in the past, and considering that the physicians who have ventured into the arena of mind have been obliged to wade through seas of ignorance in which they could neither "touch bottom" nor successfully swim, it is not surprising that they have floundered, splashing the foul waters of know-nothingism into the faces of the people, filling asylums with asylum-made maniacs, and attributing the increase in the numbers of the insane to every cause save the true one, which is, their own ignorance.

The present asylum system, by isolating a few physicians, and forming them into a clique, as those especially set apart to care for the insane, creates in these specialists, or "Experts," as they are called, these insulated men, a spirit of egotism and self-sufficiency that, of itself, is a bar to their progress. They claim to be umpires in all matters relative to the treatment of the insane. They oppose all reforms. They go to the legislatures, and quietly maneuvering among senators and representatives, choke off or render ineffective every measure proposed

for the amelioration of the treatment of "so-called," or alleged insane. They influence editors, disparage the testimony of patients and even of attendants who dare expose the system. In short they resort to all the means which are inherent in a chartered monopoly, whereby the leaders are to obtain honor and emolument. All these evils are the result of a false system.

Among animals who are governed only by instinct it is possible for a whole species to be guided by one rule; the physical formations of the human race may also be treated on plans of universal application; but intellectual, reason-endowed, cultured, free, self-sustaining men and women, whose brains are full of thought, who have soul-animated nerves and sanguine temperaments, *cannot all be treated on one system for disorders of their minds.*

To us, free, self-governing, intelligent people of the United States, the proper treatment of mental disturbance is a matter of grave importance. We should no longer seek to cultivate our individual intellectual differentiations, if as soon as our over-taxed nerves show signs of exhaustion our medical men are to be allowed to stanchel us like cattle, or huddle us like swine, confining us all in unwholesome bondage, and feeding us on refuse which alone is sufficient to destroy health! As our laws now are, not a man or woman has any assurance of continued liberty. Constitutionally or unconstitutionally—let us inquire which—we may be arrested at any moment by relatives, or guardians, or designing enemies, and secretly, unknown to our friends at large, we may be carried to our palace-prisons, erected ostensibly for charity, and there we may be immured to go out no more until death opens the portals of the soul! Do the people realize this?

Having made this digression, let us return to Dr. Lamarette. Contrary to the usual course of medical students, he adopted from the first the special department of mind, not because of any peculiar fitness, but from an inherent desire to be distinctive, and thus

attract attention to himself. Not having the capacity to originate new ideas, or evolve new methods from the old, he pertinaciously clutched the established system, set up his banner, and by a dazzling *coup d'état*, soared into gratifying prominence. He dealt with insanity as with a commercial business, and even made it a subject for speculation in which he who created the most flourish and drove the sharpest bargain was the best fellow. He secured endowments for his establishment, got large appropriations from the state legislature, filled his purse with perquisites, and spread his branches like "a green bay tree." Not content with these gains, nor satisfied without also having fame, he joined the American Association of Asylum Superintendents, and there gained further fame and influence.

Dr. Lamarette's business tact was admirable. Under proper circumstances he would have shone as a "bright, particular star." We can watch with interest the human skill which controls and works the machinery of a vast mill where the white, fleecy cotton is carded, spun, woven, and dressed into cloth by the force engendered by the water rushing upon one wheel buried in darkness beneath the manufactory ; and all under the superintendence of one human mind. But our interest turns into horror when we look within a palatial building on which architects have expended their finest energies, which governors and boards of charity have approved, and there see cotton substituted by human beings who are subjected to all the force of the machinery which is tearing the fibers of their most divine organisms. It is questionable whether we have a moral right to close our ears against the sounds of mortal woe which issue from these prisons for the insane, or to turn our eyes away from witnessing their agony without stretching out a hand of relief and compelling those in power to supplant these evils by better methods.

Dr. Lamarette was supreme ruler over all that per-

tained to his institution. There were trustees, most excellent gentlemen, but they confided in Lamarette and were guided by his views. There was a treasurer, a steward, a book-keeper, supervisors, and other officials, but they were all Lamarette's employees. He was supreme, an absolute monarch, and his officers were his courtiers. At any moment, if they displeased him he could discharge them from his service; therefore they were silent as to the errors of their master as well as to their own wrong acts. Dr. Lamarette did not create this system; it was created before his time; he had but followed natural instincts in using it for his own advantage.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?"

"I perceive that thou shalt be king over Israel."

Kings may be excellent men; but we would not like to establish monarchy in our country. We would fear the effects of the "One-man-power." But Lamarette was a king, ruling over the helpless, who were not allowed to impeach him or even charge him with impropriety. The asylums are all governed by "One-man-power."

When Dr. Page left Marion's hall and heard her piercing shriek, the sound entered him like a two-edged sword.

"What shall I do?" he cried. "I cannot leave her here, and yet——"

"And yet," echoed the superintendent, "you cannot take her away. You see her condition, how unfit she is to be in the open world. Retirement and privacy are her necessities. Do you wonder that I object to the visits of friends when the effects are so inimical? She has been thrown backward months by this one visit."

"Oh, my child, my child!" moaned the mother in an agonized tone. "I would that I could carry her in my bosom—that I could press her to my heart forever? How can they love her here?"

"I assure you, madam, she is beloved by all, both attendants and patients."

"She was my idolized sister," remarked Dr. Page. "How can I make her more comfortable? No expense shall be spared, doctor; what more can I do for her?"

"I have sometimes thought," replied Dr. Lamarette, "that if she had a companion she might be happier."

"A companion?" queried Dr. Page.

"Yes, a girl near her own age, one who would wait upon her, and yet be sufficiently intelligent to read with her and converse pleasantly. They could go out walking together, and your sister would be less lonely."

"Do you know a suitable girl?"

"I have one in the house at this moment."

"Secure her, by all means," eagerly returned Dr. Page, putting his hand in his pocket and drawing thence his morocco pocket-book. "Make out your bill for three months. I will settle it in advance."

"Can I see the girl?" asked the mother with quivering lips.

"Most certainly. I will send for her."

Presently there entered the room a bright brunette, a plump, healthy girl who came and stood before the superintendent.

"Annie," said Dr. Lamarette, "you are to have charge of Miss Page. This is Miss Page's mother. She wished to see you."

"Come to me, child," murmured the mother.

Annie went to her side.

"Child," said the mother, "you are young and beautiful. My Marion is also young, and before she was seized with this terrible disease, she was beautiful. Be good to her, be patient and kind. Will you? Can you?"

"Yes'm," simpered Annie, looking with awe upon this stately old lady with gray hair and tear-bedewed eyes.

"It is all that I can do," added Mrs. Page. "Herman, let us go. I can bear this no longer. Farewell hope! farewell happiness! I shall go mourning to my grave. Good-by, Annie; good-by, Dr. Lamarette. Herman, lead me. I cannot see."

Her son grasped her hand and supported her as he led her out into the cool, fresh air. Dr. Lamarette followed. Hastily improvising a seat for the mother, he remarked that the carriage would soon be ready to take them to the depot. Then turning to Dr. Page, he said :

"I am very glad to have seen you, and you may rest assured that your sister shall have my best care."

Dr. Page stood in reverie. Presently he spoke in low, sad tones :

"I am not sure but I should soon have a disease of the mind if I was shut in here as these patients are ! I used to wish I had chosen the pathology of mind as a specialty, but here, looking beneath the veneering of the system, my opinion changes. I could not willingly be a daily witness of all this misery ; but, I suppose, custom hardens one."

For a moment, Dr. Lamarette was thrown off his guard, and spoke from the depths of his heart.

"Yes, one hardens. One must harden or lose one's own senses. I generally keep away from the halls. Other duties call me, and I leave the halls to the assistants. Of course I occasionally walk through the wards, but I must have some time for my family, and sometimes I must drive out for business or pleasure. If I should remain long in the halls, I should soon be as crazy as the patients are."

The carriage came ; Dr. Lamarette bade his visitors a pleasant "Good-by," and they left the institution. Mrs. Page was bowed in grief. Ten years, apparently, had been added to her life that day. Her face was haggard, her chin trembled, and convulsive twitchings seized her nervous system. Dr. Page tried to cheer his mother, but had little buoyance of spirit to impart. He had been startled by Lamarette's last confession.

"Does not often go through the halls, he says," mused Dr. Page, as he rode home. "Could not endure it—would be crazy as the patients—leaves the halls to the assistants. Is that the way the house should be run ? If

he, a strong, healthy man could not endure life in the halls, how are the feeble patients to bear it? If he would be made crazy, how are they to be made well? I confess it seems to me an ambiguous system of therapeutics. And then, are these assistant physicians competent to have the care of the patients? They are young men without experience. They might keep the accounts, remain in the office to receive the visitors, write the letters, oversee the business departments, and let the man of experience have charge of the patients. But I suppose I ought not to criticise. Assuredly, Lamarette is a better judge than I."

O blind medical theories!

And Marion—where, all this time, was she? In the hall in which the superintendent could not endure to remain, she lay in a deathlike swoon. The attendants tried to raise her, but found it impossible until they had applied restoratives, as they would have done to rational persons. Still, so firm was their belief that the patients must have unnatural treatment, that they shook her and spoke to her sharply, while they sprinkled water in her face, and applied salts to her nostrils. At length she gasped and breath came struggling back.

"O-o-o-oh!"

The long expression of pain was her first utterance.

"So you have come to your senses," said an attendant. "A pretty fuss you have made. What for did you try to go out? You knew you couldn't go. You only wanted to create a scene and make trouble for us."

"O-o-o-oh!" uttered Marion again, while the involuntary contraction of the muscles of her face gave evidence of pain.

"Come, get up," said one of the attendants.

"O-o-o-oh!"

The misery of the poor girl had absorbed every other sensation. She did not realize that any one was speaking to her. Indeed, she could not exactly think what

had occurred. It seemed as though she had received a blow on her head, and she raised her thin hand to feel the place of the hurt.

At that moment the tall, stern supervisor entered.

"Get up," said the supervisor.

Marion did not appear to hear. The supervisor stooped, caught the prostrate sufferer by the shoulders, and with a jerk brought her to her feet. Marion staggered and nearly fell back, but one of the attendants sprang forward and supported her. The supervisor shook her.

"So, young lady," angrily said the supervisor, "you have been in your tantrums again. What did you tell all those lies to your folks about this place for? What do you know about the place? What do you know, anyway? You're too crazy to know anything. Bah! Come, you are going back to No. 10. We brought you up here to see your mother, and this is the way you pay us for our kindness, is it? Come along—walk."

But Marion could not walk. She was limp and staggering, and her eyes were lusterless.

"O-o-o-oh!" was again her moan.

"Take hold of her," said the supervisor to the attendant. "I will hold this side."

Between them they dragged her across the hall, and down the stairs, down to No. 10. She shrieked as she entered. They threw her into her room, locked the door and left her there. Again she fell to the floor. She was alone. No one cared for her. No one came to her relief. The supervisor said,—

"Well, I am glad that is over. If I was in Dr. Lamarette's place, I wouldn't allow a visitor in these halls. There ought to be a law forbidding their coming. They destroy all discipline, and make no end of trouble."

Night, at this season of the year, drew her sable curtains at an early hour. At a little past five o'clock Marion's cell was dark. She could have no light save what came from the hall through the open door, and now

the door was closed and locked, and her one window was iron-sashed. Through the small panes of this window a few stars could be seen in the far blue sky, and the stars spoke of peace, of the firmness of God's laws in nature, and that hope of immortal expansion which comes from the realms above.

But the stars failed to give hope to the prisoner in her cell this evening. She did not even see them. In the darkness she recovered from her second swoon, pulled herself up from the floor and dropped upon her narrow bed; she was but a living representative of abject misery. Her nerves relaxed. They had no longer power of control over the actions of her mind, or body. Sleep, that angel of comfort, refused to come. All the pent-up anguish of her soul broke forth, and her piercing screams rent the air. The visionary demons of darkness that environed her in the first stages of her malady, came back again. Their black faces gathered close about her, and every face bore the distorted impress of Dr. Lovering. They seemed to dance about her and mock her in her misery. They smiled with a leering and sickening obsequiousness. She struck at them, pushed them and bade them go away; but they went not.

Presently the door opened and an attendant entered with a cup of tea and a plate with a biscuit on it, which she placed on the top of the old pine chest of drawers, the only article of furniture in the room except the bed and one old chair.

"Miss Page, get up and eat!" said the attendant peremptorily.

Marion did not move.

"Get up and eat your supper, I say!" repeated the attendant, giving Marion a fierce jerk.

"I cannot eat."

"You *will* eat! You will eat now, too, or I will find a way to make you eat."

Marion arose and mechanically took the tea. She drank it and ate the bread.

"Now go to bed!" said the attendant as she took away the cup and plate. "Don't go to bed with your clothes on. Undress yourself. Be quick about it, for I want to shut the door."

Like an automaton Marion obeyed. She was already broken into the harness of asylum discipline; the bits were in her mouth, the whip and goad were at her back. She laid down on her bed, covered herself, and the attendant closed the door. But neither whip, nor goad, nor threats of attendants could bring sleep to her. She lay quiet in the darkness, with eyes wide open and head aflame. The hours of the evening passed; seven o'clock, eight, nine passed by; the patients were sent to bed; the attendants were having a festival. Fruit, cake, sweetmeats, wine, and ale were on their private table.

"There's one good comes from having rich patients here," remarked one of the feasting girls. "They have such lots of good things sent them."

"And do you have all the good things?" queried a new attendant who was not yet initiated.

"Yes, Miss Verdant, we generally do. What do these crazy folks want of such things? They are nothing but insane people, do what you will; while we need something better than is supplied by the institution. Bah! We should starve if we could get nothing more than is on the hall tables. You ought to see the doctor's tables! There you will find the luxuries. O my!"

"I do not think that is right," answered the new comer.

"O, right is wrong, and wrong is right here! Don't you know the house is crazy and everything is reversed?"

Meantime, locked into the darkness, Marion lay with her eyes staring. It seemed to her that her soul had passed the confines of its body, and that she must flee away from earth. If she could but sunder the earthly cords and fly—fly—up—up—through the ceiling, through the barred windows, anywhere, anywhere into freedom,

she cared not where, how she would rejoice. "Freedom, freedom!" It was the cry of the spirit for liberty.

"Give me a savage land—a wilderness—a heathen country," she cried in agony, "but let me have liberty! What have I done, O land of my birth? why am I in this prison? They have left me forever! Herman—mother—why did you go and leave me? The fiends are coming again! The imps are here! I see them! O-o-o-o-o-oh!"

"There's that raving Miss Page again!" cried one of the attendants at the feastboard. "Well, let her scream until we are finished, and then we'll fix her."

They did fix her. They bound her, strapped her to her iron bed, procured a quadruple dose of narcotic, which they forced her to swallow, and then they left her there while they retired to rest.

At the morning hour, when they unlocked her door, she was lying in the same posture. The attendant touched her—her flesh was cold and clammy, and apparently she was pulseless. They were alarmed. They unbound her and sent for Dr. Lamarette. He came and stooped over her. He felt her pulse, or put his fingers where the pulse should be, and held his face close to her parted lips.

"There is life," he said. "Bring water. Call Lovering; tell him to bring ammonia, and wine."

These orders were obeyed. The sufferer revived, and as her consciousness returned, she saw Lovering by her bedside.

"Demon!" she cried, and sprang from her bed. "Have you followed me into eternity? I died last night. I thought I should see you no more! Vile monster, seeking pure love for your base purposes! O my God! art thou, too, dead? Thou who dwellest above, art thou dead?"

Then, seeing Lamarette, she sprang toward him.

"Dr. Lamarette, do let me go home! O, do let me go!"

Lamarette laid his hand gently on her brow.

"My dear young lady, you are excited. Your brother's visit was more than you could bear. Try and be calm, I beseech you, and when you are recovered, I assure you, you shall go home."

"Let me go now, doctor, now! I cannot recover in this place. I shall be forever crazy here. I cannot bear this life. Let me go home now."

"I am sorry," replied the superintendent, "but it is impossible for me to grant your request. Please lie down and be calm."

At that moment Dr. Lamarette was summoned to another hall. An elderly woman had been found lying on the floor of her cell. She was dead. She had fallen from her bed in her death-struggles.

"Really," observed Dr. Lamarette as he saw her, "I did not think her quite so near her end. You told me that she ate her dinner, as usual, yesterday."

"Yes, sir," answered the attendants. "She ate baked beans. At first she refused them, pretending that she could not swallow them, but I pushed them into her mouth, as Dr. Lovering ordered."

"Ah, well!" soliloquized Lamarette, with a sigh of resignation. "These casualties cannot be helped. Accidents will happen. Doubtless God was as near her as though she had died in her home. What matters it to her spirit now whether she died here, or there? We must notify her husband. Dr. Lovering can write the letter. She has left five little children. Of course her friends are not to be told that she was alone, or on the floor, when she passed away."

"Or that she was compelled to eat baked beans the day she died," whispered a voice, somewhere. The doctor could not tell whence the voice came. He did not know that it was but the voice of his own conscience. Dr. Lamarette had once had a conscience. Theory had hardened it.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IMPRISONMENT FOR LIFE.

DAY by day and hour by hour Marion faded away, passing into the valley of the shadow that kills not the existence of the body, but into that worse death which destroys the soul while the corporeal frame still continues. This is a terrible death. It inspires terror in its victim. The soul is distracted because it is slowly driven out of its nerve-tenement by the sundering of the divine tissues where soul and body meet in the human organism.

Every day poor Marion wept for lost love, for home, for friends, for her mother, and for freedom. Her powers of resistance to her fate weakened. The muscles of her delicate nerves lost their electric vitality. In the night she could be heard moaning,—

“Mother—mother—O mother—my mother!”

The night-watch reported her as uneasy in the night, and enlarged potions of narcotics were ordered for her.

Physicians claim that the insane must be taken from home, because that by remaining there they make home into a hell upon earth. Let us look into Marion's home and see whether happiness has been created by her absence. While Marion was moaning, “Mother—mother!” that mother, in her good home was crying, “My daughter!—O my beautiful daughter!—my own, own Marion!—why are you not here with me? Why are you kept in that dreadful prison?”

Between the mother and daughter stood brick walls, locks, keys, and iron bars, sustained by legal enactments, and by the wills of mistaken men. Between this

mother and daughter, injustice waved a legal banner of cruelty. If they attempted to write to each other, their letters were opened and withheld by the superintendent. All intercourse between them was thus intercepted.

Said a gentleman who had been for two years unjustly held as a patient,—

“If I had been in China, or in heathen lands, and had sent a letter to my wife, it would have reached her. It might have been long in coming, might have been carried from country to country, and across the seas, but all nations consider a letter sacred, and my letter would have reached my wife. But here, in my own State, in an asylum only six miles from my home, I wrote letter after letter to my wife, for more than a year, and not one was allowed to reach her. And all the time, as I have since learned, she was every week at the asylum, begging to see me, and not once was she admitted. This is freedom in our own country!”

Life imprisonment! What terror in the word! Our courts pronounce the sentence on only the worst criminals. Said a woman, a patient in one of our asylums,—“I could stand before a regiment of soldiers with the rifle of each pointed at my heart, and I would not shrink; but I cannot bear this daily death in life, this endless imprisonment.”

Said another, an intelligent and gifted American woman, who was held in asylum bondage,—“Lay me on wood and burn me; place me alive on a funereal pyre; but ask me not to endure this asylum life.”

Said another, as she sat within these cruel walls,—“Tie me to a martyr’s stake, and kindle the fires around me, but do not require me to exist within these desolate, hopeless halls.”

“But,” exclaims a terrified public, “shall insane people be allowed to run at large to kill and destroy?”

The answer comes not in a simple affirmation, nor in a negation. Before we answer this question, science

must put her axe at the root of the tree; not medical science only, but cosmopolition science, that which draws truth and knowledge from every element of human life. Our medical men must be required to segregate the treatment of the insane, to treat the causes of insanity in each separate individual, to attend to these causes in their primal stages, and thus prevent their development into disastrous mental effects. No two persons are mentally duplicated by nature; in the infinite resources of spirit and earthly matter, each man and woman has individualized peculiarities, especially in a country of free schools and diversified occupations. Therefore, in the phases of insanity there is diversity, and no patent for wholesale treatment of insane people can serve for all. No palace-prison treatment can be just to all its inmates. That which may possibly benefit one, may injure all the others. Therefore, what shall we do? We must *abolish the system*. The treatment of the insane must be diffused, it must be placed on the same basis as other diseases. Every practising physician in the country must be required to take care of his or her own insane, and to adapt the treatment in each case to the needs of the patient and the circumstances of the situation. Every town should take care of its own insane, not in miserable pauper-houses, but in such homes and by such means as are creditable to humanity and will raise the poor in self-respect and morality. For the carrying out of proper pauper-insane treatment, the physicians of every city, country, town, and neighborhood, should be held responsible. There should be no monopolizing clique of doctors holding powers of life and death over their quivering prisoners. Mark these words—mark these ideas—all ye tax-payers! Aggregate no more vast sums for the benefit of a few men who claim monopoly over one class of diseases, but diffuse the money; let it go to families who will gladly learn to take care of their friends and neighbors if they can

be properly recompensed, as asylums are paid. Our State funds come from taxes on the people. Let the money go back to the people—not to institutions. Let it go back to families, for they furnished it.

The treatment of the insane should be so modified by law that individual, segregated treatment should be allowed to all physicians, *ad libitum*, on the same base in law and under the same conditions in practice as other ailments. Mark this statement, also, great public!

"The Great Public!" exclaim the doctors, derisively. "What do the people know?"

We answer: It is time for them to learn. It is time that our children, our young people, and our parents should understand enough of their own systems and needs to save them from the experiments of physicians who may be, themselves, unskilled.

Life imprisonment! Marion saw its dark curtains falling around her, and its thick walls enclosed her within their despairing embraces. Damp shades and unwholesome effluvia environed her daily; misery and anguish were her nightly companions. The ceilings seemed to accumulate foulness, and the giant Despair wrote on them with ominous fingers. Marion wailed, swaying to and fro in wretchedness.

"Never to go out of here—never—never! To be immured within these walls forever—forever! My whole life cramped into this narrow space! Outside, the sun shines—free. God gives sunlight to all. But I can have no gleam of liberty. What have I done to deserve this treatment? Am I a criminal? If so, where are my judge and jury, my lawyers and witnesses? Can I be deprived of liberty without these? Or am I ill? Why, then, do they not take sensible measures for my recovery? Despair—oh, despair! There is no gleam of hope. If I think, what then? It is misery; yet I must think."

She arose and began the prison-march. Pacing swiftly in her anguish, as if to deaden thought, she was suddenly stopped by observing Dr. Lovering gazing intently at her. He had had the temerity to come quite near her door.

"O God!" she cried. "Must I see you forever?"

"I am sorry you are not fond of me, my lady," the doctor replied, with a sneer.

Marion called loudly to an attendant.

"Take this man out of my sight!"

"So you are in your tantrums again?" derisively responded the attendant. "Sit down and be quiet, or it may be worse for you."

Marion dropped into her one chair. Too well she knew the consequences if she failed to obey an order given in that tone. She sat like a figure of stone, her eyes growing glassy and set. Dr. Lovering and the attendant conversed awhile in low tones; then they separated, and when they disappeared, Marion arose and again began her prison-march.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A CRISIS.

TRAMP—tramp—tramp. Swiftly—more swiftly—still more rapidly, until the room seemed to dance in whirls, the walls appeared toppling, the ceiling flew around and around—and still Marion walked, and tramped, and danced in mortal anguish. Out of her room, into the hall, up the hall, then down, then up again, unheeding all about her, and conscious only of the fact that she could get no nearer into freedom than to the boundaries of these walls.

“The walls and iron bars should be covered with green vines and flowers,” says a philanthropist, not understanding the effect of imprisonment upon disease.

Marion would have found the walls and bars beneath the vines. The semblance of freedom was not her need; she longed for the real liberty that she felt she ought to have, and which was demanded by her free, nature-loving temperament.

She did not now see the walls; *she felt them!* She would not have seen the vines; she would have felt for the wall beneath, and still would have kept the pain. While her body remained thus in prison, her mind soared out where the free winds blow, and in fancy she saw the great world with its myriads of enchantments and divine harmonies. Pausing in her walk, she pressed her face against the window and gazed out at the asylum-yard, at the trees now barren of leaves, at the clouds, at the sky, and at the grand, free space of breezy air.

“I *must* go out!” was her inward cry.

She seized the iron bar of the window, but alas! her slender fingers had no power over its fixedness. It would not even quiver in her grasp. Then she hastened to another window. This overlooked a yard where patients were allowed to breathe the out-door air. She saw patients walking there, guarded like convicts in a prison yard. She shuddered. Alas! well she knew how little happiness there was in the lives of those prisoners with watchful sentinels stationed over them. A deathly faintness seized her, and she clutched the bars of the window with a vice-like grip. For one instant she thought of dashing her head against the bars and thus ending her misery. Fortitude soon returned, however, and once more she rallied. With rapid steps she crossed the hall and there looked through another barred window into the court below. There the asylum carriage was coming up the graveled driveway. The coachman stopped his horses at a private doorway. A supervisor came out from the asylum and threw open the carriage-door. Then voices were heard in altercation, and presently Marion saw two attendants come out from the building. Between them was a miserable, poorly-clothed woman whom they were dragging towards the carriage. The woman was a State patient. She wept and begged to be told where she was going and what they were going to do with her. Her pallid face had an expression of despairing agony; the lines of her countenance were graven as by years of misery. Marion could hear the words of the prisoner as she pleaded,—

“Don’t carry me off! I don’t want to go! I want to see my children! Don’t take me to that other place! Don’t—don’t!”

Her cries attracted the attention of others who came rushing to the windows.

“Who is she?” “Where are they taking her?” were the first eager questions.

“They are taking her to an institution for paupers,”

observed an attendant, "and why can't she go along without a fuss?"

Dr. Lovering then came out and approached the woman, not with smooth, persuasive tongue as when he wooed Marion, but with a countenance dark and lowering, like a rising thunder-cloud. His voice had a ring of austere harshness. Going behind the woman, he put his hands upon her shoulders, straightened his arms and pushed her in front of him, kicking her on the way, much as he might have kicked a dog which he was forcing into some repulsive situation.*

Marion drew in her breath and stood motionless. Every sense was horrified as she watched this ruffianly scene. On strided Lovering, pushing the woman faster than she could walk, until she fell headlong before him. With an impatient oath he picked her up and thrust her into the carriage. She fell forward, her face downward. He ordered her to get up. With piteous screams she struggled up, and then he shouted,—

"Shut up your noise!"

Next, three other women came trembling down the asylum steps. Tears were in their eyes, but no one heeded their grief. Dr. Lovering cast lowering glances at them. Marion saw a demon in his eyes, and his white teeth glittered as he set them firmly in even rows between his parted lips. The women's movements were too dilatory to suit his majesty.

"Hurry up!" he shouted, striding towards them with menacing gestures. It seemed that this young gentleman had changed into a fiend of cruelty. His eyes gleamed with the force of his angry passion. The dulcet, seducing tones with which he had won Marion, were now discordant, and grated on her ears as her eager gaze fastened on the man she once had loved.

And yet, we should not too severely censure this young physician. Let our censures, aye, let our execra-

* This seems incredible: yet the author was an eye-witness of the scene.

tions fall upon the system under which he had been trained, and which had developed the evil within him, while the good remained but as a show. With his face to the world, he bore fascinating smiles; over these imprisoned patients he was as a brutish slave-driver.

"Hurry up, I say!" he again shouted.

Marion could no longer bear the scene. Quick as thought she threw up the window, and cried,—

"Brute! monster! villain!"

An attendant bounded forward, seized Marion by the arm, jerked her from the window, and dragged her towards her own room. Another attendant came, and together they thrust her into her barren cell.

"Stay there!" they cried. "Don't you dare to come into the hall again! If you want to be a dramatic queen, try it alone."

Marion faced the two attendants and stood erect. Her form heightened and grew in stately grandeur, while her eyes emitted royal fire. There was an immense latent power in this American girl whom American physicians were trying to crush into an abjectness equaled only by that of the slavery now extinct. By governmental fiat the despotisms of slavery have passed away. By charters from government, the enslavement of our own beloved kith and kin is now allowed. Not only are they enslaved, made chattels of the institution, but prisoners also. Our own nearest flesh and blood, the very children whom we bring into the bosom of our families, may, without jury, or public trial of any kind, be made slave-chattels of these legally established palace-prison asylums!

And American gentlemen physicians tolerate this system—yea, reap honor and emolument from it! Verily, let not Northern asylum superintendents, or their apologists, condemn the spirit of Southern slavery!

Marion Page was a true American girl. The spirit of individual liberty was hidden in the marrow of her

bones and in the sensitive centers of her delicate nerves. She had borne long and much, been the victim of mistakes, oppression, and poisonous drugs, been thrust within the border-lands of insanity, but the spirit of liberty was not yet dead within her. The majesty of her look as she stood face-to-face before her keepers, awed them. They remained silent and motionless. There was no court of justice to which Marion could have access to ask protection; no lawyer would be allowed within her hall; she felt that she must be her own avenger. Liberty called from every fiber and atom of her being. Like an oppressed victim of a tyrant she answered liberty's appeal; not by words, but by deeds.

The fire in Marion's eyes glowed brighter, and her bosom heaved with swelling indignation. A moment, and then, before the attendant nearest her—a strong, brawny girl—saw the motion, Marion extended her thin hand and caught the girl by the wrist. The attendant sprung forward upon Marion and with her free hand caught Marion by the hair with a violence that caused her to reel, but not to release her grasp upon the attendant's wrist.

For an instant, only, did Marion stagger. Liberty thundered within her. Turning calmly and gazing with flaming eyes into the face of the attendant, she clinched her disengaged hand, swept her slender arm about in a curve, and dealt a blow into the eye of the attendant that sent her reeling to the floor.

Every woman in that hall shrieked. It was not unusual to see a patient knocked down by an attendant; but to see the reverse frightened them all. The other attendant then fell upon Marion, but the conquering girl sent her whirling down upon the first. Attendants and patients shrieked in chorus. Marion alone was calm. She held the two down by the force of her arms. She appeared supernatural in strength. Her soul had arisen in spirit might, and every muscle in her body was obedi-

ent to her will. She was a heroine, the liberator of prisoners, the avenger of injustice.

At that moment the matron, a large, powerful woman, chanced to enter the hall. She saw the scene and at once understood it.

"Miss Page!" exclaimed the matron, advancing, "unhand those ladies!"

Marion neither moved nor spoke.

"Unhand them, I say!" repeated the matron.

Marion released her grasp, stepped forward, again clenched her slender fingers, and struck the matron in the breast.

Alas!—ah, yes—again we say, alas! Marion was now insane! Her self-control had lost its power, and would no more return. She had been tried in the furnace, and her brain burned. May God forgive those who had brought her to this state!

CHAPTER XXV.

SUBJECTION.

Do any of our readers know what it is to become insane? Have they experienced the agony which the mind endures as it passes from a healthy to a diseased condition? Have they really felt the deathlike throes that torture the sensitive nerves as they are strained beneath the burdens of life which are hurrying them into mental chaos?

The complex, delicate nerve system can bear much, but there is a limit to its endurance. Marion's nervous system had passed that limit. Her pure womanly love had been outraged, her freedom wrenched from her, her friends denied her, her letters destroyed, and every expression of sentiment that did not accord with the interests of her captors, had been forcibly suppressed. In her frenzy for liberty she had overpowered her keepers, and struck the matron, and then she stood, undaunted, fearing nothing, caring for no one. The wild cries within the hall were heard without. The click of a key in the door was heard; Dr. Lovering entered the hall.

Marion's eyes flashed; she took one energetic step towards him; then paused and clasped her hands firmly upon her breast. She scorned to come near him. He was in no danger of a touch from her.

"Miss Page," cried the physician, authoritatively, "are *you* causing this trouble?"

"It is *they* and *you*, who cause it," was her firm reply.

"Miss Page," he added, softening his tones and drawing nearer to her.

"Stand back!" she said.

"But, Miss Page——"

"Stand back, I say!" She spoke in a commanding tone, and involuntarily the guilty, cowardly man fell back.

"Never," exclaimed Marion, "never was mortal girl so tormented as I am!"

Suddenly she turned to the matron and in an authoritative voice, said,—

"Madam, give me a key! I am going out of here! I will not bear these insults! I shall leave this house!"

The matron not replying, Marion's eyes rolled wildly from one to another.

"Somebody will give me a key," she said, "or I will take one by the strength of my arms."

Electric flashes from her eyes showed that her courage was rising.

"Call Dr. Lamarette," said an attendant.

"No!" quickly responded the matron. "Call Clark!"

The matron was obeyed. Clark came. A heavy, stolid man he was, with deep gray eyes set back beneath heavy brows. His muscles were like iron. He often boasted that once he had broken a crowbar by striking it across his arm. At the matron's command he had come, and at a glance he perceived the situation. A slender girl was defying the authorities. That they had no real authority, that there was not even the semblance of law in her detention there, did not occur to him. It was not his province to inquire into that. He approached Marion and in a voice resembling human thunder, said,—

"Ha! What are you doing here?"

She raised her right hand, clinched it into a fist with sharp, long knuckles, and hit him, also, in the eye. The suddenness and force of the blow nearly crushed his eyeball, and would have seriously injured it but for its situation far back in its deep socket. Clark put his hand to his eye. He was momentarily blinded.

"Good God!" muttered Lovering.

"A camisole!" shrieked the matron.

"I shall not wear that thing!" said Marion, and darting from them she caught Clark's key as he still held one hand over his eye, and then she fled across the hall. But Clark's grip on his key was never loose. He hung to the key and wrenched it from her. She looked wildly about. The doors were locked; the windows barred. Turn which way she would there was no way of escape. She might wear herself out with efforts, but still the walls would stand, mural enemies against whose ramparts she had no weapons. Her opponents knew this. They had the hardihood—or cowardice, call it which you please—to laugh as they saw her vainly seeking some means of egress. They watched her, and mocked, tantalizing her with rude remarks, until her strength gave way, and she sank, wailing, to the floor. Then they fell upon her and once more dressed her in the dreadful camisole.

Dr. Lamarette had not been disturbed by this scene. No one had apprised him of its occurrence. Serenely sitting in his office, he was conversing with a loving father who had been advised by his family physician to come and consult Dr. Lamarette with reference to his son, who had been nervously weakened by overwork.

"You had better bring him to me at once," the superintendent remarked. "It is not safe to delay treatment. The great superiority of this asylum lies in the humanity and tenderness with which we treat our patients. The people sometimes charge asylums with cruelty; you will find none in this institution. We use great care, and families may rely upon our kindness."

"I hope so," observed the father. "My son is the apple of my eye. I could not send him from me did I not suppose it to be for his good."

"He shall have every possible attention here, sir," said Lamarette.

It was while the superintendent was thus suavely per-

suading this old father, that Clark and Dr. Lovering were carrying Marion, bound, into her desolate cell, where they threw her on to her iron bed. Her breath was heavy and hot; and when she saw Lovering helping to carry her, her eyes grew wild. But she was powerless. They might have killed her; she could not use a finger in self-defence.

"There," said Clark as he turned away from her. "I never had a harder tussle. I advise you not to let her loose again."

"She has brought her trouble on herself," was the matron's cool reply.

Dr. Lovering stood by his victim and with secret satisfaction observed her defeat. Since the day of his insulting language, the proud pertinacity with which she had refused all his attempts at reconciliation, had enraged him against her. In his view, a patient in an insane asylum had no rights which an official was bound to respect. A patient was a chattel of the institution. If he had chosen to buy flowers for Miss Page, and to treat her as an equal, it was because it had pleased his fancy, and she should have been humbly grateful to him for his condescension to her, a patient in an insane asylum. That she should defy him, and scorn him, was only comparable to a slave defying and scorning her master.

Dr. Lovering was the last to leave Marion's room, and as he went out he turned the key in the lock of the door, and left her, bound, and alone. In the hall the attendants were laughing over her discomfiture. Rude jests were bandied at her expense. In the silence of her room she lay, unheeding. She was, in fact, almost unconscious. Reaction had come. Her refined nature could bear no more. Quietly, and with no one to see, she passed into a state resembling trance.

These attendants were not worse than the average young people. They had common-school educations, and would have passed among others in a multitude of

our people. But of the nervous intricacies of the human organism they knew no more than a plowboy knows of the delicate mechanism of a gold repeater. Girls and boys from rural districts, or from service in families, having little knowledge of physiology, and much less of psychology, or the nervous, or elastic human systems, and sometimes young emigrants with little or no education, are employed as attendants and nurses in our asylums, where they rule over and command cultured ladies and learned gentlemen whose most ordinary conceptions are above the conceptions of their attendants, as the stars are above the lowest vales of earth. To refined patients this part of asylum life seems like mental murder; the attendants' power over these superior minds is fuel for their arrogance and assumption.

Said a clergyman, a man of fine abilities, who had been a patient in one of our asylums,—

"The hardest part of my life there was in being ordered about and having all my daily actions governed by ignorant young men, who could not for a moment comprehend my thoughts."

Said an intelligent business man who had been a patient in a costly establishment where fifty dollars per week were paid for his imprisonment,—“My doctor was a man of extremely narrow mind. He could trot all day in a half-bushel measure. Why, bless you, I could put him in the toe of my boot, and his mind is so small that he could never find his way out!”

This could not be said of Dr. Lovering. He was not narrow in mind, but his moral principles were void. He possessed not the first elements of moral integrity. Has not every profession its corrupt men? Yes; but shall we build and endow institutions where these depraved men *can* practise their vile sins in secret? It is not necessary to suppose that all are vile, but the *possibility* of *one* villain having such power is awful to contemplate. And the possibility has produced the facts.

Once more Marion revived. Once more it was tramp—tramp—tramp—pace—pace—pace. Again Marion was taking the prison-march. Weeks of tedious lying on her bed had passed. She was pale and lifeless ; all animation seemed crushed out of her. Whenever she had moaned or made any noise by which the attendants had been annoyed, narcotics had been given her to stupefy and deaden her. That she lived at all after all this misguided treatment, was due, not to the agency or care of the asylum, but to the wonderful tenacity of life which holds its subjects, oftentimes, by a thread which is invisible to earthly eyes.

"I think we might take the camisole off, now," said an attendant some months after Marion's subjection by Clark and Lovering. "I think she would be quiet now, and I am tired of taking care of her with the camisole on her."

"Very well," replied the matron. "Let us unstrap it and see how she behaves."

The camisole was removed. Marion arose and mechanically again began to walk. But her feet, by much tramping and by the general debility of her system produced by the camisole, were swollen and painful. She frequently dropped into her chair, faint and ill. But who cared ? She no longer troubled the attendants with asking any favor or presenting any want. This was a relief to them and they were glad. They spoke of this apathy as a crazy freak. When she was wild and restless, it was "Miss Page's craziness." When she was quiet and asked for nothing, they said "Miss Page has got a demented spell." When she cried to go home the attendants said, "What an insane fuss she makes!" When she was patient and did not speak of home, they said, "It shows that she is insane. If she was rational she would want to go home."

No course that she could have taken would have been called rational. No plan that she could adopt would

have helped to release her. By one means only could she have been liberated. That was for her friends to cease paying her board. When the asylum could get no more pay, either from the friends or from the State, or county, or town, Dr. Lamarette always immediately discovered that the patient was able to be released.

What is this spirit in a man, otherwise honorable, that leads him into cruelties and falsehoods for the sake of adding to his income? We all know men will prevaricate, deceive, be cruel and base, for the purpose of increasing their incomes. Shall we, then, build institutions, put locks and keys on them, and put men over them, and then leave them there to add to their incomes in the midst of temptation?

Were none but Marion suffering in Dr. Lamarette's institution? Suffering and agony were common there. The officials became hardened to cries. They called it all "Insanity." They said "The insane do not feel!" Not feel? Why, then, do they shriek? Is it not from agony so great that the lips fail otherwise to utter it? Agony? The sane know of no pain comparable to the anguish of a mind gone out of its normal state. Shall we not pity?

Let us walk through Dr. Lamarette's famed institution at the time when Marion was lying in her camisole.

In the opposite wing of the great building, a man was rending the air with his cries. Dr. Lamarette, walking in the yard, was annoyed by the sounds, and ordered Clark to move the man to a rear hall, where he could not be heard from the street, or from the pleasant promenade on the terrace of the ornamented grounds. Lamarette's method for quelling disturbances, was to push the patients off from his own hearing, or from the notice of the public.

They termed this man's cries, "Insane shrieks." This may have been a correct term. The man had been struck on the head by an "iron billy," in the hands of an angry

and half drunken attendant. Was not this enough to make him utter "insane shrieks?"

Another man was stamped upon with the iron-nailed boot-heels of a heavy male attendant? The blood rushed out of his mouth as his ribs cracked. Would we not expect cries from him until his power of utterance ceased? Another had his teeth knocked out. Would not that cause cries? Might they not be just such cries as the sane would utter in such cases?

One man, at the evening hour, lay dying. He moaned.

"Shut up!" said the attendants.

"Milk——" groaned the man, "for God's sake, gentlemen, give me a glass of milk!"

"O, you dry up, old man! Who do you think is going after a glass of milk for you?"

"Gentlemen," said the sick man, turning his dying eyes imploringly towards the rough attendants.—"I am a rich man. You shall have any sum you ask if you will get me one glass of milk."

"O you bother! Get out with your promises. We've got something else to do."

They turned to leave the room.

"Milk!" called the sick man. "One glass of milk, one——"

"Shut up, I tell you!" was the reply of the attendant.

And the two young men,—shall we call them men?—went out of the room and locked the door.

"Howl, now, old man!" they said, as they walked away. "We shall not hear you."

The young men had engaged to spend the evening with two of the young female attendants. Therefore the old man might cry vainly in his last hours.

In the morning the old patient was reported dead.

"I thought the crazy old fool was making believe," said one of the attendants, by way of excuse for his unkindness.

These were a part of the occurrences in Dr. Lama-

rette's noted asylum, where Marion was left to linger in misery.

One day Marion's moanings ceased. She sank in her chair in deathly apathy. She could no longer eat. Her digestive organs had refused to act. Their vitality had diminished until nature ceased craving food. The attendants reported to the matron, and she referred the case to Dr. Lovering.

"Miss Page refuses to eat."

"Ah!" said the doctor. "Is that her game?"

Two days after this they had a tube in Marion's mouth, and forced nourishment down her throat. They were saving her life! It may be consistent with asylum theories to torment a patient until all desire for even life is left, and then to compel the patient to take nourishment in order to live, but it is scarcely consistent with common sense!

"Deal tenderly with Miss Page," said Dr. Lamarette, one day, as he passed through the hall and saw her suffering. His conscience smote him.

"Something different must be done," said his inward monitor. "What shall it be?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A FEW IDEAS.

YEARS passed. Summers, with their delights, their attractive watering-places, their happy tourists, the singing of birds in the green trees, the opening of flowers in fields and gardens, the sounds of the scythe in the farmer's hands, the low of the kine and the soft bleat of lambs, went by, and still Marion remained shut up in her cell. She knew no summer, no vacation was allowed, ever, to her; no tour was planned for her; not a day of change was granted her. The superintendent went on journeys and excursions; the matron and supervisors took their turns in vacations; and the attendants did the same; but to Marion not a day, not an hour of change was allowed.

Winters, with their pleasures, passed by, but no pleasures were proffered to Marion. Springs and autumns intervened, but Marion knew not when they came. The monotony of her days was utterly unbroken. There was not a differentiated feature, even, to distinguish the days of the week. Sundays were like other days, and all the days were as Sundays. Like Robinson Crusoe on his lonely island, Marion needed a stick in which she could make notches to mark the days.

This monotonous life, with the wearisome uniformity of diet, would drive many sane people into insanity; but our physicians appoint it for the cure of broken mental powers.

O sapient doctors! When will you abandon false theories and use plain common sense? Imprisonment is

instinctively admitted by all intelligent people to be a terrible, cruel fate for even healthy, sound people. Did not the name of Andersonville fill the people with horror? Yet we allow Andersonvilles in our midst, and put our own beloved ones into them.

Years passed in the asylum. Dr. Lamarette's fame still continued. People of all classes brought their friends to him. The State confided its wards to his care. His house was overcrowded. Beds were improvised in every possible situation. Patients had to be transferred to other institutions, and now and then a paying patient was sent home when a new one who paid higher came to supply the place. The world was satisfied with Lamarette's institution, but Lamarette was not satisfied. He knew more about the shortcomings than the world knew. Marion's was not the only case which had resulted disastrously. All through the cells and corridors of his building were persons who had been driven into the miseries of chronic insanity under his system, and he knew it. Collisions between attendants and patients were of daily occurrence. Almost every day somebody was battered and bruised, and it was not always the fault of the patients.

Dr. Lamarette knew all this, and was troubled. He was ensnared in the meshes of his own theory. His enterprise had entangled him in the impracticable workings of its machinery. He studied how to remedy the defects. But he studied as a conservative, interested theorist, and not as an unselfish reformer. He would do good, but he would do it without injury to his own interests. Nay, he would advance his own affairs.

Instead of looking at his patients individually, and selecting one who could be best cured by being sent to one place, and another to another place—instead of saying, This person should travel, that one should go home; this one only needed change of occupation, that one required rest, and a third had lived in too sedentary a

manner; this one needed jolly companions, that one has been too jolly; this one needs medicine for dyspepsia, that one should have nerve-strengthening medication, a third is sexually disordered; all are sick people needing individual curatives:—instead of dividing them out in this manner—which is the only true classification—he lumped them all in a mass, and in the expanded fervor of his imagination lumped others with them, and said,—“We must have a new and larger institution.”

Instead of diffusing his people among families and advising that families should be trained to take care of them, to give them suitable food, care, employment, fresh air, kindly treatment; that physicians at large should learn to take care of them, and that the state and towns should be required to pay the board of those who could not pay themselves, while a good State Commission had charge over all, Dr. Lamarette shrugged his shoulders and said to the tax-payers,—“More money, gentlemen, is needed for the increasing number of the insane. We must have a new and larger asylum. Let it be magnificent, worthy of the charities of our State!”

And all the tax-payers consented; the Legislature granted the money. For was not Dr. Lamarette an expert who knew what was needed? Hundreds of thousands of dollars were freely appropriated for a new asylum to be erected in consonance with Dr. Lamarette's views. It was by this means that he hoped to improve his treatment.

“Insanity is increasing,” said the newspapers. “Statistics prove it.” But why should insanity increase? “Civilization causes it,” was the reply of the doctors.

Are the newspapers and physicians correct?

Statistics are often misleading. Because census-takers report large numbers of insane, it does not follow that insanity is increasing in proportion to the increase of population. The increase is not necessarily attributable to civilization. If civilization is at all accountable, it is

only so from its incompleteness. We are not yet enlightened, nor even civilized regarding our own health and bodily preservation. Our civilization is choked by rank weeds, the seeds of which are sown in the human soil of our people by alcohol, tobacco, corsets, sexual indulgence, and the many minor violations of nature's laws. These are not the fruits of civilization. When civilization is complete, these evils will disappear, and insanity will also be no more.

But, let us add, not even these evils are accountable for the present increase in insanity. The augmentation is due to the present asylum system. The increase is within these walls, where many are taken in, but few go out—save in their silent coffins.

This is a severe accusation. We charge it not to Dr. Lamarette, nor to any other superintendent; *we charge it to the system*. No superintendent, or skilled physician, or other person,—no, not even an angel from Heaven—could make our insane asylums curative. No spirit from the ethereal regions of intelligence would attempt to cure people in such situations. Only finite, ignorant men believe in absurdities like these. Let us call things by their right names. Our asylums are prisons; nothing but prisons. In them insanity increases. It grows because the aliment it finds there is food for insanity. It increases in a wholesale manner. Every new prison-asylum is a cage for more victims. Let the people learn this fact.

All laws that place the insane on one immense plane of treatment should be abolished.

Come close to the heart of Marion, Great Public! Put your ear down and listen to the beatings of her heart as she lies bound in her prison cell. Come close to all these insane people. Enter into the inner recesses of their lives. Examine their nervous derangements and exhaustions. You will be surprised at the dissimilarities that you will discover in their disorders. You will learn how

much they need individual care and therapeutics adapted to the *causes* of each one's disease. Then, Great Public, you will cease putting delicate, nerveless, refined, sensitive, cultured men and women into institutions with coarse criminals, bloated inebriates, prostitutes, and lewd persons. You will say to your physicians,—

“Give us a different way for treating our mental invalids.”

We look back to the days of the Inquisition and call that system inhuman, barbarous. We shudder as we think of persons with their feet in stocks, their thumbs in screws, and their bodies lacerated; but in our day, we lacerate souls, we rend hearts, and imprison our loved ones, locking them in where there is neither friendship nor hope. For doing this we feel no compunctions; nay, we call this “medical science,” and the people call it—“charity.”

The Great Master had a better way. He drew the wretched, abnormal people by the Divine power of Love, and healed them by the same Spirit. If he had repelled them by sternness, could he ever have restored them?

That mental science which does not include pure love, is not science. Every individual benefit which it is possible to bestow upon the insane should be theirs. They should, in addition to suitable medicines, have nature, society, and freedom in as far as is consistent with safety.

Medical science needs to be applied to the causes of insanity in its primal stages. It is in our homes that we need salvation. “Home, sweet, sweet Home,” is the safeguard of any nation. Home is the place for instruction in health, in virtue, in religion. Institutions which are fed by taxes upon homes, by tearing members of families from their homes, or by taking money from families, are an injury to the country, and should be avoided whenever possible. “Where there is a will, there is a way.” Banish the theory of aggregated treat-

ment of the insane from the public mind, and plenty of other ways will be found.

In the home of Dr. Page there was continuous prosperity. His practice constantly enlarged. Patients from afar were sent to him, and his reputation for success steadily extended. His cheeks were ruddy with health, his appetite was keen, his income large. He did not forget Marion, but he still allowed her to remain under the care of the physician whom he considered more learned than himself.

"I am not a specialist," was his oft-repeated observation.

Thus the years wore on. A little family was growing up in Dr. Page's household. Mrs. Dr. Page had become a bustling, stylish lady who kept the house full of life, animation, and material comforts. Marion's plants had disappeared. All Marion's other treasures had been removed. The only relics of them were in the room of the silver-haired mother, whose tears bedewed them every day.

"It is a pity," said Mrs. Anna, "that Mother Page cannot overcome her sadness about Marion; I am sure we would have Marion home if we could,—for it does cost the doctor so much to keep her there! Not that he complains of the expense,—no, of course not; but he could do so much more for the church and for the town if it was not for this constant drain upon his purse."

"I allers know'd Marion never'd come home," said old Aunt Sukey Brainerd. "I remember how beautiful she was on her graduation day. She was jest like a livin' angel from Heaven, with her white robes flowin' about her, an' her sweet face a-smilin'. There was nobody in this town ever like her."

Aunt Sukey was growing old, but she loved to come to Grandmother Page's room, and there, sitting among Marion's faded possessions, the two old women talked of the absent girl.

"I've never felt so well since the day that I saw her in the asylum," remarked the mother. "I wanted to bring her home, but Dr. Lamarette said 'No,' and Herman follows Lamarette's advice."

"I don't believe it was right to leave her there," responded Aunt Sukey. "Of course, Lamarette wants to keep her. He's gettin' a good price for her. It's human natur' to want to keep her."

"Yes," answered the mother. "Herman wants she should have the best the institution affords, and we pay all that Dr. Lamarette asks."

"And, arter all, you don't knew what the poor girl gets. I heern say that there's a great deal o' cheatin' in them institutions."

"But Dr. Lamarette is a gentleman," answered Mrs. Page, "and real gentlemen are above cheating. Some people say that I ought not to have let Marion go to school all the time when she was young. They say that girls cannot endure the strain of constant study."

Aunt Sukey laid her knitting in her lap, and pushed her spectacles up to the top of her head.

"Now Mis' Page, I'll tell you what I think about that. You know I used to go nussin' among all kinds o' sick people, an' I found it jest as necessary for me to know what I was about, as it was for a doctor to know. In truth, I found I needed to know in order to watch the doctors. Ha, ha, ha! I did watch 'em. The doctors made a great many mistakes; an' doctors do make mistakes, now, these doctors do—an' no wonder. They begin larnin' at the wrong end. They ought to begin by bein' nusses, jest where I begun. I went nussin' under the doctors, an' then I went to studyin' to see if the doctor was right. You see I had the livin' subject right afore me, an' when I read the book, I could compare the sick person with the book. This is a kind o' object larnin'. Why shouldn't there be 'object teachin'' in medicine as well as in other things? Well, I larned one thing

—an' it is this,—There ain't so much difference between men an' women about endurin' as you may think. Men have got stronger muscles than women, but, bless you, muscles don't do the studyin'. Why, if strong muscles helped study, an ox would be far ahead of a man. Now, girls can learn as well as a boy, if you only give 'em as fair a chance. Jest take off their corsets, or never put 'em on ; let their skirts be short an' light, give 'em broad-soled shoes, plenty of fresh air in the streets or fields, an', I'll warrant you, they can study as well as boys. Now, Marion did allers love to be out-of-doors a cullin' flowers an' pickin' up stones, an' she was allers held back from goin' out. I don't want to blame you, Mrs. Page, for you thought you was doin' right. But, you know, I never did think it was right to keep her in. I believe natur' tells us what to do, and Marion was compelled to go agin' her natur'. It was jest as proper for her to breathe fresh air as for boys to breathe it ; an' it was jest as necessary for her to run an' exercise her muscles, as for boys to do it. If she had been allowed to let natur' have its way, she might a' studied all that she wanted. I remember, jest as if 'twas yesterday, how the dear little girl said to me one day, 'Aunt Sukey, I wish they'd let women be college professors.' 'La, child,' said I, 'what put that into your head?' 'Because,' said she, 'I want to be a professor. I do not want to teach a school of little children, who are learning a-b ab, but I should like to teach Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew—only I don't know Hebrew yet—but I mean to learn it. If only they would let women be professors.' Sweet child! What a bright, innocent face she had."

"Poor Marion!" sighed Mrs. Page, wiping the tears from her aged cheeks. "She always aspired to more than was within her reach."

"It might a' been in her reach," returned Aunt Sukey, "but for the ignorance of the people regardin' the right ways of doin' for women. Folks don't know yet that

'taint by suppressin' women's aspirations for knowledge that they are to be kept in health, but it is by givin' 'em all the chances for invigoration and nerve-renewin' and muscle-strengthenin' that you give to boys an' men. I'm an old, plain woman, but I've been obsarvent, an' I've read some books that a good many stylish people hain't read. I read once a lecture given by the great Agassiz to his students. 'Gentlemen,' says he, 'the best way to larn is to obsarve. Obsarve, and you cannot fail of larnin' natur' at first hand.' I thought the advice was excellent. 'Tis well to larn things at first hand. I have obsarved women, an' I have obsarved Marion, an' I know that she needed freedom for the strengthenin' of her nerves. Suppression of her liberty was oppression."

"Suppression—oppression," returned Mrs. Page in an agitated voice. "Why, we did not oppress Marion! All that we did for her, was in love. We could not let her be out of doors all the time. Think of the impropriety! It does not look well for a girl to be always hoydening. It was my duty to train her for her proper sphere, and I tried to do my duty."

"What was her proper sphere?" asked Aunt Sukey.

"Why, to be sure, it was a woman's sphere," replied Mrs. Page.

"Ah, Marion was a rare girl! She would have been a rare woman, and have filled an unusual sphere, if she had been allowed! When she was thirsty, she drank water, and no one forbade her; but when her sensitive system thirsted for freedom an' fresh air, she was forbidden. I don't blame *you*, Mis' Page! The fault is in the custom of ignorant people, and they, perhaps, are not to be blamed, but pitied, for how can people know that which has not been taught 'em? Unless, indeed, the Spirit of the Lord should open their eyes."

"Sukey Brainerd," said Mrs. Page, "I have known you ever since the summer when we learned the alphabet together in the old red schoolhouse, and I have loved

you always. You are like a sister to me. But I cannot deny what people say, when they tell me you have very queer ideas! ”

“They are true ideas,” replied Aunt Sukey, “and the world will be better when these truths prevail.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

THEORY AND FACT.

"WHEN we get our new institution!—When we have our new building!"

How often Dr. Lamarette repeated these words! The new asylum was the panacea proffered for every evil; the talisman by which magical effects were to be produced; the sop which he threw in the face of every complaint.

"We are to have spacious airing courts; we will have a room for amusements; we must have ample grounds. We need to furnish employment for our patients. We require money."

These were the improvements in treatment which Dr. Lamarette suggested. With his accustomed skill and suavity he presented his wants to the State Legislature. The lobby was filled with activity. Leading members were privately tapped on the shoulder. The magical words, "You help me, and I'll help you," circulated freely. Also, the more respectable words, "charity," "great need," "benevolence," "suffering class," "medical skill," "improved methods," "honor to the State."

Dr. Lamarette increased his popularity by his public presentations of humanitarian reasons for having a new institution. He pleaded for the afflicted insane with such unction that his name became synonymous with charity and devotion to his profession. The Legislature granted all that he asked, and the generous people acquiesced.

Commissioners were appointed, architects were em-

ployed, and the new building was erected. The first appropriation proved insufficient; a large-hearted legislature granted another. Time went on, the building was completed, and the superintendent moved his people in. The governor, his aids, and the legislature were invited to visit the magnificent establishment. The Board of Charities was also invited, as well as distinguished strangers, editors, and reporters. All were received with marked hospitality. The apartments devoted to the superintendent's family were elegant; and, in truth, the halls and rooms for the patients were far nicer and more pleasant than the unwholesome apartments of the old building.

Marion cared not for her new room. What was she but a prisoner in it? The rigid discipline and power daily exercised over her underwent no change. The severe attendants were severe still. Their violent tempers remained violent. The locks and keys were the same as in the old house. The same miserable, demented and wild women were her companions. She, herself, had become demented. Prolonged taking of narcotic drugs had produced the natural consequences. Her nervous and emotional organisms, were stupefied. Only occasionally now did she arouse to a realizing sense of pain. Pleasure seemed to be banished from her soul, never to return. What was the new institution to her but a new prison?

Nor were other patients much more benefited than herself. Beclouded as they were by the continued use of soporific medicines, despairing of return to freedom, a new building was to them but a new jail, a renovated Bastille, a palace of despair. How long would the bright newness last? Not many years. Can the State continue to build new palaces for this expensive system?

To deprive a person of liberty is an act so serious and important that our constitution and laws carefully provide courts and juries guided by able counselors to

protect men and women charged with crime. Does the constitution protect the alleged insane? If it does, why are they not protected? Why is their incarceration without jury allowed? Why are they huddled secretly away at the word of two doctors who may or may not have seen the patients; and, even if they have seen them, may or may not be competent judges of their medical or other needs? As the months rolled by and Dr. Lamarette watched for the anticipated improvement in his patients, he failed to find it. He sent out fine, glowing reports, and in his heart he would have liked to feel that these reports had a firm basis, and that they were not the lustrous conceptions of his imagination of what ought to be. Dr. Lamarette would have suffered less in trying to carry out his theory, if he had been less kind and honorable by nature and if he could have indurated under the cruelties of his system.

The new building was soon filled with patients. It became fashionable for physicians in general practice to consign their patients to this new institution. Young physicians had been taught to believe asylums the only remedy for mental disease. Having no opportunity in the Medical Colleges to learn to treat insanity, and being obliged to send away to the asylum any person whose symptoms indicate lunacy, how and when are general practitioners to learn to treat disorders of the nerves and mind? And how can these ignorant doctors be competent to sign papers of commitment?

All these questions floated through Dr. Lamarette's mind. He received as new patients many persons who, in his inmost consciousness, he knew were not fit subjects for asylum treatment. Why, then, did he receive them? Because they were brought to him, and he wanted to fill his house, to secure a large income, and to make a good financial report to the State. If he had a more unselfish reason, let him publish it.

"We must look out for the Maintenance Fund," said

an active member of the Board of Trustees to the superintendent.

"Certainly," answered Dr. Lamarette. "The Maintenance Fund is first in importance."

But as time went on, Dr. Lamarette grew secretly more dissatisfied. He had hoped for more room in which to make his people more comfortable. But new patients had come in; the old ones were not discharged; and soon he was more crowded than before.

"Where is this to end?" was his soliloquy. "Are one half of the people of the State to be immured in asylums, while the other half are working outside to support the institutions? People are constantly coming in—none going out—except in eternal silence! What next can we do?"

Still, faith in his theory blinded the good physician. He did not, even to himself, acknowledge that his system was one entire mistake. Pride in egotism, and an unwillingness to repudiate the theories of his whole medical life, prevented public expression of his daily increasing conviction that something in his house was wrong. He had been sustained by the first men of the State. He had been extolled in the newspapers; he had been gratified by their eulogies. In his pleasant reminiscences of the prosperous days when he was watching the progress of his new institution and was conferring with the Governor of the State and other prominent men, was the following notice which he had cut from a leading daily and had carefully preserved.

"A NEW INSANE ASYLUM!

"A SITE IN ——— IS RECOMMENDED!"

"The Governor and Council visit it.—Its Advantages.

"For several years past the superintendents of our asylums have called the attention of the Legislature to the crowded condition of these institutions, and have urged the necessity of soon increasing their size, or

establishing a new one entirely independent of the others. The provision made a few years ago for the enlargement and removal of one of the hospitals to a more quiet location, was intended to meet in a measure this want, but the need of another institution was acknowledged at that time, although it was not thought best to inaugurate measures for its establishment just then. Charitable people have supported the representations made by the officers of the institutions, and as a result the Legislature made provision for the appointment of commissioners to select a site and construct a hospital to accommodate — patients, the cost not to exceed \$——. The Commissioners have been engaged several months in selecting a suitable site for the proposed institution. Yesterday the Governor and Council visited the site, which is an estate upon a beautiful rolling hill. It has a farm, and possesses the advantages of that quiet and seclusion so necessary in the treatment of the insane.

“From the summit of the hill, a most beautiful panorama of prosperous villages, elegant country seats, and richly cultivated farms is spread out to the view, while in the distance mountain ranges are lifting their heads heavenward, and the landscape is diversified by picturesque bodies of water. Upon the hill are several sites well adapted for the erection of suitable buildings for the hospital, one fronting the southeast being a favorite, as it is well protected from the chilly blasts of winter, and at the same time has a most magnificent prospect. The idea of the commissioners is to erect buildings of entirely different structure from any in the State, on a plan suggested by Dr. Lamarette, the accomplished superintendent of the asylum in ——.

“The party examined the estate with reference to its beauties and advantages, and subsequently a most bountiful repast, reminding one of the good, old-fashioned Thanksgiving cheer of our boyhood days, was provided by the ladies.

"After devoting an hour thus pleasantly, the party took carriages again, and after a pleasant drive through the neighborhood, returned by rail."

This public description of the visit of the Governor to the site for Dr. Lamarette's new building, had been followed in due time by appropriate accounts of the progress of the enterprise, and by visits of other government officials. The Legislature had accepted the reports of these commissioners, Dr. Lamarette's wise plans and remarkable suggestions were lauded by the medical fraternity, and consequently, by the people everywhere, and he was honored.

But as time passed on, he said to himself,—

"My anticipations are not realized."

Then he re-read the article just quoted.

"Let me think," he said. "The Governor admired this site. He thought the prospect magnificent. So it is, for a visitor. The Governor was free. He knew he could descend the hill whenever he wished. My patients are not free. Locked up in their isolated halls, looking out always from the same windows upon the distant hills to which they may never be allowed to go, upon farmhouses suggestive of the home-places from which they have been torn, and upon waters in which they may not bathe, and groves in which they can never wander, they feel not the beauty of the prospect, but they weep at their distance from all the living world, and they feel cut off from all people by a boundless expanse of desert air, and by miles of hill, and plain, and vale.

"The Governor admired the ride from the railroad station hither. But the friends of my patients are, in many cases, poor. They can have no barouche. They toil on foot up the long ascent, and are exhausted when they get up here, and in the winter they cannot come at all. Ah, it is one thing to be a Governor and ride up hill in a barouche, and it is quite another to be a poor

woman painfully climbing up the tedious ascent to visit a son or daughter for whom her heart is aching.

“Again, this article says the Governor partook of a sumptuous feast. I remember it. But do my patients have sumptuous feasts? Out upon it! I begin to think that Governors are not proper judges of the necessities of asylums. What do the rich know of the wants of the poor?

“Oh! why am I thinking in this deprecatory manner? Who instigated the building of this asylum? Who planned it? Was it not I, myself? And shall I—in common parlance—‘go back on myself?’ Shall I ‘eat my own words’? No! I must stand by the institution of my choice. It is a magnificent mass of architecture; a grand conception; a charitable institution of which the people may be proud. I must send for a reporter and have it written up!”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

RETROSPECTION.

DR. PAGE heard of this new, splendid asylum, and was much pleased. He read with avidity every article that appeared in print regarding it, and held frequent correspondence with Dr. Lamarette respecting its progress.

"Who knows," queried Dr. Page, "but our poor Marion may be benefited by these improvements?"

"I hopefully trust that she may," was the superintendent's response. "We shall, hereafter, have a larger number of attendants, and greater facilities. I trust all our patients will be more comfortable."

Was this hope realized? Wait a few months.—Hush!

"If the walls of this new building could but speak," said a rational patient, "what heartrending secrets they would disclose!"

Who will ever know, who that has lived only in freedom, can ever realize the tortures through which Marion passed in this new asylum? Misery has degrees, and in the comparative degree the stages of descent are beyond our powers of computation. Marion's mind was capable of sinking or rising in greater and more exquisite sensations than can be experienced by persons of coarser texture.

Dr. Lovering had gone to another position. The unhappy girl was no longer subjected to seeing him pass her each day, but the relief mattered little to her now. She no longer cared for individuals. They were all to her but moving figures. Mechanically she obeyed her keepers, whoever they might be. Whatever she was bidden to do, she did, but in a languid manner, and unless bidden, she did not move. She often sat all day,

speechless, in one chair. If food was placed before her, she swallowed it, and then threw her plate to the floor.

"She ought to have a tin plate," said a new attendant who was not yet accustomed to Marion's ways, and whose principles of economy could not be reconciled to the breaking of a plate at every meal.

"Oh, pshaw!" answered the well-trained supervisor. "Why should we care how many plates she breaks? They are charged to her brother under the head of 'Incidentals' and he pays the bill. He is rich and doesn't care how much he pays."

"What a crazy creature she is!" responded the new attendant. "They tell me she was very beautiful and very talented once. She is far from beautiful now."

"Yes, she was a very superior young lady," answered the supervisor. "Insanity is a terrible disease! See what it has done to her! But you must keep her in subjection! She is a high strung animal."

"I'll manage her, ma'am. Don't you fear. I didn't come here to give in to these patients. Thank fortune I've got strong arms and as much temper as she has."

Winter came blowing over the extolled "rolling hill," on which the new asylum stood, and the building was cold. The windows of the airing-courts were covered with hoar frost. Marion's apathy continued. She did not retire at night until bidden by the stern voice of the attendant. She did not rise in the morning until the same voice commanded. All day she sat with her hands lying listlessly in her lap. She was too weak, too exhausted, too lifeless for even the prison-march.

"I'll fix her and bring some life back into her," said the energetic attendant, "I'll take her out into the airing court every morning when the first bell rings. She may walk there until she warms her blood."

This cruel threat was faithfully executed. Every morning at five o'clock, however cold the weather, the attendant pulled the thin, wasted girl out of her bed,

hurried on her wrapper and slippers, threw a cotton shawl over her shrunken shoulders, dragged or pushed her out to the airing-court, and there left her to walk, or stand, as best she could. There was no chair, no seat of any kind, no place for comfort or rest. The air was stinging and full of frost, and every breath of the sufferer turned into visible vapor. Her lips became a pallid blue; her thin, shivering limbs almost refused to bear her weight.

"It does seem too cruel to put that poor Miss Page out in that frosty corridor these cold mornings," observed a less hardened attendant.

"La!" replied the other, "crazy folks don't feel!"

And thus the years rolled on. Marion grew old, and looked older than she really was. Still, although attenuated almost to a skeleton, although her cheeks were hollow, her skin parched, her face lifeless, she still breathed, and therefore they said, "She still lives."

Apparently her reason was gone; and yet at times she showed glimpses of her former self. Her lingering passion was for flowers. At sight of a blossom she would start forward with the eagerness of a child.

"How funny it is, mamma!" said a young lady who was visiting the institution, to her mother who was walking by her side. "That crazy old woman came up close to me and put her face down to the roses in my hand and smelled of them as though she was delighted!"

"Which woman?" asked the mother.

"That tall, thin one with the gray hair cut across her neck, and her eyes sunk way in."

"You must be careful, my child, and not let these strange people come too near you. They might spring upon you, and hurt you."

"O mamma, they look so sad! Isn't it dreadful?"

"Yes, but don't stand looking at them! Let us hurry along."

As they went forward, the tall crazy woman looked

after them with an eager smile. Her face was strangely illumined, and she seemed ready to spring forward, ready to clutch the roses of which she had inhaled one brief odorous inspiration. The young girl turned and quickly placed a rose in the old patient's hand. A wan smile of ecstasy lighted the haggard features. A divine suffusion seemed to glow in the pallid skin. The girl passed on and left the hall, but Marion, the "old woman," pressed the flower against her blue lips and close beneath her nostrils, as if it had been a thing of life, a joy, a blessing in her desolation.

"Here!" said an attendant coming forward, "what do you want of that? Give it to me. If you are going to follow after people and beg their flowers, we shall have to lock you up!"

To the threat of the attendant, old Marion gave no heed. She had learned to expect threats, coercion, and severity. But when the strong rude girl took away her rose, she screamed in a hollow manner, and stretched her hands out imploringly as if to beg that her flower might not be taken from her.

"Ha, ha, ha! See old Marion!" cried out the attendant. "You'd think she really cared for a flower. Ha, ha, ha! What a crazy old thing she is!"

"Do you know," queried another attendant, "that Dr. Herman Page of—, is her brother?" •

"No! Is he? How can it be? How came he to have such a sister as this?"

"Why, you see, they say, she was one of the most splendid girls ever known. Such a scholar, too! Mrs. S—, that patient in the further room, knew her when she first came here. She says Marion Page was just lovely. And, only think, there was a young doctor here, his name was Lovering, and he fell dead in love with her, and she appeared to like him, and then, all at once, she turned against him, and they had a terrible time with her. How strange crazy people are!"

Thus from one generation of attendants to another, the story of Marion's life was handed down, and her desolate existence went on. Various asylum experiments had been tried in her career. Morphine, bromides, chlorals, and all new inventions had been tested through her, and she bore the evil effects, and yet breathed!

Her soul seemed dead, while her body moved, and in a feeble manner performed its functions. The pharmacopœia of Dr. Lamarette's great institution was composed of sedatives.

"It is absurd," remarked an intelligent woman who had been recently committed to Dr. Lamarette's care, "that all these sick people, these mental invalids, should be compelled to take the same deadening drugs? Why isn't there some discrimination by the doctors?"

"How can they discriminate where there are such numbers crowded together?" was the questioning reply.

"Then why have so many together?" said the woman. "I am sure the patients find no pleasure in thus associating, and if the doctors cannot attend to them properly, why not diffuse them? One insane person in one place is enough!"

"Ah! You had better not let Dr. Lamarette hear you say that. He believes in large numbers. The more patients there are, the larger the income, and the more prosperous the institution."

"Prosperous?" asked the woman, thoughtfully knitting her brows. "Prosperous when the house is full? Why, I should call the asylum prosperous when the patients are all cured and gone home, and these halls were all empty, swept and garnished."

"Ah! but what about the maintenance fund? Where then would they get that?"

"Why, if there was nobody to maintain, they would need no fund. Isn't that so?"

"Perhaps. But you had better be careful and not be

heard uttering these sentiments. Some of these attendants and supervisors are spies running to the doctors, and telling them all that the patients say."

"What if they do? This is a country where free speech is allowed. If I see wrong methods in here, I have a right to speak of them."

"No, no—there is no free speech allowed in here! Neither is free correspondence here. Put but the word 'prison' in your letter, and it will not go! Let the superintendent imagine that you have sufficient intelligence to criticise the system, and he will never let you out."

The new, intelligent patient felt a shadow pass over her spirit; she answered earnestly.

"It is impossible that Dr. Lamarette would willfully detain a patient who was suitable to leave."

The older patient smiled bitterly.

"It is perfectly natural that he should detain one who is capable of going out and telling the world of the life in here. Do you think he would like it, that you should report all that you have already seen?"

"Well, I have one consolation. My husband will take me out."

Let us look years after, in Dr. Lamarette's halls. This intelligent woman is still there. Her heart is broken. Dr. Lamarette says she is "incurable." Therefore, her husband took her not.

Through all those years did Dr. Page never visit Marion? He never ceased to remember her, but of what avail was a visit? He, too, was advancing in years. He was growing stout and portly. His wife was a healthy, rosy-cheeked matron. The old mother had gone to her grave, sorrowing for the daughter who was buried, and yet was alive. The old Page mansion was renovated. All modern improvements were in and around it. A statue and fountain were in the yard, elegant carpets and curtains gave the rooms an air of

luxury. Children gave sunny, fresh life to the home, and it was not strange that the fond father should learn to be reconciled to Marion's fate. It was "a mysterious Providence," a "visitation from God," he said.

One of the daughters bore the name of Marion, and sometimes when the father wrote the name in his young daughter's school-books, he started, as if stung by terrible memories. There the name was before his eyes. "Marion Page." His sister's image appeared distinctly before him. He saw, in his mind, a tall, beautiful, intellectual girl, and he knew that his little Marion would never be the equal, in beauty or ability, of the first Marion.

"If Aunt Marion isn't dead, why can't I see her?" asked the child.

"She is dead to us—dead to the world," replied the father, in an agitated manner.

That evening, as he sat by the desk where he kept his accounts, his mind was not on his ledger. He leaned his head upon his hand; his thoughts were wandering to the cell where he knew that dear sister was still dwelling. Suddenly he raised his head.

"Anna," he said, "we ought to go to see Marion."

"Of what use is it?" was the reply of the lady. "I do not think she appreciates our visits. She hardly seems to realize who we are."

"You are mistaken, Anna. She always knows us. Poor Marion! I sometimes think her fate is worse than death. As I grow older and better understand my profession, I often think I was mistaken regarding Marion. I ought to have paid more attention to her own wishes. She was a child of nature. How she loved the fields, the woods, the rocks, the flowers, and how close we held her in! I shall be careful that I do not repeat the mistake with my own daughters."

Mrs. Anna Page laughed.

"There is no danger, I think," she said. "Our girls are as wild as the boys."

"Yes, let them run. Opinions as to woman's capacities and province are advanced since I was young. My own views are changed. I see no reason why a girl does not require the same healthful agencies as a young man, and the same indulgence of her individual tastes. I am half-inclined to believe that we made Marion insane."

"O no!" was Mrs. Anna's response.

"Well, I think we did," returned the doctor, in a firm tone. "I believe that at first her only trouble was exhausted nerves, and her own instincts taught her what she needed, just as when she was thirsty her instinct led her to drink water. We ought to have sent her into the wilds of uncultivated nature where she could breathe for a time the aroma of the woods and bathe in the limpid air and pure sunshine. I have no doubt but she would have returned to us well and happy."

"Perhaps so," replied Mrs. Anna. "In truth, Marion was always an odd kind of girl. I could never quite understand her."

"All superior people seem eccentric," said Dr. Page. "Some require one course of life, some another. As insanity particularly affects mental qualities and differences, we should give different treatment to each individual—that is, to each intellectual person. Now, we provide but one method of treatment for all the insane. We lock them all into asylums, and I begin to see that the asylums cannot help all."

"O well, don't worry about it!" said Mrs. Anna. "Did you notice the beautiful dress that Mrs. James wore last Sabbath?"

"No. It would take all a man's time to observe all the changes in Mrs. James' costumes."

"I hoped you noticed this. I thought it the most beautiful dress I ever saw."

"I wish her heart was as good as her apparel," replied the doctor. "Last week when the Fernald children

were all sick and Mrs. Fernald was quite worn out, I called and asked Mrs. James to go and spend a day there and let Mrs. Fernald rest, but the lady was full of excuses. Indeed she had so many excuses that I knew she had none at all. I was so vexed that I thought of coming home to ask *you* to go to Mrs. Fernald's."

"Why didn't you?"

"Because I knew you would have more excuses than Mrs. James; I went for that spirit of mercy and tenderness, Fanny Dahlgren."

"O, that old maid Fanny! She has nothing else to do."

"Hasn't she? Who takes care of her old mother, and her bed-ridden aunt? Not servants, entirely, I assure you. And yet Fanny is always first at the bedsides of any sick villager."

"O yes, Fanny is perfection! All the village raves about her goodness. The old bonnet she wore last Sunday is ridiculous. In my eyes she's nothing but a dowdy."

Dr. Page turned back to his ledger. He could attend to the figures now. He was just sufficiently piqued to render him able to cast his accounts rapidly.

But he did not forget his resolution to visit Marion, and once more Dr. Laramette received notification of the day when Dr. Page would be at his house. Once more Marion was arrayed for her friends' reception. She no longer dressed herself, and her wardrobe had sensibly diminished. The selfish attendants had left little for the old patient.

"Bah!" they said. "What does old Marion want of these nice clothes? We need them more than she?"

Therefore, there was "not much to choose from," the attendant said, when she looked among Marion's gowns.

Fortunately one print wrap had escaped appropriation, and they put it on her. Skirts not being abundant the

wrap hung limp and gaunt about her slender form. Her gray hair, cut square across the back of the neck, was dry and harsh, and combing it was a quick process. A coarse-toothed comb and a moment's work sufficed. And then old Marion was led up from the hall where she lived, to a better hall. There she was placed on a settee to await her friends. Even this slight attention to her personal appearance awakened some interest in the mind of the harassed patient. A gleam of unwonted curiosity shone faintly in her sunken eyes. She looked like an aged woman, ghastly and weird, like one grown old before her time, and she sat motionless as was her usual practice, as if her mind was vacant. From this condition she was roused by voices addressing her.

"Marion—Marion—don't you know me?"

She raised her eyes. A portly, ruddy, well-dressed man stood before her.

• "Don't you know me?" repeated the man.

Just a faint gleam of gladness brightened her thin features. The attendant, standing by, offered chairs to the visitors. Still the attendant hovered near.

"Herman," was the one word which the patient uttered.

"Marion," said Dr. Page as he dropped into a chair, "are you glad to see me?"

"Glad—glad?" she repeated. "What is it?"

"My poor Marion," said the doctor, taking her skeleton hand, "is it so long since you have been glad that you do not know the meaning of the word? Well, really, how can you know?" and he glanced through the long hall. It was scrupulously clean. The hard floor was smooth and slippery as glass, but there was nothing to relieve its desolation. In all that long hall, nothing was cheerful or home-like, nothing to enliven the despondent, or to give variety to life within its walls. The patients all sat motionless in their chairs, gazing despairingly at each other, or wandered up and down like restless ghosts.

"Marion," continued the doctor, "this is my wife, Anna. Don't you remember Anna?"

There was recognition in Marion's face, but no expression of gladness. She remembered Anna, but not with particular pleasure, and now she looked at her, as if gazing at vacuity. Anna's lustrous silk dress attracted her, and putting out her hand she stroked its folds and manifested a childish delight at its smoothness. There was an effort in her mind to recall some spellbound memory.

"Would you like a new bonnet and dress?" asked her brother.

Marion glanced timidly and fearfully around.

"He is gone," she said. "He is gone—yes, he is gone."

"Who is gone?" queried the doctor:

Marion did not reply.

"What does she mean?" inquired the doctor in that general way which indicates that whoever can, may answer it.

"I suppose, sir," responded the attendant, "that she means Dr. Lovering. She often says he is gone."

"Ah!"

Dr. Page sighed! and a vague surmise floated through his mind. He asked himself. "Did she ever care for that young man? Possibly. Who knows? Poor Marion. How art thou fallen! What a sad enigma thy life has been."

Marion put up her hand and touched the red roses on Mrs. Anna's bonnet. In a half-whisper she said,—
"Pretty—pretty."

"Would you like some flowers?" asked the brother.

Her eyes brightened. Dr. Page turned to the attendant, and remarked,—

"She used to be very fond of plants. Could she be allowed to have one here?"

"Yes, sir. Some of the patients do have plants. But

she might tear it to pieces, sir. She does destroy things sometimes, sir."

"I will send her a plant," replied the brother.

That evening, a beautiful geranium covered with scarlet blossoms was brought to old Marion. She seized the geranium and covered it with kisses. She laid her pale cheek softly against the scarlet blossoms, and inhaled the fragrance of the green leaves. Then she placed the plant close beside her, fondling it as she would caress a child.

"What a simpleton she is!" remarked an attendant.

"She is much less trouble than she used to be," observed the supervisor. "We used to have to keep her in a camisole, but she is better, now."

Marion took no notice of these remarks. All these asylum keepers were, in her mind, mere automatons. She obeyed them and was quiet because her spirit was in despair, and her heart rent in twain. She could not love them.

The supervisor said, "She is better, now." What did the supervisor mean? Was this deathly, narcotized stupor really an improvement in health? Or did the supervisor merely mean that in this torpid condition the patient was less trouble to those who had her in charge?

"Old Marion didn't care for her brother," said Marion's attendant the day succeeding the visit of Dr. Page. "La! What's the use in people coming here to see their friends? These insane patients don't care for anybody."

But Marion, demented as she was, did care for her brother, and his brief visit brought freshness into her soul. The attendant did not see it, but it was there, and to Marion it was a tangible connection with some past happiness that was still a part of her.

More real, however, than the past, was the geranium that her brother had sent her. Not a leaf escaped ex-

amination, not a bud passed unnoticed. Her mind even recalled the classification, and she whispered it to herself.

Dr. Page, in his renewed anxiety for his sister, had requested the superintendent to give her especial attention, and to try and have her ride often.

"I would gladly take her home," the brother said to Dr. Lamarette, "but I cannot well have her in my family. My wife objects. Sometimes I think there might be hope for her if I could take her out into the world. The more I come here, the more it seems to me that the life of a patient here can be only a dreary hopelessness. But I know you will do all that the situation will allow, and whatever your bills are, they shall be met."

The next day when the order came from Dr. Lamarette that Marion Page should have a seat in the carriage, there was suppressed laughter among the attendants.

"A nice specimen she is to put in the carriage!" sarcastically remarked the riding-attendant, a gay young girl fond of talking to the coachman.

"Dr. Lamarette has sent orders," responded the supervisor who brought the message.

"So be it, then," answered the riding-attendant. "Dr. Lamarette's will is law in this place."

On their return home, Dr. Page and Mrs. Anna had sent the prisoner a gray poplin riding-habit, and a silk bonnet of the same color. Mrs. Anna was willing to send new clothes to her husband's sister, and to grant her any luxury except the one luxury of coming home. The doctor's stylish wife could not forget that she was once but Anna Jones, and that in those early days Marion Page had seldom noticed her. There was a vicious pleasure in reflecting on their present reversed positions.

In dress, Mrs. Anna's taste and judgment were excellent, and Marion's new costume was perfect. But the old patient's haggard face and attenuated, long frame, were more conspicuous in this costume than in her old

shawl, and the young girls, instead of pitying her, laughed. Marion did not observe their mirth. She passed her hand down over the dress, and was conscious of her change of apparel. But her heart was dead to desire for personal apparel. She clung to the geranium, and when they took her arm to lead her out to the carriage, she caught up the plant and enfolded it in her arms.

"No, you can't carry that," exclaimed the attendant, forcibly removing the plant from her.

She did not weep, but an expression of unutterable agony passed over her face. Tears had long been denied her. Their fountain was exhausted, and the lids between which they should have gushed were scorched by inward heat. Silently she went with the attendants, and the geranium was left behind.

"Ho, ho, ho!" was the rough greeting from the coachman, as the party drew near the carriage. "You don't say that old Marion is going to ride?"

"Dr. Lamarette has ordered it."

"Well—well," answered the man. "Keep a tight grip on her, or she'll slip away. She's the devil-and-all when she gets agoing. I've heard Clark tell about her."

Marion cared not for this rough remark. It did not surprise her. Kindness and tenderness from these people would have surprised and affected her. To coarseness and cruelty, she had become indurated.

She made no attempt to escape. They put her into the carriage with three other patients. The coachman fastened them in. They were prisoners even while riding. The young riding attendant sat beside the coachman. The carriage passed through the town, and the people said, "See the crazy folks!" "There goes the crazy carriage!" Then the people stared at them as at wild beasts in a menagerie.

Marion manifested some pleasure in this ride. The love of trees and landscape was still living in her decay-

ing mind, and opportunity might, even now, give her new mental revival, although chloral and bromides had rendered the revivifying powers weak and dormant.

"Insanity is a sad disease," is the reiterated assertion of the doctors.

"The way we treat it is sadder," should be the people's reply. "From its incipient stages, before the patient is sent to the asylum, and afterwards, all through its progress, to the very end, insanity is misunderstood and mistreated."

The rules and by-laws within insane asylums have too many negatives. There are printed rules framed and hung in the asylum halls; they all have in them either a *never* or a *not*. "The patients shall *never*." "The patients shall *not*." We read the rules, and at length we ask, "What *can* the patients do?"

Mind cannot be restored by accumulated restrictions. It can be crushed by oppressive limitations, but not rebuilt. Repression will not give it bloom. There must be liberty to act, freedom to grow, each mind in its own natural way. Each human soul has its own individual instincts; each must be kept intact. The physician should bear this ever in mind. Properly guided, but not repressed, nature will conquer in the race of human life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

THE history of insanity reveals some dark scenes, and in reading of them one is led to enquire who were most insane, the victims who suffered, or the barbarians who inflicted the cruelties? In our day we claim an advance over the Bedlams and dungeons of centuries ago; but our country is not yet exempt from brutalities.

When Miss Dix presented her Memorial to the Legislature of Massachusetts about 1830, she stated that while on a tour through the almshouses and prisons of the State, she found insane persons kept in conditions of great misery. As a remedy she asked an appropriation from the State for building an asylum. She hoped that by having a comfortable asylum, this misery would be alleviated. When we examine her reports as to what she saw in almshouses, and compare with them the condition of the insane in our asylums at this moment, we cannot find that the sufferings of the insane are essentially relieved. Some evils have been eliminated, others introduced. The same spirit of ignorance which treated the insane cruelly in jails and almshouses, continues to treat them abusively in costly asylums.

Said a young attendant, a girl not over eighteen years of age, to an elderly lady patient, "*You crazy people ought to be thankful that we do not pound you every day.*"

The patient, to whom this cruel remark was made, was a woman of gentle habits and much culture. It is easy to imagine that the words entered her soul as a barbed arrow, and that she never forgot them. It was

the spirit of inner asylum government speaking through this girl.

Miss Dix stated that while on her tour she saw a woman in close confinement appeal to the matron for companionship and employment. But the matron replied that she had no time to attend to her.

That was in an almshouse of the former day. But our asylums constantly furnish similar cases.

"We have no time to attend to you," say the attendants and officials. It is natural for the attendants and doctors to look for their own interests and comforts. Why should we blame them? It is not their fault that the patients are last served; it is the fault of the *system* under which they work.

Might not Marion Page have been as comfortable in the almshouse of her own town as in the cells and corridors of this palace-prison? If the almshouse of Dr. Page's town was not comfortable, it was his own fault. As a physician, a citizen, a prominent, wealthy man, it was his business to see that the almshouse was wholesome and reasonably comfortable. The physicians of every town and county should be held responsible for the condition of their almshouses; at least, they should be required to report to the voters and to suggest improvements. These town homes should be clean and homelike, and there should be always rooms protected by barred windows into which persons seized with sudden and violent insanity could be humanely taken by the town physicians and there treated by therapeutics adapted to their cases. There, among friends and neighbors, they should have love and respect; and State Commissioners, coming there to visit, would not be deterred by the great influence of the superintendent, from expressing an honest conviction.

Miss Dix also speaks of the "cages," and "cellars," in which she found insane people, and of a woman nearly nude whom the people were unwilling to exhibit. Our

asylums now furnish parallels in cribs, blinded-rooms, and underground cells. And are there not, in some low cells, nude people whom the officials would not willingly show?

Miss Dix further says,—“Hidden away under a staircase there was the moving skeleton of a woman. We heard the cry, ‘Why am I consigned to hell? Dark—dark—I used to pray, I used to read the Bible,—I have done no crime in my heart; I had friends; why have all forsaken me?’”

At this moment our asylums are full of just such cries. The asylum for which Miss Dix interceded has these sad moans throughout its length and breath. She did not consider that the selfishness and ignorance which led to these cruelties outside of asylums, would also be found within. She says, “Violence and severity do but exasperate the insane.”

True; but do they not also exasperate the sane? The sane and the insane are not so different as many suppose.

Miss Dix found insane people in a prison, and says,—“Here one sees them traversing the narrow dens with ceaseless rapidity, or dashing from side to side like caged tigers, perfectly furious, through the invariable condition of unalleviated confinement.”

All this is true of our asylums. This imprisonment is just the same as that from which Miss Dix sought alleviation.

The Memorial farther says that, “many are unjustly committed.”

Are we not continually having proof that many are now unjustly committed?

In presenting this memorial to the Legislature, Miss Dix says,—“We need an asylum for this class where conflicting duties shall not admit of such privations and misery.”

Alas! Precisely the same privations and misery pre-

vail in our asylums as Miss Dix found before these buildings were erected, and before these insane retreats were established. Fifty years have passed since Miss Dix presented her memorial, and the treatment of the insane is under the same spirit of cruelty as then !

Is there no better way to treat insanity in its primal stages? Is there no way to *prevent* insanity? Is there no way by which we can educate young people, and yet preserve their physical and mental stamina? At least there should be some way of treating invalids who still have sound minds, *without driving them into hopeless insanity!*

It is said that in one of our Western colleges, where young ladies and gentlemen are educated together, the widespread grounds cover acres, and under the shade of trees, on sunny days, groups of pupils may be seen in the open air, studying, while the fresh breezes fan their cheeks, and health glows in their veins. Have we no breezes at the East? Are not the breezes free, "without money, and without price?" Shall they not be used as priceless agencies for exhausted nerves? Have we no cure for mental ills but prisons and the atmosphere of cells? Hereafter let study and fresh air correlate, and health-giving exercise unite in hygienic efforts.

CHAPTER XXX.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

At first, when Dr. Lamarette's patients entered the new building which had been prepared at great cost for their benefit, they were childishly interested; yet there was sadness in their pleasure. Few of them were lost to the consciousness that they were still prisoners. They had left an old, unwholesome building to be domiciled in new halls that were fresh with the odors of new wood and paint. But how long before this building would be like the others, full of noxious effluvia and wails of misery? However, if the patients found no satisfaction, if they felt that they were still unjustly deprived of freedom, and that these nice halls would soon echo and re-echo the wails of woe, their prophetic dejection did not interfere with Dr. Lamarette's sanguine hopes. He was jubilant. He was sure that success would crown his efforts. Instead of complaints and tears among the inmates, there would be happiness and comfort. He determined to begin a new course with his patients. He would build them up; he would make them content; they should learn to like this new home.

He forgot that two important factors in the sum of their misery had followed them to this new home: first, the prison system with its appurtenances; and, second, their diseases which had never been healed, and which were constantly producing the manifestations called insanity. The locks and keys and iron-sashed windows were here, also, and the patients were aware of the fact. The narcotics, too, had come with Dr. Lamarette. The patients were still dosed with these powerful sedatives

at night, only to awaken from the stupor in greater pain than before.

Dr. Lamarette learned that many of his people soon began to baptize their rooms with tears, and to christen the walls with lamentations. He sometimes caught a glimpse of Marion moving in her circumscribed sphere like a skeleton shadow or a specter. Occasionally he saw her pacing to and fro in the hall, sometimes sinking from weakness into a chair, at other times pausing listlessly to gaze from the windows upon the extensive landscape which the Governor of the State had once admired.

To Marion the heavens and the clouds looked cold ; the hills seemed far away ; human companionship, or even nature's friendly communings were distant as the stars. Ah, the Governor should have been a prisoner there before pronouncing his encomiums !

What had Marion henceforth to do with "the wide, wide world ?" If she walked or rode, she went as a prisoner under guards to whose uninteresting conversation she must listen. If she spoke, her words were regarded but as the utterances of a lunatic. If, in walking over the farm, she saw a rare tree, or shrub, or plant in the fields, or a well remembered wild flower, and eagerly uttered its botanical name which gushed spontaneously from the walls of early memory, she was ridiculed by the attendants to whose ears the scientific names were unintelligible. If she looked afar into the azure sky and tried to imagine the wonders of the unutterable expanse, her unimaginative guardians, seeing her eyes upturned, mocked her insane fancies.

"Ha, ha, ha! See crazy old Marion looking for the moon in daylight!"

Ay, what was the world to Marion any more? At the least step towards a return to reason, she was met by the terrible environments of her prison, and the jeers of her illiterate keepers. From her walks and from her drives

she was led back to her prison room, to its weariness, its dearth, and to her desolation. Sometimes, having returned from these brief interludes in the open air, she threw herself across her narrow iron bed, and shivered like an aspen. Cold chills crept over her, and her soul was pierced with pain as of eternal death.

Although Dr. Lamarette's building was new, his attendants followed their old routine. They saw the poor old patient lying, quivering, across her bed, and cried out harshly,—

"So, ho! In your tantrums again, are you?"

Marion feebly opened her eyes. There was piteous entreaty in her gaze, as if hapless, helpless misery sought relief from somewhere, not knowing where.

A new attendant had just come into the institution. She had come, not for money, but because she supposed she could do good there by taking care of these sick and feeble people. She had not been long in the institution, but she had already been undeceived. She found no conveniences for those who were ill; she found no comforts for those who were not ill; she found that instead of being a hospital, Dr. Lamarette's great establishment was only a carefully guarded prison standing on the top of a high hill, far removed from all human aid or sympathy. She found, also, that instead of the patients being all sick people, or all insane, *many of them were neither ill nor insane*. She called many of them "people's cast-off relatives."

Not many attendants of the intelligence of Maggie Miller find their way into the asylums. She came to do good, but found the place so barren of human comforts, and herself so hedged about by rules of restriction, that she could not do what was needed; and she wept over the miseries which she saw but could not relieve.

"Some of these patients," said Maggie, "are here because they are wealthy and their relatives cannot wait for them to die, so they banish them to this prison.

Some are here because they are poor and their relatives swear them off on to public support. Some are here because their husbands want other women, and so banish their wives to this prison. Some are here because their doctors were ignorant and didn't know how to take care of them at home. And by inquiry I find it is just the same with the men. They are treated just as badly. Oh, my heart is sick! I shall not stay! I can do no real good, for there is nothing proper to give the patients to eat; there is nothing to do with; I have but to enforce rigid rules."

This was the new attendant who stood by, when the older girl taunted Marion with being in her "tantrums." Maggie saw the distress in the old patient's eyes—saw her mute appeal, and—tender girl—stooped and kissed her thin cheek!

Marion started. A mesmeric thrill passed through her. When was she ever kissed before by an attendant? She raised her head, exclaiming,—

"Why! Who? What?"

"It was only I," said Maggie, in a gentle voice. "I kissed you because I pity you. I know you have suffered—Oh, so much! Let me help you off the bed. I want to bring you some tea."

"Maggie Miller," said the other attendant, "you needn't go to fooling in that way with the patients. You'll have a muss here, if you do, because if *you* do that way, the patients will think we all may do it!—If she don't get off the bed, *yank her off*, and if you can't do it alone, I'll help you."

Maggie turned to the irate attendant, and spoke gently but firmly,—

"While I am here, I will speak kindly. It is all the good that I *can* do. I would gladly bring this poor woman a good supper, but there is nothing good to give her, or for myself, either. Bread and butter are good, but when one has eaten it twenty-one times a week with

nothing to give it relish, one feels nauseated. I do not wonder the patients look haggard. They are starved!"

"Well, *you* needn't starve. Why don't you go to the kitchen and make friends with the cook? There are lots of good things there. They are cooked for the doctor's table."

"I will not go foraging. Why don't the doctor give some of his good things to his boarders? Are not these patients all boarders? Who ever heard of a hotel-keeper putting all the good things on his own table and starving his boarders? Maybe he would like to do so, and if his boarders were insane, perhaps he would. I begin to think this asylum is demoralizing. Everybody seems hard and cold and cruel, here."

Of all this Marion understood little; but the kiss that fell on her cheek had warmed her heart, and the poor, plain supper that the gentle Maggie brought to her, was a feast to her quickened taste.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A WOMAN ENTERS.

SUDDENLY there appeared among physicians a new star. He burst upon the public with shining eloquence. He had a new idea. He had been to Europe. He had been to the land of effete despotism to learn a lesson of liberty. He left what is boastingly called the Banner-Country of Liberty, the "home of the free," to seek freedom for a class who are deprived of freedom here. He returned crowned with honor and crying, "Eureka!" The doctors of America gave him a reception. He published his discoveries.

Who was this wonderful physician? And what was his discovery?

The physician was Dr. Lovering—the discovery was the Gheel system, or "cottage treatment."

Dr. Lovering, knowing that his name was not spotless, and conscious that his life had given grounds for dark rumors, resolved to wash off the stains by travel and flourish of new ideas. He did not feel contrition for his errors; but was vexed at being suspected, and determined to outride the troublesome imputations. He accomplished his object. Dr. Lamarette's quondam assistant suddenly became famous. He was his own redeemer—in his own estimation.

He had been to England, to famed Scotland, and to ancient Gheel. All these places were known previously, and had been reported by tourists; but Dr. Lovering wrote of them with such vigor that men forgot they had ever heard of them, and spoke of them as Lovering's discoveries, and the theories of cottages and family

treatment began to assume importance in the minds of the faculty. Physicians advised the erection of cottages, and superintendents felt impelled to consider the feasibility of small homes.

But, neither Dr. Lovering nor any superintendent thought of segregating the cottages and putting them into different towns under the care of the best town practising physicians, or of diffusing patients among intelligent families, who would gladly take them for fair pay, or of differentiating their treatment according to the diversities of their disease, needs, temperaments, and circumstances. Not a single person had spoken of the necessity of *breaking the monopoly* which the superintendents had established. All the plans were made out for cottages grouped or scattered on farms, each farm under a superintendent, who would be a duke, or sovereign over his princely territory.

As Dr. Lovering could not at once secure such a situation, he opened a private asylum for a nucleus. His circulars were sent out, offering flaming inducements to families to entrust their friends to his care. He proclaimed the superiority of his treatment to that of the large asylums. He laid great stress on employment and amusements as therapeutical agencies.

But his circulars contained no suggestions as to any medical remedies except the stereotyped formula of narcotics which cure by first killing, and which destroy the powers by which nature revivifies.

By employment he meant merely slave-labor. He kept his patients busy in work for the institution, or for himself, or for the attendants. The women performed the labor of the house, while the paid attendants loitered and directed. Besides this, the women patients sewed for the house and for their attendants. Beautiful embroidery and fine stitching was done by the hands of these prisoners. The men cleaned house, washed windows, cooked, besides working in the gardens and on the grounds. Dr.

Lovering said these employments were good for the mind.

Would not some compensation have also benefited the minds of these toilers? Would not a few dollars which they could call their own, and which they could have sent to their families at home, or kept until they were once more free, have given them the hope that elevates the soul? Ah, Dr. Lovering had not yet struck the deep strings of human symphonies! Neither his pharmacopœia, nor his mental therapeutics touched the deep causes of the human maladies he professed to cure.

Nor did he give any suggestions for the *prevention* of insanity. He let people live in ignorance in their homes; and then lacerated their hearts by taking the brightest and best of the loving home circle, and with them filling his institution. It was soon apparent that Dr. Lovering's views were not opposed to filling his own small house to its utmost capacity. People came in, but went not out. Like the spider in the den, Dr. Lovering made his parlors ready for the foolish flies who were lured in, but went not out in the sunshine again.

About this time a new and more sensible American author appeared. This writer said "Physicians have failed in mental treatment, in consequence of studying metaphysics too much instead of too little."

Again:—"Neither mind nor body can be studied independently of the other. In the prosecution of physiological science, this truth has been almost entirely disregarded."

And again,—“Metaphysics, in the present condition, is utterly incompetent to furnish a satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of insanity.”

Both Lamarette and Lovering read the works of the new author, confessing that the writer was very able and that his statements were well sustained; and yet these two superintendents kept on in their old ways, rolling the heavy wheels of their juggernauts over the

bodies of their victims as remorselessly as if those victims were but earthworms without souls or a beautiful mental construction, and of no consequence save as sacrifices on the altar of Medical Theory. These men did not know how to begin a change in asylum practice; or, more properly, the change proposed by the new theories would at once undermine their establishments with the emoluments, the perquisites, and honors connected. And Dr. Page, with all the hosts of other regular practitioners, continued to believe in the superintendents.

"I have no time, now," said Dr. Page, "to enter upon the study of mind. The bodies of my patients consume my time, both day and night."

Aunt Sukey Brainerd, while she lived, continued to assert her belief that often mental disturbance required only physical treatment, and that sometimes physical ills only needed mental aid, and that mind and body correlated and must be treated in conjunction; but Aunt Sukey had passed away with the rest of her generation, "and her oddities have gone with her, I hope," observed Dr. Page, "for although Aunt Sukey was a good woman, she was a troublesome one as a nurse. She was full of her own ideas, and we all know the nature of an old woman's whims."

Aunt Sukey, however had left a niece, a young lady who had inherited the Brainerd spirit, and had added to it modern education. Miss Brainerd studied medicine and received a diploma. Miss Brainerd—we beg pardon for omitting her professional title—Dr. Brainerd, visited the ancestral home. She was the namesake of Aunt Sukey, and the heiress of her aunt's little property. She met Dr. Page, and he, although an opponent of women as physicians, was secretly impressed with the vigor of her mind, the breadth of her views, and the depths of her reasoning. He felt as if she was pushing a subsoil plow beneath the hard turf of his grass-grown theories,

and that his feet were losing their standing-place. He was irritated, but the lady smiled assuringly, and her plow went on, not drawn by oxen as in olden time, but hastened by newly-discovered electric forces of nature.

"I do not believe that during our lives we can separate mind from body, either in fact or in theory," said Dr. Brainerd. "When they are separated, the body dies. Until that time we must treat body and mind in correlation. If we stupefy the fine tissues of the bodily functions by chlorals or whisky, bromides or alcohol, how is the mind to act, for it depends upon these living tissues for its communication with material things."

Dr. Page opened his eyes and gave the lady one keen glance. She saw it.

"You are surprised that I should know anything?" she observed, interrogatively.

"I have not been accustomed to the society of lady scientists," was his reply, "and I have never attempted the study of mental disease; I leave that to specialists."

"Who are too entirely special," replied the lady. "They are so special that they fail to understand the general. For illustration; suppose I study the heart and its action until I can tell you all about it, but that I stop there—that I learn nothing of the circulatory system, the arteries and veins and so on,—do you think I could properly treat disease of the heart?"

"Certainly not," was his reply.

"Very well. Now suppose I study what we call the *mind*, I learn its manifestations, I learn its aberrations, I say I can treat its diseases. At the same time I fail to learn the nervous and electric methods by which this mind acts through or upon the body? Can I properly treat mind when I know nothing of *its* arteries and veins, or the system by which it acts in its own earthly mechanism? Why, we have whole books in our medical libraries that treat mental troubles without one word as to the roots of these maladies. Some say

that the insane must be taken from home to be treated. This is not true of all cases. When the aberration of mind has its origin in mental strain; when love disappointment or troubles, or other mental excitements cause derangements, removal from home may be useful and a help to medicinal action; for we must bear in mind that the fine tissues of the body have given way, or the mental emotions could be borne; therefore, medication underlies the possibility of cure. But when insanity is the result of mere bodily causes, removal or non-removal from home is immaterial. In all cases attention to the wishes of the sufferer should be given, for these wishes, often incoherently expressed, are the instinctive expressions of the patient's inner-consciousness of his or her own needs."

Straight into the heart of Dr. Page went the lady physician's words. Perhaps she meant to speak to his heart, for she was not ignorant of his sister's early life and her untimely incarceration. Often had Aunt Sukey expatiated on this subject, and Dr. Susan Brainerd's attention was first called to the insane through this particular case.

"The first need in the reform of lunacy treatment," continued Dr. Brainerd, "is to diffuse the treatment among physicians in general practice, and take it out of the hands of a clique. The insane should be individualized; each town or city doctor should take care of his or her own; each town should provide facilities for its own insane."

"But you know," interposed Dr. Page, "they might be abused in town houses."

"Are they not abused in our institutions?" quickly retorted the lady. "Now, suppose that in this town a home is prepared and your insane are in it, whose fault is it if they are mistreated? Is it not *your* fault, and the fault of the other physicians of the town? And would it not be easier for you to know the secrets of that

house than it is to learn what occurs in the recesses of great palace-prisons where are jealous guards at every door and window, bidding you 'be off,' and scarce allowing you to peep through a crevice; where the 'trustees' who are entrusted with its management, and friendly outside visiting physicians, always go on regular days, or by pre-announced appointment, for their inspections? And, even when they go unannounced, they cannot penetrate beyond the superintendent's office until matters are properly arranged for their reception. Ah, no! Who, outside of the asylum walls, knows whether or not the patients are abused?"

"Really, Miss —, I again beg pardon—Dr. Brainerd, you are as unanswerable as was your esteemed aunt, who cudgeled me on many occasions."

"If I have been rude, I beg pardon," responded Dr. Brainerd. "I do not wish to annoy you, but my ideas are very clear, and I am convinced that the treatment in our asylums creates more insanity than it cures. I would like to be in an institution for a time, and would apply for a position as medical assistant in Dr. Lamarette's house, if I supposed I could get the place."

Dr. Page smiled, then became thoughtful.

"There seems to me some impropriety in such a position for you," he remarked. "You are yet young, and Dr. Lamarette's assistants are young men. How could you properly consult with them?"

Quickly she answered,—“How can these young men properly converse with the insane women on many points which are absolutely indispensable if you wish to cure the women? I believe the personal inquiry into the condition of insane women which is necessary, is wholly unfit and improper to be made by men, and is a shock to refined women, as well as demoralizing to the men. None save women should familiarly and at all times be allowed to enter the close bedrooms of insane women, and it is certain that virtuous women, even when insane,

prefer only women in their little cell-like chambers. If the female patient is not virtuous, then, certainly, no man should be tempted by the isolation, secrecy, and mentally ungoverned state in which he finds her."

"But, have you health and strength to endure the locked-up asylum life?" inquired the doctor.

"Ah," said Dr. Brainerd, "if women are able to be attendants and supervisors in asylums, then they are equally able to be physicians. As to the matter of delicacy between the lady and the other assistants, certainly it is more easy for a woman educated in medical science to communicate necessary facts and compare notes by means of technical terms than it is for a score or more of attendants to communicate such facts in the ordinary phraseology at their command."

"Your arguments are very plausible," observed Dr. Page. "My opinion must, of course, be only the reflected opinions of superintendents who are in a position to judge of asylum needs."

"I do not need to enter an asylum to discover the necessities of my own sex," said Dr. Brainerd. "*I know* that insane women should be treated by women physicians. There is another reason why I wish to go into an asylum. It is this,—The number of patients in our hospitals is constantly increasing; and it is thought that insanity increases faster than the population. I doubt the latter statement. I believe the large number of occupants of institutions is owing to the cases of chronic insanity which have been made chronic by living in asylums. I believe our asylum treatment is not curative in its results, and that instead of asylums being the first resort for nervous and insane persons, it should be the last. When the symptoms of aberration first appear, and the sufferer is in the acute stage of insane anguish, before the system is drugged or tired out with strange excitement, physicians should carefully and earnestly diagnose the case, studying all departments,

physical, emotional, and mental, learning the past life, the nature, hopes, loves, and desires of the victim, and taking testimony, not from the friends alone, but from the patient's own lips."

"Ah!" sighed Dr. Page, in an agitated manner. "You strike me with remorse. Not so did I by my dear sister. I believe you would have cured her without an asylum. Who knows? Even now you may be able to benefit her. Yes, try Dr. Lamarette. He may give you a position. I will give you a letter of introduction to him. For my poor Marion's sake I hope he will look favorably upon your application. I took her there at her first symptoms. May God forgive me!"

Dr. Brainerd accepted this offer of a letter, and hopefully bade adieu to the gentleman. She soon left the town, but before starting on her journey, procured matter for thought and increased intelligence by securing a copy of the *London Quarterly Review* for reading as the cars bore her on towards the city, where she hoped to procure other letters to Dr. Lamarette. The article which attracted her was by Dr. Gooch, and one sentence called forth inquiries as she read.

Dr. Gooch said:—"The mind of the supposed lunatic should be compared with his own mind when in its natural, habitual state."

"How can that be individually done," mentally queried the reader, "in an institution where hundreds are crowded together—hundreds, too, who have previously been strangers to the physician who is charged with their treatment? It cannot be done, and it is not done?"

Then, pondering, she recalled the reasonings of another writer, who said,—

"Mental disorders are of course as numerous and various as the mental constitutions of the inmates themselves."

"True," thought Dr. Brainerd, "and I believe it is absurd to put all these different persons into the same

asylum. However, if I can get into Lamarette's institution, I can soon judge for myself. Let me think—What does Dr. Ray say? O, this:

“To incarcerate some madmen in a common jail would, in all probability, aggravate their disorder, and if the confinement were protracted to the extent the law would allow, render it incurable.”

“And what better than a jail are our asylums?” soliloquized Dr. Brainerd. “If I can get a position in Dr. Lamarette's house, I shall find out about his system.”

She continued to read the works of advanced thinkers. Maudsley, Jarvis, Winter, Beard, Allen, and others, published works explaining the gross injustice and great injuries resulting to mental invalids by thrusting them indiscriminately into these large prisons.

“But,” ask asylum apologists, “what shall we do without these retreats?”

We answer,—“If there must be prison-asylums for the violent, dangerous, criminal insane, surely the virtuous, refined, and nervously sick people from our own Christian families should be separately treated.”

Says Dr. Allen,—“If half the money now spent on asylums were used to *prevent* insanity, we would find greater benefit.”

We only need to read our daily papers to learn the frequency with which crimes are committed by persons suddenly become “insane.” The asylums swallow these people, *after the crime is committed*, as an anaconda swallows its prey. But what does an anaconda render back to the world in lieu of that with which it has been gorged?

When false theories have been imbibed, they often have additions, multiplications, and divisions into other theories, but it is not easy to abandon them. Thus, notwithstanding the new views springing up here and there, the prison system lived on, the superintendents flour-

ished, money was procured from government, and victims were still furnished by families.

Marion Page still lived. Year after year passed, the country was full of prosperity, the woods, hills, mountains, and seashore offered free health to all who sought to quaff their nectar; but to Marion, during all these years, there was given only a prison cell, day and night, summer and winter. Sent to prison without trial by her countrymen, while she was young, she still remained without trial, counsel, or any legal privilege of escape. No lawyer could visit her without the consent of the superintendent. That little clause, "with the consent of the superintendent," artfully inserted in bills presented to the Legislatures, is the death of all hopes for justice to a prisoner. The fate of the asylum patients rests entirely on the wills of the superintendents, who are interested, financially and otherwise, in keeping their asylums full.

"*We know!*" say these asylum experts, "*Others do not know!*"

Let us turn to Griesinger, an acknowledged German authority. He says,—

"A subjective view of a case by one man, who at the moment cannot clearly show on what individual grounds he forms his conclusions, may be highly valuable; by another man quite worthless. We must not, therefore, believe that *every* physician in an asylum is capable of so judging."

CHAPTER XXXII.

SOME ANECDOTES.

WHILE it is necessary that our physicians should study European methods of treating diseases, as well as foreign theories of medical science, it is equally important to remember that we have a nationality of our own, with our own governmental influences, our own peculiar climate, and consequently we have constitutional and neurasthenic conditions not appreciable by Europeans. A studious philosopher has wisely said :

“Nationality includes a number of the most varied relations—the climate, the fertility of the soul, the principal employments of the inhabitants, the dominant religious creed, the degree of civilization, the public morality, the previous lot of the people, the form of government, etc. These all co-operate to form certain peculiarities which are propagated as persistent types from father to son.”

These combinations, which serve to form distinctive characteristics in our country, create also American diseases, particularly of the nervous system. We are not able to endure the same systems as may be borne in countries where generations have grown up under severe and constant repressions ; nor do the intellectual attainments of our country serve to multiply mental disorders. A well-known American author shows that an intellectual people live longer and are less exposed to disease than other persons. On this point Griesinger says:

“It is an actual fact that intellectual exertion, unaccom-

panied by emotional excitement or other further powerful causes, leads only in the rarest cases to insanity."

He further says that often "the emotions, particularly the passed-off psychical phenomena, are the immediate originators of the mental disease."

He adds: "If we consider the fact that the emotions ordinarily disturb sympathetically the functions of the organs of circulation, respiration, digestion, and of blood formation, we can easily understand how these can cause disorders of those functions, especially in persons whose emotions are easily excited."

During all the years of Marion's imprisoned life, all her natural emotions had been most unnaturally held in the leashes of rigorous prison discipline. Her intellectual desires had been suppressed, her ambitions had fallen beneath despair, her home ties sundered, and her pure womanly love had been scorched at the root. Month after month, and year after year, this prison life had pressed upon the hidden well-springs of her nature until the tendrils in her soul were parched and crackling from want of natural moisture, and, while yet young in years, she was, apparently, an old, hollow-cheeked woman.

"What should we do without homes for such as she?" anxiously inquired a trustee who, on a visit of inspection, had paused to look at poor old Marion.

"There would then be no place for *making* such as she!" was the quick response of a patient who chanced to be near and heard the remark.

After the trustees had left, this outspoken woman paid dearly for her remark. Days of solitary confinement were her punishment.

Among all these unhappy women, Marion was now marked as most insane, and yet she had no delusions. She never imagined herself a princess, nor that she was Mary, Queen of Scots, nor that her grandfather had been turned into a whale, nor that she was Satan. No

strange fancies had ever lodged in her brain. She had merely slipped out of mental vitality by the disappearance of nervous strength. She had become a skeleton over whose bones a skin was drawn, like parchment. Her muscles were rigid, her arms no longer moved with grace, and her form had lost its suppleness. She walked spasmodically, her elbows projecting like two right angles, and as she passed aimlessly through the hall with her calico wrap falling limp, her gray, dry hair cut square across behind her ears, and her dull eyes gazing at vacuity, it was difficult to imagine that she was ever the beautiful Marion Page.

And still time went on. Summer and winter, spring and autumn passed, but Marion knew no changes. She obeyed all commands; attempted nothing unless commanded. If they brought her large quantities of food, she ravenously ate it all. If they gave her too little, she uttered no complaint. She lived—yet she did not live. The last sign of sorrow which she had ever manifested, the last lamentation that she had uttered, the last quivering of struggling, dying emotion to which she had ever given expression, was at the loss of her scarlet-blossoming geranium. With never-failing tenacity she had clung to that plant. For hours she sat with the pot in her lap; she placed it on the bed beside her, watered and tended it with constant care, nipped the foliage skilfully in order to produce more blossoms, managing it with all the discretion of her early years. It was her only love, the centre of her life's emotions, her all of earthly happiness.

In a cell adjoining Marion's, there was another woman. She, too, had tasted the bitterness of asylum dregs. She, too, was deprived of all the natural elements of happiness, and was held in bondage day by day. Under this harsh *regime* her disposition had soured, and she envied Marion even the one gleam of sunshine from this one geranium.

"Why should she have more than I?" cried the unreasoning woman, and one day she flew at the plant, broke off the stalks, tore off the branches and leaves, and then, seizing the pot of earth she dashed it upon the floor, breaking the pot into fragments and scattering the earth in every direction. Marion gave one shriek and fell among the leaves and earth; her forehead, striking against a sharp corner of the broken earthenware, was gashed, causing the blood to gush out in a copious stream.

Never, after that, was Marion capable of loving plant, or leaf, or flower, or earth, or sky, or any living creature. She saw all things as if they were not. Her eyes were duller than before.

"What a sad disease is insanity!" said the matron of Dr. Lamarette's institution.

"What a sad way of treating it!" should be the reply.

We have Dr. Lamarette's own testimony that in every asylum there are many patients who are really sane, and whose word is entitled to credence. A friend once said to him, in confidence,—

"Doctor, you cannot be in all your halls at one time—how do you know what goes on in them? How can you tell whether your attendants are always kind?"

Dr. Lamarette stroked his moustache each way, and thought a moment. Then he replied,—

"The fact is, in every hall there are five or six patients who are not insane, and upon whose word I can rely. When I suspect an attendant of cruelty, or when a charge of misdeeds is brought to me, I privately inquire of these patients, and get at the truth."

In Dr. Lamarette's institution the number of patients in each hall averaged from twenty to thirty, and as by his own admission five or six of these were sane, there were certainly that number of persons who should have been discharged.

This estimate accords with that of another American

superintendent who admitted to a lady that many who were brought to him were not insane. His statement was as follows,—

“Out of all the patients brought to me, twenty-five per cent. are no more crazy than I am myself.”

Are our American people to go on building hospitals in which the sane can be immured until they become insane?

“Let the Legislature appoint Commissioners,” say the people who have faith in law. “Give these Commissioners power to investigate, and let the sane patients be discharged, and all abuses be corrected.”

One of our largest States heeded this advice and appointed a Commissioner. But in all his visits and investigations he decided in favor of the superintendents. A friend, seeing the injustice in one of these decisions, asked the Commissioner, plainly:—“In this case, when all the evidence was against the asylum, why did you give a verdict in its favor?”

The government official held his head confidentially low, and answered,—“If I had decided against the asylum, I might lose my position.”

Commissioners and other government appointees not guilty of motives like this, are not supposed to feel themselves impugned by the mention of this officer's selfish motive for a judicial decision.

Yet, it is certain that, however useful Lunacy Commissions may be in England, in our country all Commissions, State Boards of Charities, Visiting Committees, Governors and Councils, Trustees, and all persons connected with the “Circumlocution Office and red tape,” have utterly failed of penetrating the recesses of our palace asylums; and even that which they have superficially discovered, they have not dared divulge! What do they fear? Whose servants are State Boards of Charities, Commissioners and Governors? Is it their official business to cover up the defects of the people's

institutions? Is it not more properly their duty to inform the whole public of all existing evils? Are Boards of Charities and Commissioners *afraid* of superintendents of asylums? The people own the asylums, and have a right to know what is done in them. Moreover, the time is coming when they *will* know.

Marion had never known much of the men's department in Dr. Lamarette's house. And yet, during the first years of her residence there, she caught glimpses and heard rumors that intensified her horrors of the system under which she suffered. But there came out a man, an attendant, who hesitated not to speak. He told of men lying on the floor, and on straw, of men infested with vermin, of men pounded, ridiculed and starved, even in this new, elegant building, and within.—"Ha, ha, ha!" roared a burly young attendant; "here is old White, telling what sensible men should do! Ha, ha, ha! What do you know about being sensible, old fellow?"

Poor Captain White's face crimsoned and his eyes flashed. He had been a man of great decision of character. A few months previous to this he had received an injury on the head and loss of reason followed. With injudicious haste his physician consigned him to the care of Lamarette's institution, which absorbed, but never returned. Captain White had recovered from the effects of his injury, but not from the effect of his imprisonment. He could not regain his liberty. Like a brave old man he tried to bear his lot, but to be insulted by these coarse young attendants stung him to the quick. He raised his head and in a stentorian voice, cried,—

"Young fellow, I have been for twenty years the Captain of a vessel! I have *commanded* such fellows as *you*! And if I had you on my ship now, I'd teach you better manners than you show here. I said I wanted a clean shirt, and I know when I need a change of linen, and why can't I have it when I've got money to pay the

laundry? You young rascal, call your superior officer! Call the doctor, I say! Let me report to him."

"You old jackanapes," retorted the attendant, "I've got power here. You'll report to me, or to the ——!"

Captain White continued to insist on seeing Dr. Lamarette.

"Dry up!" shouted the attendant, "or I'll find a way to stop your noise!"

Captain White was not used to being addressed in this manner. He threatened to report to the superintendent.

"Halloa, boys!" called the attendant. "We've got to stop this old fellow's mouth."

"All right!" responded the others, as three or four young men came forward.

"The muff!" cried one.

The muff was brought. Into the ends the captain's hands were thrust, the wrists were tightened until the blood ceased to flow in the blue veins. Then a gag was forced between the unfortunate man's teeth, and the attendants went out leaving the sick old man alone. They locked the door and walked off, chuckling as if at some excellent trick.

"I reckon he won't howl for the doctor again, just yet," said his attendant. "I've given his jaw a good stretching."

Dr. Lamarette never knew of this occurrence. Captain White's jaw was injured. The attendants told Lamarette that the old man hurt himself in a "loony fit," and then the attendant said to the captain,—

"If you let on a word to the doctor you'll get it worse'n ever."

The *secrecy* of these institutions admits of these abuses. Small homes in a neighborhood where the people feel an interest in each other's affairs would prevent such atrocities.

Slam—jam!

What noise was that in the lower hall of Dr. Lama-rette's new asylum?

Only the fall of an old man knocked down by the arm of a drunken attendant! Here, as well as in the outside world, whiskey does its work. Some male attendants drink, and the patients suffer. Government charters secret asylums, then licenses whiskey shops, and the people put their sick fathers and brothers into secret halls to be beaten by intoxicated attendants.

The old man lay there while the infuriate young brute jumped upon him, and jammed his knees into his old body until the man was covered with bruises. Who could know of this? If the old patient should tell his piteous tale, who would believe him?

"He jammed himself," said the attendant, afterward, when questioned as to how the bruises came on the old man.

When Mrs. — came out of a popular asylum with scars inside her throat and mouth where a ragged-edged iron spoon in the hand of a nurse had scraped off the skin, the asylum apologists cried out, "Mrs. — did it herself."

When an old lady died in the same popular institution, and her niece found her body covered with purple pinches, and the black and blue marks of four heavy fingers and a thumb on her face, the attendant said,— "She did it herself."

When a violent-tempered attendant dragged a heavy woman by the ear until the ear tore and bled, the attendant said,— "She tore it herself."

But God knows; and we can say nothing more appropriate than was, not long since, spoken by a noble member of a Board of State Charity, who was addressing a Legislative Committee.

"God knows!" said the speaker, "these wrongs will not always be hidden. Such cruelties cannot always lie concealed in a napkin. There is a power in truth and

it will burst forth in God's own time. Gentlemen, you may not heed this presentation now, but the time is coming when you will be compelled to listen."

A young attendant was interested in a series of meetings held in the town near the asylum. He became impressed with the necessity of seeking first of all the salvation of his soul from sin. He called upon the pastor of the church.

"Sir," said the young man, "if I become a Christian I must leave my position in the asylum. If I seek to follow Christ's example, I cannot do what is required of me within those halls, and I have no home; I must work somewhere. If I leave I must trust to luck for another place."

"Leave, then," replied the pastor. "Follow Christ, but do not trust to luck. Trust in God."

The young man accepted his pastor's advice, and has never had reason for regret.

"The memory of my life there always gives me pain," he said afterwards. "And yet I was never so cruel as some of my companions. You see it requires peculiar traits of character to get along in those halls without losing one's temper.—I think there is something wrong in the plan of the establishments. There are too many insane people together. If I was a doctor I would try and find out what the error is. It is not natural for men to be shut up like wild beasts. It makes them feel like wild beasts. My system would be *one insane person in a place*, with a good many sane ones, and a doctor that knows what ails the man, and what to do for him."

"I suppose you can tell some dark stories about what you have seen there," remarked a listener.

"I do not like to talk about it. It is a painful subject, and if the doctors hear that an attendant has been *gossiping*, as the women call it, the doctors say the fellow is a liar. But I can tell you one thing—no one else can tell all that an attendant can tell! The patients think

they know, but many a deed is done that the patients never see. Why, a patient may be asleep in his room, and in the dead of the night another patient may be taken from the very next room to the sleeping patient, and nobody knows it. The paupers are not accounted much. Nobody knows what becomes of their dead bodies."

The man paused a moment, and then resumed.—

"When I say that, I speak as the world acts. I know that in the sight of God, a pauper is the same as any other man. I wish we could all see as God sees. Well, to go on. We carried out a woman one night, I reckon she did not die fairly. They gave her too much chloral, or something; she went to sleep and never woke up afterwards. She wasn't a pauper—she was the wife of a rich man, and the doctors were kind of scared about it. They thought they had got to crawl out of the little end of the horn, and they had secret talk. They didn't feel exactly like murderers because they only meant to put her into a deep sleep, and if the slumber was too deep, it wasn't their fault; but it was an awkward ending, and might make trouble for them. But, you see, the *secrecy* of the management helps the institutions out of such difficulties. The woman was buried, and no word was sent to her husband. He used to come once in three months to pay her bills and to inquire for her. He didn't always see her. They advised against it. He came after her death, and paid the bill, as usual. They told him she was worse, and advised him not to see her. Well, they kept that man coming two years, and they took the pay every time!"

"And how did the affair end?"

"It ended this way. You see the public was beginning to wake up, and pretty hard stories came out about that very institution, and at last this man said to himself that maybe these stories were true, and maybe he'd better see his wife the next time he went. Well, when he went, they began the same excuses, but he put his

fist on the table and told them to produce his wife. Then they had to acknowledge, and they smoothed it off by pretending that they thought he'd feel so bad to know that she was dead that they didn't tell."

"I hope he prosecuted them."

"No, he did not, and I will tell you why. He felt ashamed that he had not insisted on seeing his wife for two whole years, and he felt weakened and did not want it made public, and so the institution got off. The institutions always do get off by some means. They are powerful corporations."

"It seems too much to believe," observed the listener.

"Yes," answered the young man, "but what I have seen, I know. There is a case which I saw myself, and can never forget. I was in the hospital ward at that time; I was accounted one of the most humane attendants, and the doctors put me in the hospital. One day the superintendent came up to me in a rushing hurry, and said, 'I want you to go down to Room 12 of the lower wing, and bring up Richard S——. Put a clean shirt on him, and put him in a clean bed, and then send word to me. Be quick about it. His brother is here and insists upon seeing him.'"

"The doctor hurried back to his office, and I went for the man. I found him in a filthy condition, lying on loose straw on the floor. I took him up to my ward, bathed him, put a clean shirt on him, and put him into a clean bed. Then I send word to the doctor and he came up with the brother.

"The brother sat down by the bed, and you should have seen the complacency with which the doctor received the thanks of that visiting brother. 'This is better than we could do for him at home,' said the brother. 'I do not care for the money, doctor, and shall leave him here, feeling that every possible care is bestowed on him.' And the brother went home. In less than an hour from the time that the brother left the

house, Richard S—— was back again on his dirty straw."

"Do you mean that I shall believe that?" asked the incredulous listener.

"Every word is true."

"Why didn't you report it to the brother?"

"If I had, I should have lost my place, and you see it was before I had begun to think about Christ, and doing as you would be done by. That is where my shame comes in. I wouldn't do that now."

Then, brightening up, the young man continued,—

"There was one act of mine there that I remember with pleasure. We had a patient, a good man, but he had been a little out of his head, and the doctors seemed to think he must always remain so. I knew he had got well enough to go out, and he pleaded with the physicians, but they wouldn't listen. Strange! They will let out a man who has been put in for intoxication, as soon as he gets over it, although they know that he will drink again and get re-committed. Then they will take him in, discharge him again, and he will drink again and be re-committed, three or four times in a year; but a good man who has no fault but sickness cannot get out, even after he is well. Well, I saw that this man had made up his mind to go, and I said to myself that I hoped he would get away, and that I would never put so much as a straw in the way of a patient who wanted to go, and could find a way to do it. He didn't think he could succeed so well alone, so he got another man to join with him. They found an iron instrument under the first man's bed, I don't say how it came there, and with that they loosened the bars of the window. Then they began one morning and stripped up their bed-coverings, and braided the strips. It was twilight when everything was ready, and the patients were coming to the supper table, all but these two. Of course I knew they would not come, but I put myself into a merry mood, and kept

the patients lively until they forgot that there were two missing men. I was brimful of curiosity to know how these two were getting on, and I slipped around and got a side view out. I could see two figures outside going down, hand over hand. All right, thought I, and went on with the fun inside. By and by the cry came that two men were running away. The doctors were full of excitement. The men were seen running after they were out, and there was a rush to find out who were gone. At last the open window was found, the bars were out, and the braids were hanging. 'They must have gone while we were at supper,' said I. 'It must have been planned beforehand,' said the doctors. 'Hurry up, half a dozen of you, and start after them. Don't let them get out of town. Rush for the depot. Don't let them take the cars.'

"We wanted no better fun, and we started out. It was growing dark. There were six of us. We hurried into the street, and were soon out of sight. Then we stopped and consulted. 'Boys,' said I, 'I never did help an innocent man into prison, and I never will. These men have got money. They can take care of themselves. Let us go down and have an oyster supper.' They all agreed, and at about midnight we went back and reported that we couldn't find the men."

"And what became of them?"

"They took the cars and went out of the State. Then they wrote to a lawyer whom they knew, and he went into the case and got their discharge in regular form. So they went back to their families, and I have visited them since. They call me their best friend. You see, if they had stayed there they could never have got a lawyer, and would have been asylum prisoners all their lives. I often think that the escape of these men was a curious affair to occur in a country supposed to be free. Ah—the asylum system savors too much of autocratic tyranny to please me."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WOMAN FOR WOMEN.

"SPLENDID!" "Magnificent!" "Noble monument of munificence!" "A credit to the State!"

These were the expressions of travelers passing Dr. Lamarette's establishment.

"What lovely grounds!" exclaimed visitors as they were escorted over the terraces and among the shrubbery and well-laid beds of flowers.

"What a noble gentleman!" cried all as they commented upon Dr. Lamarette, his suavity, humanity, and expression of interest in his patients.

"How can his people complain?" said outsiders. "But there—some people never are satisfied!"

If these outsiders could be put inside—as they might be at any time—they would realize that "all is not gold that glitters."

A patient sitting in her little imprisoned room, beside her cot bed, and looking out through her barred window, has a different view of the grounds.

"Of what use are these lovely grounds to us?" was the question asked by a patient. "We are never allowed to walk or sit there, except with a prison guard over us, and that destroys our enjoyment."

"This large building is more disagreeable to me than the tiniest cottage," said another patient. "This one barren cell is all I have in this great house. In a cottage I could not have less, and there I would be nearer to the heart of nature."

"You call Dr. Lamarette noble?" queried a third

patient. "Come in where I am and you will call him heartless."

"He does the best he can," remarked the matron. "With so many patients to care for, he cannot give individual attention and sympathy."

"Then he should not have so many," said the patient. "The system is wrong. The system of aggregation, of monopoly, of secrecy, of treating effects instead of causes, of putting these sick women under men doctors, of employing ignorant attendants, of making patients labor without remuneration, of meager diet, and, in short, of herding immortal, reasoning beings as cattle or sheep, is a system replete with errors and leading to grievous injuries."

Neither as a gentleman in social life, nor as a citizen, nor in his family, was Dr. Lamarette a heartless man. In all these respects his conduct was unexceptionable; but he had this theory for the treatment of insane people, and he sincerely believed in his theory. When perplexed by the mishaps continually occurring in his halls, he never attributed it to defects in his system, but to the terrible disease, insanity; and if his failure to place the blame on his system arose from overweening vanity, he was not aware of it. He did not perceive that a little individual clemency on his own part might have averted the following calamity:—

Dr. Lamarette had a patient, a woman to whom he refused a visit from her children. The very earnestness with which she pleaded for the privilege of seeing them, led him to persistently deny her. His theory was that she was excited and that seeing them would excite her yet more. He could not see that her excitement arose from the yearnings of a mother's love, and that nature itself was outraged by his continued refusal. Six weeks later the agonized prisoner fell to the floor in a convulsive fit—six weeks later, she died. Dr. Lamarette said she died from the effects of disease. But in the archives

of earthly life it is written that her disease was aggravated by her treatment, and that she died of a *broken heart*.

Never again would any physician hear the pleadings of those quivering lips,—“Doctor, let me see my children, or I shall die.”

Never again would any physician need to say to that mother,—“Not yet, you are not suitable.”

Dr. Lamarette had no intentional cruelty to that mother, but he believed that insane persons should be separated from their friends, and his theory admitted of no discrimination. Under that theory he had held the beautiful Marion Page; under that same theory he had filled his asylum, never once perceiving that what would be good for one insane person might injure a dozen others.

That people grew worse under his care, he knew, and regretted. He would fain have wiped all tears from the eyes of his patients, but he could not avoid seeing that their tears ceased only when their tear-ducts were parched and dry, and their fountains exhausted.

Time passed on and Dr. Lamarette had an application from a lady for a position on the medical staff in his asylum. The lady was Dr. Susan Brainerd. The application was sustained by numerous letters and recommends from prominent gentlemen. First came the letter of Dr. Page; then a recommend from Senator Hugh; then a letter from ex-Governor Gove; then a list of names from senators, judges, and gentlemen of prominence, closing with a respectful letter from ladies of high social position, asking that the patients in insane asylums may be treated by physicians of their own sex.

Dr. Lamarette read the testimonials and considered. What should he do? He did not want a woman as physician. He mused,—

“Women have such acumen—a man cannot have his own way. Women see such little things—they are

always looking out for little comforts—why, I have to keep my own wife out of the halls. Of course the matron and attendants are women, but they are medically ignorant, and are under direct orders.—I fear I could not manage this young woman doctor. Bah! Ugh! Why do these intelligent women want to get in my asylum? I do not want them. Yet I must respect these gentlemen who have recommended her. Ugh! What do they know about asylums? Senator Hugh says that to him “it seems eminently appropriate that insane women should be treated by physicians of their own sex.” What does he know about it? What do the laity know about insanity? Why cannot they leave it alone and let the physicians attend to their own profession? I’ll consult with my assistant, Parmelee.”

Dr. Parmelee was called in. He had a ready suggestion.

“Why not write that your staff is full, but that she had better take her recommendations, to which you can add a letter of your own, and call upon Dr. Lovering. Doubtless he would be glad of her.”

“No! It would be impudent! You know Lovering!”

“I know what he was,” replied Dr. Parmelee, “but he may have whitened out in Europe.”

“Can a leopard change his spots?” asked Lamarette. “However, it is the most feasible way for me to get out of it. I will write the letter.”

Dr. Susan Brainerd was somewhat disappointed at the result of her application. She had thought that all those recommendations would ensure success. She had yet to learn the close-corporate, monopolizing character of the insane-asylum system. She wanted to enter the asylum where she could find Marion Page. Respect for the memory of her dear Aunt Sukey led her to wish to do some good, even in these late years, for a lady of whose early history she had heard wonderful tales. However, being a brave woman, she accepted Dr. Lamarette’s subterfuge, choked down her disappointment,

and called at Dr. Lovering's private "Home for the Insane," as his circulars called the place.

Dr. Lovering was somewhat amused. A woman aspiring to a position as his medical assistant! He admired women, but he wanted to see them in their proper sphere—not exactly in a harem, but certainly where they were domestic, and felt bound to minister to the comfort of their lords.

While he had been reading the letters, the lady had waited in the reception-room. He smiled as he read the letter of Lamarette.

"Ho! I understand Lamarette. He took a polite way of getting rid of the application. He always does know how to slide out of difficulties. Well, I will see her; she may be dazzling. Who knows?"

Accordingly Dr. Brainerd received a summons to Dr. Lovering's office. He met her deferentially. He offered her the largest and best chair, then he took a seat and entered into conversation. He spoke with great *sang froid*; she perceived it, and endeavored to appear careless. He soon found that he was dealing with a young woman of rare ability. She caught up his argument and tripped him before he was aware of her intention. He was interested.

"Never met just such a woman!" he said to himself.

They talked medically, and on general subjects. Finally came the question, would he accept her as medical assistant, or would he not?

He had been quietly revolving the matter in his mind. She was a good-looking woman, and very ladylike, but a little too bright to take in on equal terms. She knew rather too much. He had always opposed women as physicians. But she might come in as a nurse. It would be pleasant to have such a woman about, only he must *keep her under*.

"The danger is," he soliloquized, "that such a woman will get the upper hand. Women should keep in their proper places."

The result of his cogitations was that he proposed that she should come on the basis of a nurse,—that she should eat at the table with the nurses, and should receive the same salary as a nurse.

“But I am a physician, entitled to a physician’s salary,” said the lady, “and to sit at the table with physicians.”

“Yes, I know,” he stammered, “but——”

“You do not consider me your equal,” observed the lady, rising. “Possibly you may see the day when I shall be more than your equal. Until then—adieu!”

Something of the fire of Aunt Sukey shot from Dr. Susan’s eyes as she left the room.

“*I, a nurse!*” she muttered as she re-entered the carriage which had waited for her. “*I, receiving the salary of a nurse! I, eating on the same grade as a nurse!* Would he accept a nurse’s position? Why, then, should *I?*”

“Verily, a dramatic queen!” said Lovering as he stood statue-like and talked to the door through which the young lady had just passed. “She reminds me of——”

Here he paused. He was about to say “of Miss Page when she sent me through the doorway,” but he refrained. Why should he recall old scenes? He had been to Europe since those days.

However, it was not easy to disconnect the association. Marion, raising her queen-like head in dignity before she gave him the whirl which had seemed to him ignominious, and this young woman resenting an insult to her professional dignity, were to him anomalies. He could not understand such “impertinent independence.”

Thus ended Dr. Susan Brainerd’s efforts to enter the arena of mental practice, and the superintendents were no more annoyed by her applications. Lovering, however, did not forget her parting prediction, and he had a vague presentiment that it might prove a true proph-

ecy, and that he might yet see the day when she would be acknowledged as "more than his equal."

"Ah, well," he soliloquized, "the proverb seems true of woman, '*Vires acquirit eundo.*'"

Some day, ere long, when Dr. Susan Brainerd tells what she has done, and is now doing, perhaps families, individuals, and physicians in general practice will learn how to treat the mentally afflicted. Then will it be said of Dr. Brainerd—not "She hath done what she could," but it will be everywhere said, "She hath done what no *man* hath done."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHO SHALL KEEP THE KEEPERS?

How regardless are nature's physical laws of the spiritual strifes and efforts of earth's children! It mattered not to the seasons whether Dr. Brainerd secured her position, or whether Dr. Lovering could understand the progress of woman. The earth and the sun kept their places, and the years went by.

There came a cold and stormy winter night. Fiercely blew the winds over the hill which the Governor had admired in his brief visit on a sunny, summer day, and the storm-king rolled the mighty currents of arctic air in fury against Dr. Lamarette's castellated walls. The cold became intense, and frozen balls of hard, round snow flew wildly across the hill. Dr. Lamarette could not sleep. His sympathies went out in search of the homeless and houseless ones scattered over the country; he imagined the sailing-vessels driven over the boisterous deep, their masts and cordage covered with sleet, and the sailors struggling for their lives. Then he reflected upon the comforts of his own home protected by thick walls from the entrance of the wind, warmed by the radiance of steam heat, and safely housing hundreds of human beings.

"How thankful my patients ought to be for food and shelter in a storm like this!" he soliloquized.

Then a sudden alarm seized him.

"What a terrible night for a fire! Think of a fire raging here to-night in this tempest, and our people locked into their rooms, and we miles away from human aid?"

The doctor could not rest. He raised his head and listened.

"How the wind rages! What a tearing conflagration it could kindle! Only a spark could do the mischief!"

Louder and more furious grew the wind. The night-demons surely were at work. The hours advanced, and the terror of the superintendent increased. He arose from his comfortable bed and gazed about his room. Warm blankets covered his couch, and the apartment was full of luxuries. A soft velvet carpet, chairs of crimson and gold, vases and perfumes gratified the senses. On a marble stand was a bottle of rare old wine. Sometimes the doctor required a little of this, "for his stomach's sake." Such a need existed now. He poured some into a glass and was refreshed by the invigorating draught.

Outside, the elements were at war. Twigs broke from the storm-beaten trees and came swiftly striking against the windows. Dr. Lamarette could not remain quiet. He threw on his dressing-gown and fastened the cord about his well developed waist. Then he encased his feet in his velvet slippers, and lighted his night-lantern.

On such a night as this, why should he not walk through the halls of his house. Stepping out into a corridor, he paused to listen to the storm. Hark!—Other sounds greeted his ears. They were human sounds. Were his people all awake? Did the storm disturb them, also?

He walked on and entered other corridors. He was drawing nearer to the human cries. There were wails, sad moans, and sorrowful groans. Were the unhappy patients listening to the wild roar of the elements? He did not like these cries. He fell back on his early remedies. On such nights as these they must have stronger opiates.

"These cries will kill me!" he exclaimed. "I have

heard them all my life. The storm without is enough. Why should I listen to these groans, also?"

He turned to flee to his own room, where he might shut himself away from the moans; but a voice whispered,—“Go on—go on! List to the night wails of thy unhappy people! Go through thine own purgatory!”

Who was whispering these words? Was it the superintendent's own conscience? He went on, and the voices pursued him. Groans and wails were on every side.

“Mother—O my mother!”—“Home—I want my home!”

These were the cries of women. The doctor hurried past and entered the halls of the men. The gusts of wind swept furiously over the house.

“Will the chimneys fall?”

No second thought could be given to the chimneys, for a man's voice in deep bass tones uttered an imprecation and a curse which stayed the steps of the superintendent. He paused in vague terror.

“May the devil take Lamarette—the hypocrite! He told me he sent my letter to my wife—and he did not send it! He lied! I curse him! If ever I get out of here I will blast his name. I will show his falsehoods to the world.”

“Impotent man!” thought the listener. “You shall never go from here.”

Hush! There is another voice. It was that of a young man. He, too, cries for mother.

“My mother—where is she? O my God, let me not die in this prison-house! Let me go—let me go!”

Dr. Lamarette rushed on. In another room a man was pacing to and fro with hasty steps. The man was in the prison-march, and no one cared to prevent him. The doctor heard him, but passed on. There were disagreeable odors in the pent-up air. Already the boasted new building had a miasmatic atmosphere. The purifying gales

that swept around the building found no cranny for a cleansing passage within. The patients were breathing their own poisonous exhalations, regardless of nature's great fans which were sweeping through the depths of the out-of-door atmosphere. •

Dr. Laramette did not finish his tour. A sudden repulsion staggered him.

"No more of this—no more," he muttered and turned to fly to his own apartment.

As he rushed on, he heard sobs, moans, and occasionally a shriek. Then, from some room, a stifled prayer ascended. The victim here had not quite lost faith in God. Dr. Lamarette paused at the sound of prayer, and as he stood, lantern in hand, he heard a voice uttering audible words in harsh, discordant tones.

"Some time—yes, some time! He told me I should go home *some time*! He lied! Yes, before God, he lied! He never meant I should go home—*home*! I had a *home*.—I had a *mother*. Dr. Lamarette lied! All liars will be burned—he will be burned!—I am dead—dead! Herman! Herman! I am dead!—Let me go out of here. Dr. Lamarette—let me go out of here!—Dr. Lamare-e-e-ette—O my God, these locks and keys!—Who is there? Whom do I hear? It is the devil—it is Satan! O-o-o-oh God! The devil is here! Dr. Lamare-e-e-ette!"

Such a shriek as the last, even Lamarette never heard before. The shrill cry mingled as a falsetto in the hoarse tempest-notes of the angry night. Dr. Lamarette's face grew pale. He whirled and like a terrified spirit fled along the gallery. He felt as if pursued by demons. Arriving at his room he rushed within, slammed the door, and turned the key with all his force, as if to shut the spirits out.

Again he buried himself beneath the coverings of his comfortable bed. He courted sleep, but no sleep came. No slumber blessed his eyelids with the lull of forget-

fullness; no angel closed his ears to the echo of that dreadful cry.

That cry was Marion's. Dr. Lamarette knew her voice.

"Dr. Lamare-e-e-e-ette!"

He buried his head beneath his pillow, but still he could hear that fearful shriek.

"Dr. Lamare-e-e-e-ette!"

He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and tried to rehearse Marion's history.

"Long ago she came to me, in her youth and beauty. I thought I could cure her. What is she now? What are all these people? Is the house haunted? Are the living spirits of those who have died under my care reveling in this storm to-night? Why do I keep my people in these locked-up halls? My mother or my sister should not stay in them. I would not stay in them myself."

Impatiently he threw out his arms as if thrusting memory from him.

"Sleep? I cannot. How can a man close his eyes when the demons of hell are all around him? O God! Why does not morning come? Wine?—Yes, that is a good thought. I will have some."

He arose and filled a glass with the nectar. But it proved to be but fuel added to the fire within him. Burning, he returned and tried to sleep.

"No, no!" he cried, as he tossed on his bed. "It is of no use. During all my professional life I have heard these shrieks, and have been surrounded by these crazy sufferers. People have died by scores beneath my care. And yet I meant right—I meant to do them good. I have gained money and reputation, but my soul is stricken with poverty and anguish. What is wrong? I see—I see! We are all made to be free, and nature claims freedom for her children. I have met nature face to face and have tried to turn her backward. There is a

God in nature, and he avenges our transgressions of His laws. I will go and open the doors and set these prisoners free."

"Husband, are you crazy?" asked the alarmed wife.

"Yes—why shouldn't I be? Haven't I made others crazy? Why shouldn't I be like them? Go and hear them shriek. Go and listen to Miss Page. What was she? What is she now? Go and inhale the effluvia of decay that is already in these lower halls. This new building is tainted. I must let the people out."

He started towards the door. His wife caught him.

"Husband, think! This is a terrible night! Will you send them all out in the tempest?"

He paused and fixed his eyes on his wife.

"No no," he said, "they must not go out, but it is not the storm I fear—it is people. All the world will turn against them. Everybody's hand is against the insane."

"You know, husband, the insane are dangerous."

"It is false!" he shouted. "They are not all dangerous. Shall we imprison the harmless with the violent? I have hundreds here who should be free."

"My dear husband, you know you have tried to do right."

"I have not. I have not done as I would be done by. Who said 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me?' Who are the 'least of these?' Can any be less than those who are deprived of their reason? And I have kept them here, and have taken pay for increasing their misery. O wife! does not the Holy Word say 'Whosoever falls on this stone shall be broken in pieces; but on whomsoever it falls it shall grind him to powder?' It is grinding—grinding—grinding me! The whirling stones are crushing my bones!"

It was not a shriek that he now uttered, but it was an agonized groan, such as only a strong man can give, and

the wife was silent, but she sat down beside him and took his hand in hers.

"Go, lie down, wife," he said. "Sleep, if you can. I can never sleep again."

"No, husband. Let me sit up with you. How the wind roars and howls on this hill! I wish we were not so far away from society. We can have no social enjoyments here, except with the insane. I do not wonder that your nerves give way."

"Wife, something is wrong. Is it my theory? Is it wrong to keep these hundreds of people imprisoned here in such a heartless manner? I was not born to be hard. Have I ever been cruel to you, my wife?"

"O my dear, how can you talk so? Take the big chair—this 'sleepy-hollow'—sit down and lean back your head. I will watch while you fall asleep."

He sat down as she directed, but he did not sleep. Slowly, slowly the night waned, and tardily the dull morning dawned. The wakeful superintendent watched the light increase. The wind lulled slightly as the sun's rays struggled through the thick air. The eastern flush was as a quieting messenger to the winds of the north, and they drew back to their caves as the east glowed and the south sent its warm air athwart the earth. The light gleamed on the haggard face of Dr. Lamarette as he leaned wearily back in the easy chair. His wife cast anxious glances towards him.

"Poor husband!" was her thought. "He leads a terrible life. He is too good for this place. Absolute master he is, here, I know, but no crowned monarch over oppressed subjects can have more thorns beneath his symbol of power than has the master of this house. If the system is bad for the patients, it is equally bad for the superintendent."

Mrs. Lamarette descended to the family breakfast room. She was a pleasant lady, but this morning her smile was sad. The table, bounteously spread with

delicacies, might have tempted an epicure, and the handsome room was fragrant with flowers fresh from the conservatory.

"Where is papa?" asked the children as they drew near the table.

"Papa is not quite well this morning," was the reply of the mother. Then sadly she motioned the servant to bring coffee for herself only.

It was the morning of the Sabbath. The dull light grew clearer; the storm-clouds broke and dispersed. The peace of God's restful love overspread hill and dale, and Sabbath stillness pervaded all surrounding nature. Through all the adjacent country, weary laborers rested, the cattle fed quietly in their warm stalls, and little children were hushed into reverent stillness by maternal voices.

In the asylum the patients had been aroused, as usual. They knew no Sabbath change. Old Marion was driven to the cold airing-court; other women were ordered hither and thither according to the fancies of the attendants, and breakfast came up from the kitchen to the various halls. Not much like the table at which Mrs. Lamarette and her children sat were the tables spread for the patients. It was difficult to imagine that both were produced in the same kitchen. One table was covered with enticing profusion; the others with meager, unwholesome coarseness. Hundreds of patients sat down to those uninviting tables that morning, and although each individual had his or her own natural taste in food, yet here, each must have one coarse kind, or nothing. Nay, they were not allowed to take nothing. They must eat this, or be threatened with the force-pump.

There was to be service in the chapel at eleven o'clock, for such patients as were considered competent to be present. Marion had long since been denied chapel services. She was left in the desolate hall among those

who were not even told when the blessed Sabbath came.

This morning the duties in the various halls proceeded in the customary routine. But in the apartments of Dr. Lamarette there was great anxiety, for while Mrs. Lamarette and her children were at breakfast, the doctor disappeared. Where could he be? The children came up to his room, calling,—“Papa, papa!”

Mrs. Lamarette, remembering the night, ran to look at the outer doors. Was he opening them for the egress of the patients? No, all was right there. Where, then, was he? She inquired of the servants. No. Not one had seen him. She sent for Dr. Parmelee, and divulged the secrets of the night. Dr. Parmelee sent to the stables. The horses were all there, and the snow lay in unbroken quiet all around the immense buildings. As yet there was no track.

On Sabbath mornings it was customary to open the chapel an hour before service, and to send some woman to dust it, preparatory to the approaching exercises. This morning the work was assigned to a patient, a stout, middle-aged Irishwoman who was considered competent and trustworthy. With broom and duster in her hands she proceeded to the chapel door. The matron, accompanying her with a key, was about to unlock the door when a hoarse, prolonged moan was heard within.

“Howly mither!” cried the Irish woman, rapidly making the sign of the cross. “Blissed Vargin! The sperets are come afore their time!”

The matron hastily opened the door. There stood Dr. Lamarette, lantern in hand, robed only in dressing-gown and slippers, with his hair standing erect about his face and his eyes wildly glaring.

“Och, murther!” screamed the Irishwoman, as she rushed away through the corridor.

She was met in the passage by a supervisor and two or three attendants who, hearing the Irishwoman’s cry

of murder, were hurrying to the scene. They stopped the woman in her flight.

"What is it?" they cried. "Tell us what is the matter?"

"Och—matter it is! Let me git me brith! Och! It's the docthor—Docthor Lamarette. Sure I thought 'twas a ghost, by the big moan—but it's the docthor, an' he's mad! On me soul—he's mad! He's in the chapel, he is—an' his hair it stands up all over his head like porcupine quills, and he's got all the windows of the chapel open, an' he sez, sez he,—Hark! Don't ye hear him holler? Hear him now!—He's a-saying, 'Let 'em out—let 'em out! Open the doors! They've been here too long! Give 'em liberty! Cure 'em!'—O Lord—murther! He's comin'!"

The terrified woman leaped forward and plunged on towards her hall, while from the chapel, running at full speed, came Dr. Lamarette with the matron closely pursuing him.

"Let them all go," cried the doctor as he met the supervisor. "Open the doors! Give them all freedom! They have been here too long! Open the doors, I say! I have opened the chapel windows. Let them all go."

A patient, an old man, hearing these orders, cried out,—
"Yes, yes, that's right. The doctor has come to his senses. We are all to go. Hurra, hurra!"

"Is the doctor gone mad?" asked an attendant, with frightened manner.

"Doctor, doctor!" called the matron as she rushed on after the wild superintendent.

"Don't delay me!" he replied, impatiently. "I must unlock the doors."

"Stop him!" shouted the matron, as she saw Dr. Parmelee in the distance.

Not only the assistant physician but other officials were now approaching. Dr. Parmelee caught the hurrying Lamarette.

"Helloa!" said Parmelee. "What's up? What are you doing, Doctor?"

"Let 'em out, Parmelee!—let 'em out! Open all the doors!"

"What? Open the doors this cold morning? Pshaw! Why, they would all freeze."

At this moment Mrs. Lamarette appeared, and hastening, laid her soft hand on her husband's arm,—

"Dr. Parmelee," she said, quietly, "my husband is not well. He was ill in the night. Will you kindly lead him to our room and attend him there?"

Mrs. Lamarette's face was colorless, and she was terrified, but she went calmly forward while Dr. Parmelee guided the steps of the excited superintendent.

"Husband," said Mrs. Lamarette, as the assistant placed Dr. Lamarette on the bed, "you must stay with me to-day, you are not well."

"What! and not let them out?"

"Doctor," interposed the assistant, "you are ill. You are quite feverish. Let me try your pulse."

"And you will stay with me," said Mrs. Lamarette. "Let me bathe your head. I shall not leave you alone again."

The matron and supervisor endeavored to restore order to the house, but there was great excitement. The Irish-woman proclaimed her frightful adventure to all within hearing.

"The doctor is mad; I saw his hair all over his head, a-standin' up all round like porcupine quills. We're all going out. We're all to be free, for the doctor's mad."

Soon word was sent through the building,—

"There will be no service to-day. Dr. Lamarette is ill."

But the first rumor did not rest. It went mysteriously from hall to hall,—*"Dr. Lamarette is crazy! We are all going out! Lamarette is crazy!"* "Put him in the lower wing! Give him corned beef and cabbage! Take

away his luxuries, his beefsteak, his oysters, and his wine! Lamarette is crazy! Ha, ha, ha! Put on the camisole!"

This was the reiterated cry of the men.

"Straps—straps—muff—camisole for Lamarette! Ho, ho, ho! Lamarette can have my room. I'll take Lamarette's!"

"Dr. Lamarette's mad! Ho, ho, ho! Put him on an iron bed! Give him codfish and a cold potato."

"Lock Lamarette's door. He's insane."

In vain did Parmelee and the supervisors try to quiet the patients. No sooner was order produced in one hall, than in another the cry began.

"Dr. Lamarette is mad! Ho, ho, ho!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PHYSICIAN HEALS HIMSELF.

DR. LAMARETTE became a prisoner in his chamber. His wife, a nurse, and the assistant physicians alone were admitted to his presence. He attended to no business. No letters were brought to him; he was forbidden taking any interest in the house. Day after day passed and he was seen by no patients. Not once did he walk through the halls. The patients inquired for him but were briefly answered,—

“The doctor is ill.”

All who go into madness are ill; although all who are ill do not go into madness,—unless driven thither. As long as the corporeal system retains its normal health, and the nerves keep their natural strength, the mind will preserve its own peculiar individuality, and neither labor, sorrow, joy, nor disappointment, will overpower it.

That Dr. Lamarette had fallen a victim to the contagion of the disorders among which he had spent his life, was proof that he had sympathized with the miseries and diseases of his patients, and that he had endeavored to perform his duty among them, in accordance with his theories. His illness now tended to show, not the accuracy of his asylum theory, but, on the contrary, its utter absurdity, both for the patients and for the conscientious superintendent.

The trustees were notified that the superintendent was ill, and they met at the institution. Excellent gentlemen they were, working without remuneration for the good of humanity. They believed in the therapeutics of

their asylum. Why should they not believe? Had not Dr. Lamarette, the great expert and noted specialist, been for years explaining to these gentlemen the excellencies of his method of treatment? Why should they doubt his word, or his skill? They had every opportunity, by visits and observation, to assure themselves that the management of the institution was humane. Other institutions might have abuses; but, said these trustees,—

"We know that ours is properly conducted."

In order to determine this question, the trustees had once, by secret agreement, met at the asylum, unexpectedly to Dr. Lamarette. There were three of them. With misadventure the superintendent saw them enter his office.

"Having a day of leisure," observed the gentlemen, courteously, "we thought we would make your house an informal call."

The superintendent's dismay was but momentary. He was equal to the emergency. With a smile he begged the gentlemen welcome, and then with a gesture of his hand to an official near, gave a signal which the man understood. The man vanished. Instantly word went through the halls,—*"Visitors."*—*"Trustees."*

The notice was magical. The attendants flew at their work, and while the conventional gentlemen in the office were suavely waiting for the superintendent to accompany them on their tour of inspection, up in the halls, men and women were dragged from their dens, backgammon boards and cards were brought forward, the music room was opened, clean apparel was hurried on to the patients, and by the time the gentlemen arrived in the halls, the place wore a gala aspect.

"We saw nothing wrong," the trustees afterward remarked.

But when they were gone, Dr. Lamarette rubbed his hands in glee.

"They didn't catch *me* napping! Ha, ha, ha! We are

in good drill; my attendants are trained against surprises."

Now, when these well-meaning, confiding trustees saw their honored superintendent shut into his room, his face flushed, his eyes roving, while ever and anon he was calling, "Let them out—let them all out, I say!" The gentlemen agreed, instantly and unanimously:

"Let rooms in the men's department be prepared for him," they said. "Two or three rooms shall be given up to his use. Where can the principal of our model institution be more satisfactorily treated than in his own well-managed institution?"

"Gentlemen," said Lamarette, his face suddenly paling and his eyes steadying, "I resign!"

"Wife," he continued, "write my resignation, to take effect at once. Then give it to me and let me sign it. We will leave the institution. Gentlemen, you can give the superintendence to whom you please."

Thus Dr. Lamarette escaped imprisonment in his own cells. Thus he repudiated for himself the bonds which he had long been forging for others.

Three weeks from that day, Dr. Lamarette and his family sailed for Europe.

"Ah!" exclaimed the patients who were left in the great locked palace, and who could go neither to Europe nor to any other place, "Dr. Lamarette wouldn't try his own treatment. He wouldn't live for one day in the rooms where he has kept us months and years."

"An' very sinsible he is!" said the Irishwoman, "Ef he'd gone into these rooms the procupine quills would 'a'shtood out shtraighter yit! An' sinsible more he would 'a'bin, if he had sint us all across the big wathers!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF LIFE.

DR. Lamarette's departure for Europe was chronicled in the newspapers, and his career as superintendent was eulogized in lengthy articles. Dr. Herman Page, sitting at his evening fireside, read these articles. Dr. Page and his home bore evidence of his success in his chosen course of life. A piano was in the room, and a young lady was playing on it.

"Marion, my child," said the doctor, "stop playing a moment while I read this article to your mother."

The young lady paused and turned towards the speaker. She, too, would hear the article. She was very fond of her father, and very proud of him. She thought him the finest looking gentleman in the town. She loved her mother, but that love never merged into pride. Her mother was a large, self-conscious woman, showy, social and notable as the head of a well kept household. But the young Marion perceived intellect, nobility of character, and genuine superiority in her father. She did not marvel that all the town honored and trusted him.

As Dr. Page read the notice of Dr. Lamarette's departure for Europe, and the eulogy accompanying it, he observed,—

"I am surprised that Lamarette did not notify me of his intended absence. It was due me, I think."

"Probably," responded Mrs. Page as she turned towards her husband and the rustle of her rich dress attracted his attention, "there was no necessity for noti-

fying you. Of course, the institution will go on the same in his absence."

"Papa," observed the daughter, "why do not you, yourself, take care of Aunt Marion? I am sure you know more than any other physician. If I should be ill, I hope you will keep me under your own care."

"I hope, my child, you may never have an illness like that of your poor aunt. Her mind was diseased; I am physician only to the body."

The young lady could not controvert her father's remarks. How could she doubt his implication that the treatment of mind and body were distinct. She did not know that she should ask, "How can there be a human soul within a living human body and that soul be unaffected by the condition of the body in which it dwells? Treat the body properly, for in that is the soil which feeds the soul."

Marion, in her youth, had never thought of these abstruse distinctions in humanity. She was silent.

"Anna," continued the doctor, addressing his wife, "I think I will visit Marion. And you, my daughter, may go with me, if you like."

"Thanks, papa! I have always wished I could see Aunt Marion."

"Then I must go, also," observed Mrs. Anna, "I cannot allow my child in such a place without me."

"But I should have papa," said the girl, "and I should be thinking only of Aunt Marion."

"You cannot judge what she was by the skeleton that you will see now," said Dr. Page. "My sister Marion was a most remarkable young lady. She was beautiful, but the glory of her beauty was in her intellect. My dear child, you cannot realize how much I love you; but yet I know that you will never be like your Aunt Marion. You look more like your mother, as she was in her youth."

"I do not know that you need disparage me!" re-

marked Mrs. Page, irritably. "There is no need of suggesting that Marion was my superior. Both she and Fanny Dahlgren showed me, when we were all at school together, that they held themselves above me :—I wonder what they think now !"

A threatening darkness overspread the brow of Dr. Page, and settled above his eyes. It was not easy to contend with the doctor when that darkness overshadowed his eyes. That ominous frown had rested there long ago, on the night when he believed his sister Marion had forever disgraced him in the eyes of Fanny Dahlgren. Dr. Page was thoroughly honorable towards his wife, but deep in his heart lay an unfinished romance, and it was not wise in his wife to allude to it. Fortunately, she perceived the frown, and paused in time.

Perhaps Dr. Page was too proud to be dishonorable ; or perchance he preserved his integrity by the aid of deep principles of honor ; or possibly, by prayer ; for he was not without firm belief in the wisdom and care of his Creator. Sometimes when he met Fanny at the bedside of a sick villager, when he saw her ministering like a seraph to some sufferer, he heard the inward voice,—*"It might have been !"* But no sound ever passed his lips.

They came to the asylum, these three, Dr. Page, his wife, and daughter. Dr. Parmelee, the acting superintendent, received them graciously, and freely admitted them to the hall of crazy old Marion. There could be no harm, now, in an unwatched interview with this incoherent, demented patient, in whose conversation there was neither continuity nor common sense. She could tell no tales of the asylum. She was but a harmless being, out of whom all animation had passed, and who had neither hope, ambition, nor desire for any life save that in which she existed.

"She will not recognize them," thought Dr. Parmelee, as he conducted them to the hall.

Marion's attendant had been apprised of the expected visit, and had dressed her old patient in a clean wrap. But, O, what a startling contrast was she to her visitors! Dr. Page, slightly embonpoint, with healthy, florid face, full whiskers tinged with gray, and brilliant eyes, could not have been supposed brother to the attenuated, bony, almost silver-haired, strange-eyed, corpse-like woman who met him at the door of her uncarpeted, desolate, seven by ten bed-chamber—her only room!

"Marion!" said the brother, shudderingly, as he extended his hand and observed how she was shrunken since he saw her last, "Marion—I am Herman!"

The pupils of her pale eyes dilated and a faint gleam brightened their expression. She recognized him, and held out her hand, a skeleton hand covered only by skin through which the joints were waiting, as it appeared, to burst.

"Marion," continued the brother, drawing his wife forward, "this is Anna—you remember Anna?"

Marion fixed a steady gaze upon the large, well-dressed figure of the woman, but did not offer her hand. She had never acknowledged the relationship of Anna. The brother knew this and passed quickly to his daughter.

"Here," he said, "is my little Marion,—named for you."

"Mar-i-on," said the patient slowly, and carefully regarding the girl. "Yours—pretty."

Tears sprang into the young girl's eyes, for although she had her mother's similitude in face, her emotional nature was derived from the family of her father.

"Poor, dear Aunt Marion!" whispered the girl as she clasped the bony hand in a grasp that stirred the pulse of the half-dead patient.

In the hall, near the door of Marion's room, was an old settee. To this Dr. Page led his sister, placing his wife and daughter on each side of her. Then he drew forward a chair and seated himself opposite the trio.

What a picture of human life! Between the two ladies with their elegance of apparel, and the wasted Marion, there seemed a gulf as of eternity, and they all seemed to realize it. Silence fell on the group. What could they say to each other? What common interests had they? What common sympathy could bind them together?

Mrs. Anna Page took from her reticule an orange which she laid in the patient's lap. Carrying a little fruit to an imprisoned patient is a device usual with the friends of patients. Marion did not look at the orange.

"Mamma," said the young girl, "she doesn't care for an orange. She wants more than that. She looks hungry, just as though she needs some of our good dinners; and she needs new dresses to wear, and some rides over our hills, papa, with you, so that her cheeks might look rosy, like yours. And then she needs somebody to love her. No one here loves her, and this is such an unnatural home. It looks like a long gallery where death holds carnival. Papa, if you will take her home, I will give her my chamber; it used to be hers, you know; and I will make it look just as she used to see it. Mamma, you could tell me how she used to have it."

"Hush, child!" said the mother. "You do not consider what you are saying. You are too susceptible. I am sorry that you came."

"I am not sorry, mamma. I wanted to see my father's sister. My father is the most noble man in the world, and all his sisters are just like him, and he always says his sister Marion was the crown of them all."

The old envy of Marion had power, even now, to arouse the anger of Anna Jones Page. She was much displeased with her daughter's pertinacious encomiums of her father's family. To divert attention, she drew a package from her reticule, and calling an attendant, handed the package to her, saying,—

"Keep these sweetmeats and give them to Miss Page at your own discretion."

"Yes'm," simpered the attendant, and carried the package away.

Again the young Marion took her aunt's hand in hers.

"Please, papa, take her home with us."

The doctor was visibly affected. He looked at the shadowy figure of his sister, and then at the fresh faces of his wife and daughter.

"O, that I should have lived to see this sad day!" he exclaimed.

"Papa, this is a dreadful place," said the girl, glancing timidly around. "If I had to live here, I think I should surely go crazy. How do you know whether they are good to your sister? How can you tell?"

"My dear, I always trusted Dr. Lamarette. I was sure he would not permit wrong."

"But he is not here now, papa."

"True. Well, we will go to the office and talk it over with the present superintendent."

As they spoke together the patient's eyes rested wistfully on their countenances. How much she comprehended, they could not tell. But it was apparent to their most casual glances, that she did understand and respond to the love this young girl was giving her. Crazy old Marion could not have expressed her love in coherent sentences, but her dim soul perceived the sincerity of the girl, and her heart's chilliness was warmed by new fires of loving emotion.

The poor old patient let one hand rest in the hand of the girl. With the other bony hand she patted the girl's cheek, smoothed the folds of her dress, and gently touched the sprays on her hat. Mrs. Page was secretly disgusted.

"Come," she said; "it is time to go!"

"No—no," audibly responded the patient.

"We will come back for you, Aunt Marion," emphatically asserted the girl. "We are going to tell the doctor that you are going home with us."

Slowly they walked towards the door. The wan patient followed them, clinging closely to the hand of the girl.

"We will come back for you," said the young Marion. "Shall we not, papa?"

"We will see," he answered, in a grave voice.

"Yes, we will come back," reiterated the girl.

They reached the hall door. An attendant unlocked it, the doctor and his wife passed through; but when the young Marion attempted to pass, the patient clung to her and refused to be separated.

"Let her go with us," pleaded the girl.

"Not now," answered the father.

He was much perplexed. Long years he had been on the rack of anguish between love for his sister, and devotion to Theory. Now, the voice of his child had joined his sister's pleadings.

"My sister Marion," he said, his voice quivering with emotion, "go to your room now. I will see the doctor, and ask him."

The patient had no confidence in promises. She had seen many heartrending partings at that door. She did not believe her brother, but clasping her arms around the young girl, she attempted to pass with her through the doorway.

Then came the attendants. Quickly they seized the emaciated arms, pulled upon the skeleton fingers, and gave the sharp command—"Let go!"

At the same moment the indignant mother took her daughter forcibly by the arms.

"My child, why do you create this disturbance?"

The young Marion was hustled into the passage; the door was closed and locked; the old patient was again shut in.

She shrieked again, even as when long years before, she had been torn from her mother in the same manner. The shrill cry pierced through the walls and reverberated

through the passage. Dr. Page was pale, his wife was angry. Forgetting the presence of strangers she gave utterance to her feelings.

"This is the last time that I will ever come to this place! What is the use in visting such a crazy person?"

"O mamma, think how sick and unhappy she looks! How would *you* feel to be left in such a place?"

"Why ask me such a question?" responded the irate mother. "Let us go home!"

"We promised to see the superintendent," said the girl.

"See him then. But she cannot go home with us:—that is, if *I* go!"

"Doctor," said the girl as she entered the office, "if I had to live where my aunt is, I should be crazy, too."

"I should hope not," answered Dr. Parmelee, smiling at her bright, earnest face.

"I should!" she repeated. "I couldn't help it."

"My daughter," said Dr. Page seriously, "I do not think we can take your aunt home to-day. Your mother is entirely unwilling."

"Yes, I am unwilling," responded Mrs. Anna Page. "She cannot go with us."

"Be assured, young lady," remarked Dr. Parmelee, "that this is the best place for your aunt. You can make her as comfortable as you please, here."

"We will do all that is necessary," interposed Mrs. Anna. "We have brought new clothing to-day. I gave it in charge of an attendant."

"It will be attended to, madam."

"I placed implicit confidence in my friend, Lamarette," Dr. Page observed.

"I was with him, sir, and I endeavor to follow his methods."

The visitors did not return to the hall. They saw the patient no more. They went out into the free air. Young Marion sobbed, but otherwise was silent. Dr. Page was

sad. Mrs. Anna was cross. Sometimes when Anna Jones was but a child she had petulant moods when her brothers used to say,—“Anna has crossed two sticks to-day! Ha, ha, ha!”

“To think,” she spoke to her daughter, savagely, “that you should have created such a scene! I was ashamed of you! For the future, if you cannot behave more decently, you may remain at home.”

“But, mamma, she is the most desolate looking person I ever saw. I pitied her. And she is my aunt, my dear father’s sister. What would you be if you lived there?”

“I should expect to live there if I was weak enough to go out of my head.”

“And yet she was such a scholar, and so beautiful,” sighed the girl.

“O yes—I have heard that all my life, and now my daughter reminds me of my inferiority.”

“Mamma, I said nothing about you.”

“Anna, hush!” exclaimed the doctor.

Dr. Page *could* command.

“Anna,” he continued, “no one has given you reason for your remarks, and all that has been said of Marion was true. Have you no pity for her misfortunes? You have gained all that you ever sought. What is there for her?”

Mrs. Page was silent. Her conscience told her she was wrong, and that her early jealousy had no right to seek revenge. Had she not, indeed, as her husband said, gained all she ever sought? She wanted *him*, and got him. Did he sometimes look back and see how persistently she kept in his presence until she won? Shame crimsoned her brow. She leaned against the back of her cushioned seat in the parlor car, and spoke no more.

The attendants of Marion’s hall sat up late that evening. They had not much trouble with Marion. After her shriek, she fell senseless, as she had done before; they quietly took her by the head and feet, and with her

body horizontally held between them, they trotted her to her iron bed, and left her to "come to," they said. She was not dead; that is, she had not ceased to breathe. Surely, if ever a soul died, or could die, while the body breathed, poor Marion Page's soul must have shared that fate. She had not a heart-tendril that had not been sundered; not a hope of her life was left undimmed; even the glass between her and eternity was thick with mists; and the shores of death were black with eternal night.

All that evening Marion lay immovable on her bed. The attendants poured a cup of tea into her mouth, and forced her to eat a piece of bread. Then their duty was done—how unfeelingly, none save insane patients know.

When all the patients of that hall had been locked into their rooms that evening, the packages left for Marion were opened, and the attendants had a feast. The box of clothing was inspected, and all the most desirable was appropriated to their own use.

"What does old Marion want of these nice clothes?" they mutually asked. "Who will ever know if we take them?"

Then they divided her garments among them, ate her fruit and cake, and complacently retired to rest.

"To take clothes and food from the insane in asylums is not considered theft." "To tell false stories to insane patients, is not called lying. The situation and circumstances give a sort of divine right over the hapless beings." This is the view which is accepted within the walls.

"What a wreck!" the trustees observed at their next inspection, as they casually saw old Marion sitting motionless in her room.

"I remember her," said one, an elderly man of benevolent countenance, "when she first came under Lama-rette's care. A great botanist she was, and a fine scholar. Ah—insanity is a terrible disease!"

He did not add,—“Is it possible that this is a mistaken way of curing it.”

Alas! He did not suppose the possibility of a mistake in the method.

Of all the officials who were connected with Lamar-ette's institution when Marion entered it, this silver-haired trustee alone remained. Superintendent, assistants, matrons, supervisors, attendants, and trustees, were all changed. Nearly all the patients of that day were gone; a few had been released to the world, but more had passed the great release. Among them all, the percentage of cures had been small, very small. That fact, of itself, should have condemned the system; but still it survives and flourishes “like a green bay tree.”

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE ACCURSED SYSTEM.

TWENTY-SEVEN years! It is a long period in the life of a man or woman. It can never be retraced, nor its consequences blotted out. Compared with the annals of the earth, it is but as a grain of sand on the sea-shore, or a drop of water in the ocean. To Marion it has been a period of misery which has effaced all memory of happiness. 'In the flush of her youth, she was thrust into her prison—twenty-seven years have passed, and she is still there!

War has stalked over our country—millions of slaves have been freed—but Marion, the white, fair daughter of the North, is not free! Old and blighted she still dwells in her cell, like a felon whose crimes cannot be forgiven, whose sins cannot be canceled. All over her face blank hopelessness is stamped; her soul is cold and dark; her attitude and manners are frigid with despair. She seems like one for whom a grave is yawning; yet some invisible cord holds her back from the last step into its low recess.

Sometimes, in the night time, she throws her skeleton arms above her head, and wildly shrieks. The night-watch hears her and thinks,—

“It is only old Marion.”

On Marion's best days she walks up and down the hall, and stopping before each patient, she courteously extends her hand, and with the remnants of her early grace, says,—

“Never mind, dear, you'll go home soon. The carriage will come for you. Yes, you will go home. Keep up

good courage. This is a dreadful place. But you will go soon."

Only to the patients does she say these words. To the doctors or other officials, she never addresses a syllable. They say,—“Old Marion does not know anything,” but she does know a patient from an official; does distinguish those who are “bound with her,” from those who hold the chains and wield the rods of power.

Tuke and Bucknill, English writers, suggest pure country air and the companionship of the sane as excellent remedies for insanity. Marion has been deprived of any air save that in which are the exhalations of hundreds of diseased people, and has been made a constant companion with the insane. Her treatment has never been segregated or individualized, but she has lived in a cauldron where thousands of agonized beings were already perishing.

Bucknill says,—“Mechanical restraint is a barbarous remedy. Force fails to convince disturbed reason; arguments also fail. Artifice sometimes succeeds, but scientific, medicinal cure is the only remedy.

“In violence, the diseased hyperæsthesia of nerve should be calmed by appropriate medicinal treatment. Active remedies should be applied to the *cause* of the insane manifestations.”

Ray, an American writer, says,—

“On no point, in the whole range of the subject under consideration, is it more necessary that we entertain clear and definite notions, than on that of the restraint of the insane, because, while often essential to the restoration or comfort of the patient, and to the safety of the community, it is at the same time liable to abuses. In this country, it is true, public attention has already been attracted to the subject, but either human nature is very different here from what it is in other countries, or we shall at some time or other have to deplore the abuses.”

Again he says,—“To place a person in confinement is a measure of so serious a nature, that some better reason for it should be offered than the bare fact that he is laboring under mental impairment. The idea of depriving a person of his liberty, merely because certain other persons who would be benefited by such a step, say that he is mad, is of so monstrous a nature, that one finds it difficult to believe that it ever has been actually carried into practice.

“Perpetual imprisonment is a grave question. Temporary imprisonment is all that the immediate security of society requires, and it should be protracted only by examinations of medical men independent of superintendents. Confinement should be limited in time.”

Notwithstanding these expressed views of many advanced thinkers, our asylums continue to be the abodes of life-prisoners, as well as of secret cruelties. In Dr. Lamarette’s establishment there were many forms of coercive restraint introduced from time to time in accordance with the caprices of the officials. One form was the common handcuff, such as is used in prisons. This handcuff was used on both men and women.

There was also in Dr. Lamarette’s house, a leathern apparatus made in the shape and bearing the name of “a muff.” Both hands, being inserted into this, are retained, each by a wrist-lock, which is a single handcuff inserted into the leather. A modification of this is “the glove,” which muffles each hand singly, and, like the former, is attached to a belt of leather encircling the waist.

It seems almost impossible to believe that intelligent gentlemen bearing the name of Christian gentlemen, can, in the United States of America, countenance such barbarous inflictions on suffering invalids who need the best medical attention and most judicious care.

But, “truth is stranger than fiction.” When Mr. Crane died in Dr. Lamarette’s institution, the cause assigned by the officials was stoppage of blood at the heart. Neither

the public nor the relatives ever knew that the stoppage was caused by the tight wrist-locks of the "muffling-gloves" which caused the blood to cease its flow, the hands to swell, the head to swim, the body to reel, and finally the heart to cease to beat.

"Gentlemen," said the patient as he felt the death-faintness, "unfasten these wrist-locks or I die."

"Die, then!" responded a rough voice. "There will be one madman less in the world."

Soon there was one less weary body in this world, and one more soul in the other.

What shall be done to prevent our young people and our middle-aged from falling into the prison that has slowly destroyed the lovely mind and beautiful body of Marion Page?

Whence comes this cruel mode of treatment for mental invalids? We can trace back to the dark ages, and find, perhaps, the roots of the evil.

The cruelties of which we have spoken here, the hideous system under which Marion Page has lived, and still exists, it is true originated in the darkness and ignorance of the human mind, but it is at this moment perpetuated by the self-interest and mistaken theories of the present time.

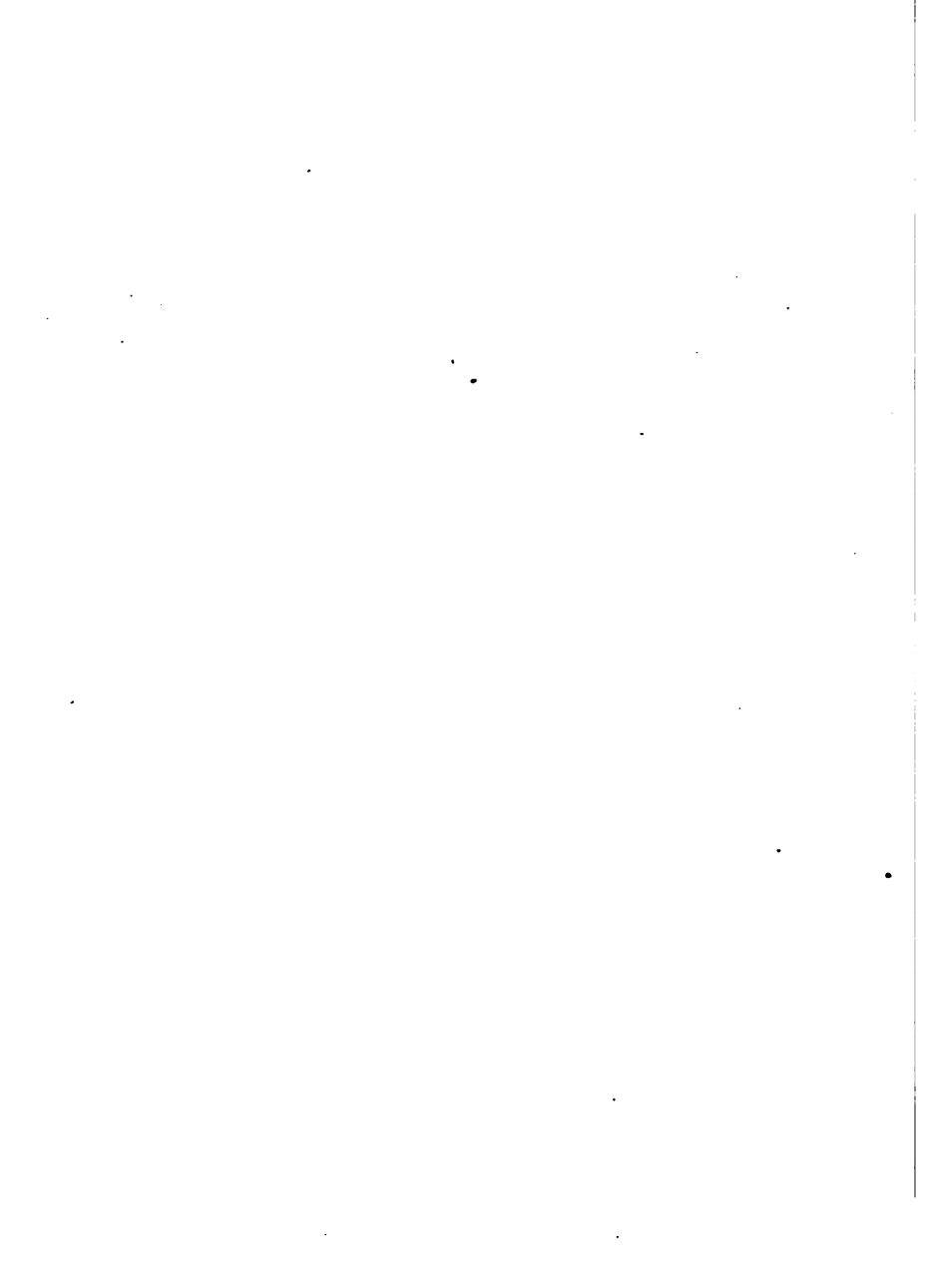
The tenacity of the asylum system is wonderful. Exposures of its cruelties have appeared in pamphlets, books, and newspapers—criticisms have been passed upon it,—legislation has attempted to reform it—prosecutions and investigations have been instituted,—but like a serpent which writhes and raises its sparkling eyes again, the system survives, enlarges its coils, and grasps all our civilized States in its hideous embrace.

Still Marion exists within her secret cell. The air of freedom encircles the building in which she is entombed,—but never does she know the joys of one free breath. People come, and go; physicians study, meet and con-

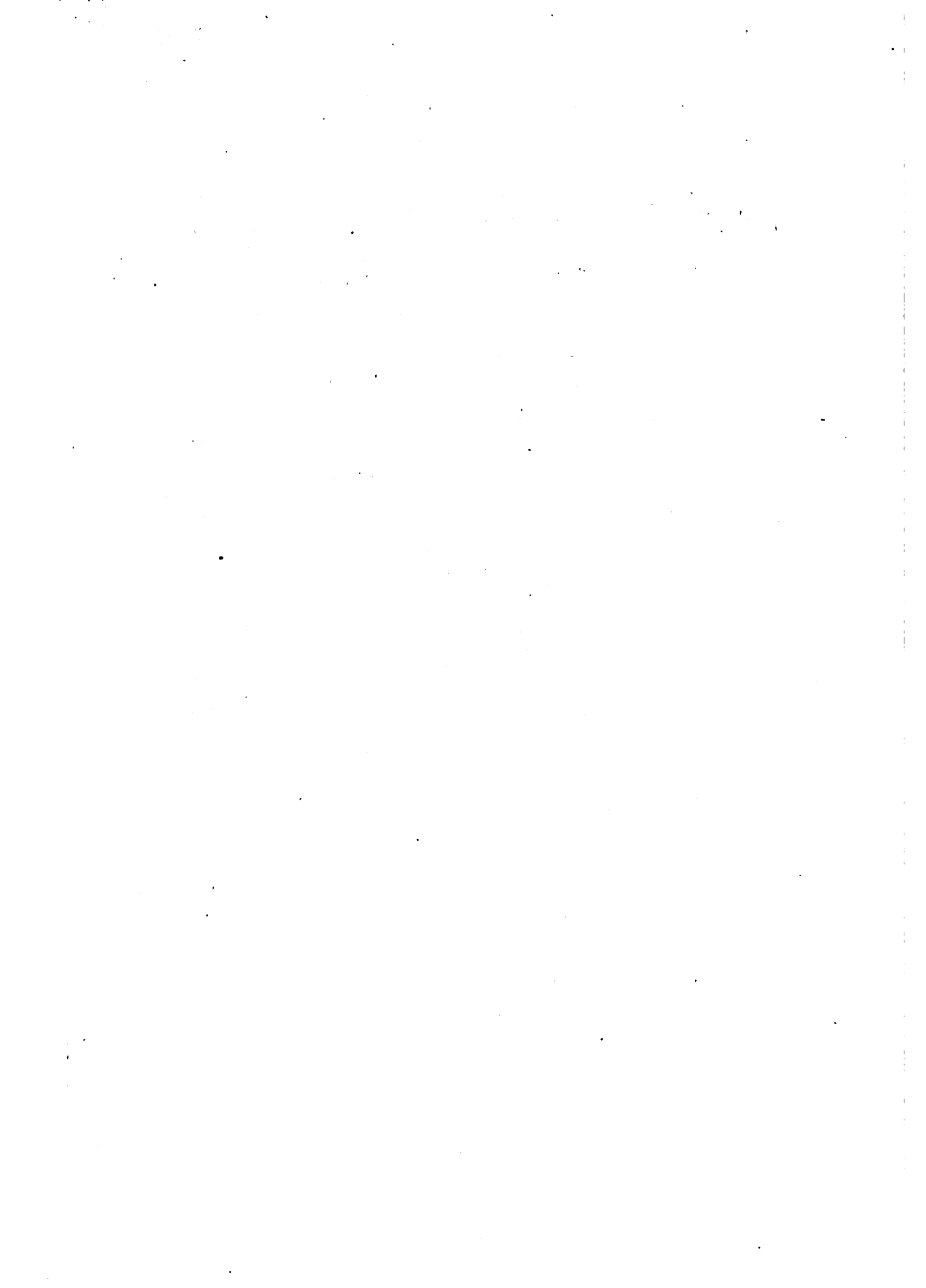
sult; legislatures convene and dissolve; young people marry; the old pass to other shores; but Marion Page exists only in prison air, lives only in a tomb above the ground while dully waiting for a tomb below!

And the angels—do they see her? Doth not the eye of God see? Doth he not hear? When the imprisoned souls cry,—“How long, O Lord, how long?” doth not the call reach the ear of the Lord of Sabbath?

THE END.







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